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CHIRON. *For beauty in herself is blessed;*
Grace makes resistless where possessed,
Like Helena, whom once I bore.

FAUST. *Her hast thou borne?*

CHIRON. *Yea! on this back.*

WALPURGIS NIGHT IN FAUST, PART II.,—GOETHE.

THE CARRYING AWAY OF HELEN

After an original painting by G. Melingue.

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German Drama

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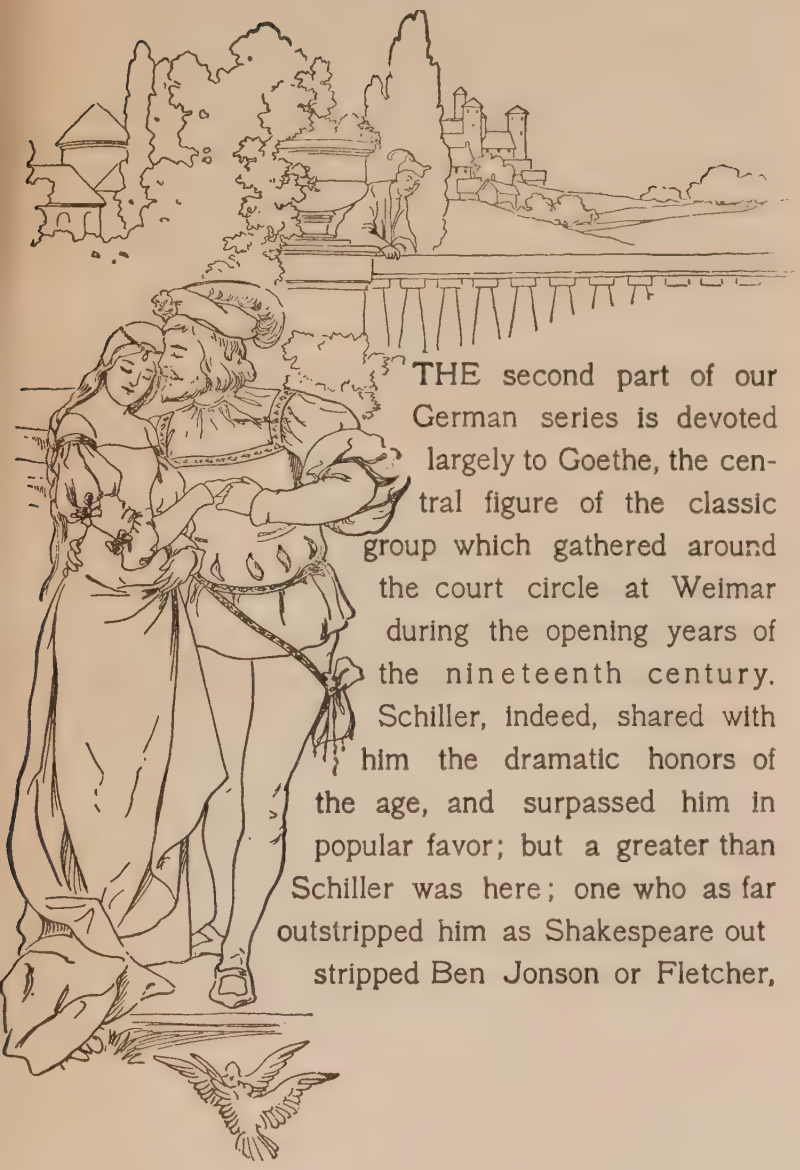
Prologue



THE second part of our German series is devoted largely to Goethe, the central figure of the classic group which gathered around the court circle at Weimar during the opening years of the nineteenth century. Schiller, indeed, shared with him the dramatic honors of the age, and surpassed him in popular favor; but a greater than Schiller was here; one who as far outstripped him as Shakespeare out stripped Ben Jonson or Fletcher,

as Milton surpassed Dryden and Pope, as Tennyson surpassed all other poets of the Victorian age. Nevertheless, Goethe and Schiller have ever been regarded as the Castor and Pollux in the literary firmament of Germany; they have ever been inseparable in the hearts of their countrymen, though the former is held in greater admiration, while the latter holds a higher place in the affections of the Fatherland.

To the dramas of Goethe, and especially to his *Faust*, both parts of which are passed in review, much of our space is allotted; for here is a work that stands alone in the history of the world's drama, in the history of the world's literature. Not only was it his masterpiece, but it was the task of a lifetime, begun when he was less than a score of years old, and not completed until he was nearing fourscore. Though written in fragments, and published originally as a fragment, it forms one complete and entire composition, and he who would understand it, together with the lessons it is intended to convey, must read it through from beginning to end.

Goethe was the apostle of self-culture, teaching as its first principle, both by precept and example,

the development of the soul, for which purpose the great lesson of life is to renounce. By many he has been accused of coldness and lack of sympathy; but nothing can be further from the truth, for his nature responded to every touch of passing emotion, as a delicate harp responds to the wooing of the wind.

The chapters on Goethe are followed by one on the Romantic school, with the Schlegel brothers, August and Friedrich, at their head, as the centre of the brilliant circle which included Fichte, Tieck, Schelling and Wilhelm von Humboldt. To the poets and romance writers of this school due space is given--to Novalis, its so-called prophet; to Brentano, Von Arnim, Hoffmann and Fouque, Von Kleist and others, for Germany was the home of Romanticism, and this movement, whose influence has since been felt throughout Europe, cannot be lightly passed over. "From the first," says Robertson, in his History of German Literature, "the school was the centre of a group of brilliant men and hardly less brilliant women, who were drawn together by a determination to have done with utilitarianism—men and women inspired by a common idealism, by a craving for a spiritual, more

unworldly poetry and art, and for a form of artistic expression that was in harmony with life."

At the end of the volume are given four plays, carefully selected and translated from the German drama. First is the *Conscience* of August Wilhelm Iffland, a powerful tragedy by one of the most successful of German dramatists. Next is Goethe's *Iphigenia in Tauris*, perhaps the most beautiful of all his dramas. Then comes the *Obstinacy* of R. Benedix, a light piece, and one that brings forth in strong relief the genius of its author. The volume ends with the *Egotist and Pseudo-Critic* of August von Kotzebue, one of the most lively comedies of this still popular writer, whose plays, which once held the Berlin stage almost to the exclusion of all others, have, after a period of oblivion, been recently revived.

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German Drama.

PART II.

I

Goethe.

In considering the central figure of the classic age of German literature—the god, he might be called, who sits alone on the summit of the German Parnassus—it is impossible to give more than the merest outline of a life which was so broad and long, of an activity unbroken for more than sixty years, and covering in its range nearly every department of literature, art and science. If a cabinet-picture will suffice for Klopstock and Wieland, a life-size sketch for Lessing and Schiller, we need a canvas of heroic proportions when we attempt to portray Goethe.

Johann Wolfgang Goethe was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main on the 28th of August, 1749. His father was a councillor and a man of wealth, education and high social position; his mother was the daughter of the Imperial councillor, Textor. His mother invented stories for his early boyhood; he learned French from an officer

quartered in his father's house; the best of teachers were provided for him, and when only eight years old he was able to write, though not very correctly, in the German, French, Italian, Greek and Latin languages. His beauty, his precocious talent, his bright, sparkling, lovable nature, procured him an indulgent freedom rarely granted to children, and gave him at the start that independence and self-reliance which he preserved through life.

Young Goethe began to compose even before he began to write; for expression, in his case, was co-existent with feeling and thought. Before he was twelve years old he planned and partly wrote a romance which illustrates his wonderful acquirements. The characters are seven brothers and sisters, scattered in different parts of Europe. One of them writes in German, another in English, a third in French, a fourth in Italian, a fifth in Latin, a sixth in Greek, and a seventh in the Jewish-German dialect. At an age when most boys are struggling unwillingly with the rudiments of knowledge, Goethe had laid a broad basis for all future studies, and grasped with passionate eagerness every opportunity of anticipating them. There have been similar instances of precocity, but the informing and mastering genius was lacking. The boy assimilated and turned to immediate use all that he learned, and his creative power was developed many years in advance of the usual period. He soon became a hero in the youthful society of Frankfort—a poet, an improvisatore and a wit, astonishing his associates by his brilliancy and daring, and at the same time offending his severely respectable father.

At the age of sixteen he was sent to the university of Leipsic to study jurisprudence; but he soon wearied of it, as well as of logic and rhetoric, as they were then taught. Except botany and mineralogy, he neglected all graver studies, gave much of his time to society, and imagined himself in love with a maiden two or three years older than himself. His life at Leipsic, it must be confessed, was very wild and irregular. The scornful independence of others, which he asserted, began to show itself in excesses, and at the end of three years he went home with hemorrhage of the lungs and a tumor on the neck. More than a year was needed for his entire recovery, and during this period his better nature began to assert itself. He regained his lost balance; his literary aspirations revived, and gradually grew into earnestness and coherence.

Götz von Berlichingen.

In his twenty-first year Goethe was sent to Strasburg to continue his legal studies, but already carrying with him the plan of his first famous work—the tragedy of *Götz von Berlichingen*. During the seclusion of his illness he had occupied himself chiefly with alchemy and mystic speculation; but the seed of the future *Faust* was even then sown, and it was not long before it began to germinate. At Strasburg he made the acquaintance of Herder, who was five years older than himself, and at that time of a graver and profounder temperament. The two men were very much unlike, and they never became very intimate friends; but there is no doubt that

Herder's companionship and counsel were of great value in relieving Goethe from the lawless, impulsive spirit which possessed him. As one result, he was suddenly seized with a desire to overcome everything which seemed like a weakness in his nature. He cured his tendency to giddiness on looking down from heights, by climbing the spire of Strasburg cathedral every day. He had a constitutional dread of the supernatural without believing it, so he walked through graveyards at midnight; he disliked loud noises, and therefore went as near as possible to the drums of the military band. He was easily affected by a sense of disgust, and for that reason attended the dissections of the medical class. He also studied electricity, wrote a pamphlet on Gothic architecture, and withal qualified himself for the degree of doctor of law, which he received in little more than a year.

Returning to Frankfort, he first rewrote the tragedy of *Götz von Berlichingen*, and was then sent by his father to practice at Wetzlar, a small town near Giessen. But he remained there only a few months, occupying himself much more with literature than with law. His tragedy was again revised, and was published in the spring of 1773. Its popularity was immediate and universal. Comparing it with Schiller's *Robbers*, produced at very nearly the same age, every reader will feel the great superiority of *Götz*. Here there is nothing crude, and little that is purely subjective; the piece is full of life and movement, and the touch of a master is seen in the delineation of every character. In regard to form Goethe undoubtedly owed something both to Shake-

speare and Lessing, but his management of the historic material is entirely his own. His literary fame was at once secured, and his confidence firmly established, though of this Goethe always possessed a liberal share. It is worthy of remark that a translation of *Götz von Berlichingen* was Walter Scott's first essay in literature.

The attention of such men as Zimmermann, Lavater and Klopstock was attracted toward Goethe by this work. His name began to be known throughout Germany; he was astonished at his sudden popularity, and considered it at first a lucky accident. Soon after the publication of *Götz*, the young prince Karl August of Weimar, passing through Frankfort, sent for the author, and this was the beginning of a friendship which lasted for fifty-five years, and determined the external circumstances of Goethe's life. Law was now entirely given up, and again an inmate of his father's house he gave all his time to literature. He planned a tragedy to be called *Mohammed*, only a fragment of which survives; some twenty-nine dramas or poems on this subject being published in Germany by other authors. There must have been something in the intellectual atmosphere of the day, some general craving for superhuman power, some dissatisfaction with the conditions of life, which made the story attractive.

The Faust Legend.

Goethe took the *Faust* legend like so many others; but he alone saw the typical, universal element hidden in it; he alone was able to engraft his own life and the

governing forces of all human life upon this wild offspring of a darker age. He began to write in 1773, after the subject had been maturing for two or three years in his brain, and by 1775 had written nearly half of the first part. It was composed very slowly, every line and couplet being carefully finished in his mind before being put upon paper. With his removal to Weimar the work ceased, and the manuscript was yellow with age when he took it with him to Italy. Two scenes were added in Rome, and in the edition of his works, published in 1790, first appears *Faust ein Fragment*, containing not quite two-thirds of the first part. Stimulated and encouraged by Schiller, he resumed the work in 1799 and completed the whole of the first part and a considerable portion of the second, which belonged to his plan from the start. In 1808 the first part, as we now possess it, was published; but the second part, delayed by his scientific and Oriental studies, was suffered to wait until 1824, by which time Goethe was seventy-five years old. The third act, generally called *Die Helena*, was published as a fragment in 1827, and the interest and curiosity which it excited encouraged Goethe, in spite of his age, to work out the whole of his grand design. In August, 1831, the second part was finished, but it was not given to the world until after his death.

There is no doubt that the loss of Schiller, the troubles that followed the battle of Jena, and the political convulsions which disturbed Germany for ten years thereafter, prevented Goethe from undertaking the second part while its plan was fresh and his faculties were in their prime. We cannot but feel that much was lost by

the delay; yet, on the other hand, we must admit that no other test could have so clearly proved the vigor and vitality of his genius. Three predominant elements are united in the work, and, while they are generally blended together in harmony, we are sometimes obliged to consider them separately. First, there is that broad, all-comprehensive presentation of the life of man which, at some point or other, touches the experiences of all men, including the problems of good and evil, simply stated and simply solved. Secondly, there is a reflection throughout of Goethe's own life, of the phases of passion and thought through which he passed, of his own faith and doubt, his position in and toward the world. Lastly, there is, especially in the second part, matter introduced which has no direct connection with the plan of the work, and interferes with its natural evolution. In reading we can easily separate this last feature from the main design wherever we detect it; but we must endeavor not to lose sight of the constant and intimate presence of the two former elements—of Goethe's nature and human nature. Notwithstanding the breadth, ripeness and impartial quality of Goethe's mind, we catch a fleeting glimpse, here and there, of his individual presence; or, it may be, that because all his life is so clearly known to us, we see the experience lying far behind the poetry, as we cannot see it in Shakespeare.

Dedication.

Instead of giving the argument of *Faust* in advance, it will be better to commence at once with an examina-

tion of the poem and unfold it as we proceed. The dedication, written when Goethe was nearly fifty years old, breathes a subdued and tender spirit. In resuming his work, so long after its first inception, he recalls his friends and literary associates, nearly all of whom had passed from earth. It is a sweet and solemn prelude that he sings:

They hear no longer these succeeding measures,
The souls to whom my earliest songs I sang:
Dispersed the friendly troop, with all its pleasures,
And still, alas! the echoes first that rang.
I bring the unknown multitude my treasures;
Their very plaudits give my heart a pang,
And those, beside, whose joy my song so flattered,
If they still live, wide through the world are scattered.

And grasps me now a long unwonted yearning
For that serene and solemn spirit-land;
My song, to faint Æolian murmurs turning,
Sways like a harp-string by the breezes fanned.
I thrill and tremble; tear on tear is burning,
And the stern heart is tenderly unmanned:
What I possess, I see far distant lying,
And what is lost, grows real and undying.

Prelude.

After this dedication follows a "Prelude on the Stage"—a conversation between the manager, the poet and the Merry-Andrew, or humorous person of the company. The manager demands something that will please the public, who have read so much that they have

become fastidious in their tastes; his preference would be a sort of literary hash, containing so many elements that each hearer will be certain to pick out something appropriate to himself, and all will go home pleased. The Merry-Andrew insists that there must be plenty of fun and folly in the piece; while the poet vainly protests against such a debasement of his art, and finally exclaims to the manager: "Go, find yourself a more obedient slave!" The Merry-Andrew answers him with ridicule, and gives his idea of what the world should be in the following words:

> In motley pictures little light,
> Much error, and of truth a glimmering mite.
> Thus the best beverage is supplied,
> Whence all the world is cheered and edified.

The manager then puts an end to the discussion by commanding that the work shall be commenced at once. He shows his sordid business nature, his utter ignorance of the poetic character by saying:

> What need to talk of inspiration?
> 'Tis no companion of delay.
> If poetry be your vocation,
> Let poetry your will obey.

He offers all the properties of his theatre—beasts, birds, sun, stars, fire and water, and closes the scene by saying that if they are properly used,

> Thus, in our booth's contracted sphere,
> The circle of creation will appear,

And move as we deliberately impel,
From heaven, across the world to hell!

Prologue in Heaven.

To this introduction succeeds a "Prologue in Heaven," imitated from the commencement of the *Book of Job*. It begins with a chant of the Archangels:

The Sun orb sings, in emulation,
'Mid brother-spheres, his ancient round:
His path predestined through creation
He ends with steps of thunder sound.
The angels from his visage splendid
Draw power, whose measure none can say;
The lofty works, uncomprehended,
Are bright as on the earliest day.

Gabriel.—And swift, and swift beyond conceiving,
The splendor of the world goes round,
Day's Eden-brightness still relieving
The awful night's intense profound:
The ocean tides in foam are breaking,
Against the rocks' deep bases hurled,
And both the spheric race partaking,
Eternal, swift, are onward whirled!

Michael.—And rival storms abroad are surging
From sea to land, from land to sea.
A chain of deepest action forging
Round all, in wrathful energy.
There flames a desolation, blazing
Before the thunder's crashing way:
Yet, Lord, thy messengers are praising
The gentle movement of thy day.

The Three.—Though still by them uncomprehended,
From these the angels draw their power,
And all thy works, sublime and splendid,
Are bright as in creation's hour.

Mephistopheles then steps forward, and in a brutal, sneering speech, gives his opinion of the human race. The Lord asks him if he knows his servant, Faust. Thereupon Mephistopheles offers to bet that he will win Faust's soul, if permission be granted. The Lord answers that he is free to try; that man errs as long as he strives and aspires; but he tells Mephistopheles in advance that in the end he will stand ashamed to see that a good man, through all the obscurity of his natural impulses, still in his heart has an instinct of the one true way. Mephistopheles, however, accepts, without the least fear that he shall fail. The words which Goethe puts in the mouth of the Lord intimate that evil is a necessary part of the creative plan.

> **Man's active nature, flagging, seeks too soon the level;**
> **Unqualified repose he learns to crave;**
> **Whence willingly the comrade him I gave,**
> **Who works, excites, and must create, as devil.**

The "Prelude on the Stage" presents, in sharp, satirical outlines, the relation of the poet to his own time. It shows that Goethe expected no popularity for his work—nay, no intelligent comprehension of its meaning. It must be read as a piece of defiant irony. The Prologue indicates the grand ethical idea underlying the whole poem. Only the form is taken from Job; the problem is stated in different terms, and worked out through an entirely new and original presentation of the life of man. But the manner in which Goethe has done this cannot be understood without reading the second part, for the two form one connected piece, with

a coherence as clearly marked as in the trilogy of Æschylus, or in that which Schiller wrote.

First Scene.

We now reach the first scene of the tragedy. It is night, and Faust, in an old Gothic chamber, begins his soliloquy. He has studied philosophy, jurisprudence, medicine and theology, and finds himself no whit the wiser than before. His dreary conclusion is that nothing can be known. Then, too, he has failed in obtaining worldly fortune; he has neither lands nor gold, honor nor consideration among men. As a last experiment he has turned to magic, hoping that he may detect the secret forces of nature, the undiscovered germs of all power, and rummage no more among empty words. A sense of the free delight of physical life, which he has so long given up for the sake of study, comes over him; he longs to leave his smoky den, his jars and skeletons, and live the life of the body in the open air. In this soliloquy we find not only the early experience of Goethe, but the early conflict between the physical and intellectual natures of men.

Faust contemplates the cabalistic signs of the Earth spirit, and then invokes its appearance. The spirit is revealed in a ruddy flame, but Faust turns away his head, unable to endure the vision. The spirit says:

In the tides of life, in action's storm,
A fluctuant wave,
A shuttle free,
Birth and the grave,

An eternal sea,
A weaving, flowing
Life, all glowing;
Thus at time's humming loom 'tis my hand prepares
The garment of life which the deity wears!

There is a profound meaning in the words with which the spirit departs:

Thou'rt like the spirit which thou comprehendest,
Not me!

Faust is now interrupted by the entrance of Wagner, his famulus, who represents the ordinary, mechanical man, without a spark of original thought, and whom all the education in the world only turns into a shallow pedant. The German critics consider him as the type of a philister—a term which they apply to the class of stupid, commonplace, conventional individuals who enter largely into society. Wagner's remarks only increase Faust's disgust and impatience, and after his departure he resumes the soliloquy, finds every view of life discouraging, every prospect of attaining satisfactory knowledge hopeless, and is gradually led from one morbid impulse to another, until he settles on the thought of suicide.

And now come down, thou cup of crystal clearest,
Fresh from thine ancient cover thou appearest,
So many years forgotten to my thoughts!
Thou shon'st at old ancestral banquets cheery,
The solemn guests thou madest merry.
When one thy wassail tc the other brought,
The rich and skillful fingers o'er thee wrought,

The drinker's duty, rhyme-wise to explain them,
Or in one breath, below the mark to drain them,
From many a night of youth my memory caught.
Now to a neighbor shall I pass thee never,
Nor on thy curious art to test my wit endeavor:
Here is a juice whence sleep is swiftly born,
It fills with browner flood thy crystal hollow;
I chose, prepared it: thus I follow,—
With all my soul the fatal drink I swallow,
A solemn festal cup, a greeting to the morn!
(He sets the goblet to his mouth.)

Chorus of Angels.—Christ is risen!
Joy to the Mortal One,
Whom the unmerited,
Clinging, inherited
Needs did imprison.

Faust.—What hollow humming, what a sharp, clear stroke,
Drives from my lips the goblet's at their meeting?
Announce the booming bells already woke
The first glad hour of Easter's festal year?
Ye choirs, have ye begun the sweet consoling chant,
Which through the night of death, the angel ministrant
Sang, God's new covenant repeating?

Chorus of Women.—With spices and precious
Balms we arrayed him;
Faithful and gracious,
We tenderly laid him:
Linen to bind him
Cleanlily wound we:
Ah! when we would find him,
Christ no more found we!

Chorus of Angels.—Christ is ascended!
Bliss hath invested him,—
Woes that molested him,
Trials that tested him,
Gloriously ended!

Faust.—Why here in dust entice me with your spell,
Ye gentle, powerful sounds of heaven?
Peal rather there, where tender natures dwell.

Your messages I hear, but faith has not been given;
The dearest child of faith is miracle.
I venture not to soar to yonder regions,
Whence the glad tidings thither float;
And yet from childhood up, familiar with the note,
To life it now renews the old allegiance.
Once heavenly love sent down a burning kiss
Upon my brow, in Sabbath silence holy;
And, filled with mystic presage, chimed the church-bell slowly,
And prayer dissolved me in a fervent bliss.
A sweet, uncomprehended yearning
Drove forth my feet through woods and meadows free,
And while a thousand tears were burning,
I felt a world arise for me.

These chants, to youth and all its sports appealing,
Proclaimed the spring's rejoicing holiday;
And memory holds me now with childish feeling
Back from the last, the solemn way.
Sound on, ye hymns of heaven, so sweet and mild!
My tears gush forth, the earth takes back her child!

Chorus of Disciples.—Has he, victoriously,
Burst from the vaulted
Grave, and all-gloriously
Now sits exalted?
Is he in glow of birth,
Rapture creative near?
Ah! to the woe of earth
Still we are native here.
We, his aspiring
Followers, him we miss;
Weeping, desiring,
Master, thy bliss.

Chorus of Angels.—Christ is risen,
Out of corruption's womb:
Burst ye the prison,
Break from your gloom!
Praising and pleading him,

Brotherly feeding him,
Preaching and speeding him,
Blessing, succeeding him,
Thus is the Master near—
Thus is he here.

Second Scene.

The second scene is before the city gate, on the Easter holiday. Citizens, students, servant girls, beggars and soldiers make their appearance. Each one speaks in his or her character, and the result is a motley animated picture of life. Faust passes through the crowd, feeling his desire renewed to be simply a man among men. Accompanied by Wagner, he walks onward to the crest of a neighboring hill, where the sight of sunset calls forth a grand and impassioned monologue. As the dusk begins to gather, they notice a black dog running around them in circles, gradually drawing nearer. Wagner thinks it is only a stray poodle who is hunting his master, but Faust imagines that a trail of fire follows the animal. He returns to his quarters, taking the dog with him. The third and fourth scenes are in Faust's study. He begins to translate the first chapter of John, while the dog lies on a cushion behind the stove. But he growls and barks fearfully at each repetition of the text. Faust suspects the presence of an evil spirit in the beast and proceeds to exorcise it by the usual formula of magic. The spell at last is dissolved, and Mephistopheles steps forth in the costume of a traveling student. In answer to Faust's questions, he declares himself to be

Part of the power, not understood,
Which always wills the bad and works the good;

and again he says:

I am the spirit that denies,

explaining that his proper element is Evil, in all its forms. This is the part which he plays throughout the whole poem. He is not Satan, but an intellectual devil who works by always presenting the opposite of Good. He argues rather than directly tempts, and assures his power over Faust by trains of reasoning which the latter cannot answer, because they are the echoes of his own doubts. Mephistopheles is one of the most remarkable creatures in literature. His cunning, his subtlety, his scorching ridicule and savage cynicism form a compound which is only a little more than human, and is not completely infernal. He is the echo of all the reckless and defiant unbelief of the whole human race; in him are concentrated their rebellious impulses, their indulgence, their negation of Virtue, Love and Faith, and herein lies the secret of his power. To look upon him as a conventional devil would lead us to misunderstand him entirely. Like the very qualities of human nature which he represents, he "always wills the Bad, and works the Good"—that is in spite of himself.

The Compact.

Mephistopheles lulls Faust into slumber by the song of the attendant spirits—a wild, almost unearthly, chant, which hints at the delight of the senses without

expressing any intelligible thought. He returns next day, and so preys upon Faust's impatient, despairing mood, that the latter curses everything in which he formerly believed, and at last, satisfied that all forms of happiness have become impossible to him, exclaims:

Faust.—When on an idler's bed I stretch myself in quiet,
There let, at once, my record end!
Canst thou with lying flattery rule me,
Until self-pleased myself I see,—
Canst thou with rich enjoyment fool me,
Let that day be the last for me!
The bet I offer.

Mephistopheles.— Done!

Fau.— And heartily!
When thus I hail the moments flying:
"Ah, still delay—thou art so fair!"
Then bind me in thy bonds undying,
My final ruin then declare!

Then let the death-bell chime the token,
Then art thou from my service free!
The clock may stop, the hand be broken,
Then time be finished unto me!

This is the compact, and we must remember the words which give Mephistopheles power over Faust. He must experience a sense of happiness so pure and complete that he will say to the passing moment: "Ah, still delay—thou art so fair!" Through perfect happiness he will lose his soul; yet how shall Mephistopheles evolve happiness from evil? Either way there seems to be a paradox—a moral contradiction—and the solution of this riddle is the basis upon which both parts of the poem rests. Faust exclaims, after the compact is made:

Plunge we in time's tumultuous dance,
In the rush and roll of circumstance!
Then may delight and distress,
And worry and success,
Alternately follow, as best they can:
Restless activity proves the man!

While Faust retires to prepare for his new life in the world, a student calls. Mephistopheles puts on Faust's cap and mantle, passes himself off for the learned professor, and takes the opportunity to give his views upon logic, theology and medicine. His remarks are so shrewd and his satire so keen that the student is profoundly impressed, and at the close of the interview requests an autograph in his album. The entire scene is a masterpiece of irony.

Margaret.*

Goethe called the scene in the witches' kitchen a piece of "dramatic nonsense." Faust, looking in the witches' mirror, sees the form of Margaret, which at once takes possession of his fancy. The witch gives him a magic potion to drink, which repairs the waste of his body in studies and restores his youthful vigor. Then follow those simple exquisite passages in which Margaret is the heroine. Faust first sees her returning from confession, when she refuses his proffered escort; but by the aid of Mephistopheles and an old neighbor named Martha, he obtains an interview in the garden, and soon succeeds in inspiring a return of his love. Margaret's perfect innocence and her simple trust in him awaken his sense of remorse. The latent good in

*Margaret is often called Gretchen, the latter being a German diminutive or pet name for the former.

his nature drives him from her, lest he should become the instrument of her ruin; but Mephistopheles, by painting her loneliness and yearning for the absent lover, brings him back again. Next comes the celebrated scene wherein Faust gives his confession of faith, in answer to Margaret's doubts, and from this point the tragic portion of the story begins. Margaret's prayer to the Virgin is the passionate appeal of a loving and suffering heart. If ever tears were expressed in words, it is in those marvelous stanzas. It is remarkable that, although Margaret is a simple, ignorant girl, accustomed to hard work and not to sentiment, although she is vain and imprudent and yields to her fate from the first, without making the least resistance, no imaginary woman in literature, not even Imogen, Cordelia or Ophelia, excites so tender a sympathy in the reader. The conception of her character is not only energetic but daring. She is simply a woman as innocent as Eve in Eden. Sin, crime and madness visit her, but we feel that she is their helpless victim, and that the original purity of her nature can take no permanent stain.

The tragical events thicken. Margaret's mother never awakes from a sleeping potion, administered without evil intent. Her brother, Valentin, attacks Faust in the street and is slain by him. Faust and Mephistopheles fly from the city, and she is left alone.

The Walpurgis-night.

Then follows the "Carnival of the Witches," among the Hartz mountains, on the Walpurgis-night, which is

the first of May. With the opening lines we begin to breathe a supernatural, almost a diabolical atmosphere. All is weird, strange and ghostly. Will-o-the-wisps dance along the path; a tempest rushes down the gorges, tearing up the trees by the roots; showers of sparks fly through the air; and the red moon hangs low on the borders of the sky. The witch scenes in *Macbeth* are ghastly enough, but they have not the lurid, unearthly atmosphere of the Walpurgis-night. As we move along with the fitful dance or stormy sweep of the rhythm, we feel as if in the presence of powers brought from another and darker world. Mephistopheles here again reveals his true character, but he cannot persuade Faust to take part in the revels. His thoughts are with Margaret, and he sees her at last, as a phantom, wherein her fate is revealed to him.

The intermezzo, called "Oberon and Titania's Golden Wedding," has really nothing to do with *Faust.* Goethe originally wrote it as a series of epigrams, under the title of *Xenien,* which he sent to Schiller for publication in the *Hours.* Schiller, however, judged it best not to revive the excitement caused by this publication, which was beginning to subside, and returned it to Goethe, suggesting that he might use it in another way. Thus it came to be interpolated into *Faust.* It is a collection of very short, sharp stanzas, which snap and sting like a whip-lash, describing Goethe's literary enemies under names which allow the real persons to be guessed.

Returning to the tragedy, we next encounter Faust in a state bordering upon madness. He has learned that

Margaret is imprisoned and condemned to death for infanticide. His remorse and passion are so frantically expressed that Mephistopheles, devil as he is, begins to be frightened. He consents to carry Faust to Margaret's dungeon, and give his assistance in carrying her off.

One more scene concludes the first part—the interview between Margaret and Faust in the dungeon. Margaret, rendered insane by her misery—and we are given to understand that the crime for which she is condemned was committed—does not recognize her lover. She takes Faust to be the jailer, and pleads piteously for her life. At last she begins to remember, but dimly and incoherently; she takes no notice of Faust's agonizing efforts to persuade her to fly with him.

Margaret.—My mother have I put to death;
I've drowned the baby born to thee.
Was it not given to thee and me?
Thee, too—'tis thou! It scarcely true doth seem—
Give me thy hand! 'Tis not a dream!
Thy dear, dear hand!—But ah, 'tis wet!
Why, wipe it off! Methinks that yet
There's blood thereon.
Ah, God! what hast thou done?
Nay, sheathe thy sword at last!
Do not affray me!

Faust.—Oh, let the past be past!
Thy words will slay me!

Mar.—No, no! thou must outlive us.
Now I'll tell thee the graves to give us:
Thou must begin to-morrow
The work of sorrow.
The best place give to my mother,
Then close at her side my brother,

And me a little away,
But not too very far, I pray!
And here, on my right breast, my baby lay.
Nobody else will lie beside me.
Ah, within thy arms to hide me,
That were a sweet and gracious bliss.
But no more, no more can I attain it.
I would force myself on thee and constrain it,
And it seems thou repellest my kiss:
And yet 'tis thou, so good, so kind to see!

Fau.—If thou feel'st it is I, then come with me!

Mar.—Out yonder?

Fau.—To freedom.

Mar.—If the grave is there,
Death lying in wait, then come!
From here to eternal rest:
No further step—no, no!
Thou goest away! Oh, Henry, if I could go!

Fau.—Thou canst! Just will it! Open stands the door.

Mar.—I dare not go; there's no hope any more.
Why should I fly? They'll still my steps waylay!
It is so wretched, forced to beg my living,
And a bad conscience sharper misery giving!
It is so wretched to be strange, forsaken,
And I'd still be followed and taken!

Fau.—I'll stay with thee.

Mar.—Be quick! be quick!
Save thy perishing child!
Away! Follow the ridge
Up by the brook,
Over the bridge,
Into the wood,
To the left, where the plank is placed
In the pool!
Seize it in haste!
'Tis trying to rise!
'Tis struggling still!
Save it! Save it!

Fau.—Recall thy wandering will!
One step, and thou art free at last.

Mar.—If the mountain we had only passed!
There sits my mother upon a stone,—
I feel an icy shiver!
There sits my mother upon a stone,
And her head is wagging ever.
She beckons, she nods not, her heavy head falls o'er.
She slept so long that she wakes no more.
She slept while we were caressing;
Ah, those were in the days of blessing!

Fau.—Her words and prayers are nothing worth;
I'll venture, then, to bear thee forth.

Mar.—No—let me go! I'll suffer no force!
Grasp me not so murderously!
I've done all things else for the love of thee.

Fau.—The day dawns: Dearest! Dearest!

Mar.—Day? Yes, the day comes—the last day breaks for me!
My wedding-day it was to be!
Tell no one thou hast been with Margaret!
Woe for my garland! The chances
Are over—'tis all in vain!
We shall meet once more again,
But not at the dances!
The crowd is thronging, no word is spoken:
The square below
And the streets overflow:
The death-bell tolls, the wand is broken.
I am seized, and bound and delivered—
Shoved to the block—they give the sign!
Now over each neck has quivered
The blade that is quivering over mine.
Dumb lies the world like the grave!

Fau.—Oh, had I ne'er been born!

Mephistopheles.—Off! or you're lost ere morn.
Useless talking, delaying and praying!
My horses are neighing:
The morning twilight is near.

Mar.—What rises up from the threshold here?
He! he! suffer him not!
What does he want in this holy spot?
He seeks me!

Fau.—Thou shalt live.

Mar.—Judgment of God! myself to thee I give.

Meph.—(To Faust.) Come! or I'll leave her in the lurch, and thee!

Mar.—Thine am I, Father! rescue me!
Ye angels, holy cohorts, guard me,
Camp round, and from evil ward me!
Henry, I shudder to think of thee.

Meph.—She is judged.

Voice.—(From above.) She is saved.

Meph.—(To Faust.) Hither to me!
(He disappears with Faust.)

Voice.—(From within.) Henry! Henry!

The Second Part.

This is the end of *Faust*, so far as known to most readers; but it will be noticed that the evolution of the great plan is only commenced; the riddle has not even approached its explanation. Of all the usual experiences of men, Faust has only been drawn to love, but love so interfused with conscience and remorse that the happy moment has not yet blessed him. The compact with Mephistopheles still holds; he has not won his wager; although we may guess that he thinks so.

After the compact was made he said to Faust, "We will see the little and then the great world." By the "little world" he means the individual experiences of the emotions and passions of human nature; and this

is the reason that Faust was made young again by the magic draught in the witches' kitchen. By the "great world" he means the experiences of a life moving on a broad field of activity, among men, and in stations where its influence will be felt by thousands, or millions of the human race. In the greater world Mephistopheles has every opportunity to display his evil talent, and to annihilate the germs of good which baffle him in Faust's nature. The second part is therefore wholly different in its character. It is crowded with characters and its events are displayed on a grand stage—so grand, indeed, that Goethe was forced to introduce the element of allegory, and make single persons typify whole classes of society. It requires a philosophical mind to appreciate this part properly, because Faust loses something of his strong, human individuality by coming under the control of ideas instead of passions. He leaves behind him the experiences through which he touches the lives of all men, and rises to those wherein he touches only the lives of the men who think and aspire.

In the opening scene we find Faust sleeping, while Ariel, accompanied by Æolian harps, chants the progressive watches of the night, the restorative influences of Nature. This chant embodies an important feature of Goethe's creed, which he has expressed more fully in other works. He believed most devoutly in preserving moral and spiritual health. If there is a moral wound it must be healed, leaving perhaps a scar behind it; but it must not be kept as an open sore. The chronic inflammation of remembrance and remorse must be

avoided. The true atonement for a wrong committed does not lie in nursing the pain it leaves, but in restoration to cheerfulness and courage and hope, for the sake of others.

Faust awakes to a scene of sunrise among the Alps, a piece of superb description. We learn that his nature is calmed and refreshed—that, forgetting the past, he is ready to face life with fresh courage. In fact, he afterward refers only once to anything in the first part.

The next scene introduces us to the court of the emperor, who appears on his throne, surrounded by his ministers and lords. Mephistopheles has taken the place of court fool. The various ministers make reports, each more discouraging than the other. The treasury is empty; the realm is lawless and disorganized; the knights and burghers are at war, and the allies and tributary states are unfaithful. Money, however, is the great need, and Mephistopheles proposes to supply it by digging up all the treasures buried in the soil since the old Roman times. The proposition meets with favor, but the subject is postponed until after the Carnival, which is near at hand.

The Carnival.

The Carnival is an allegorical masquerade, representing Society. The young of both sexes appear as flower-girls and gardeners. Intriguing mothers, with marriageable daughters; rude, offensive natures; social mountebanks, parasites, roués; the Graces, typifying

refinement; the Furies, emblematic of slander and malice; Victory, mounted on an elephant, which is guided by Prudence, while Fear and Hope walk on either side; a chariot driven by a boy personifying Poetry, while Plutus sits within and Avarice hangs on behind—all these characters meet and mingle as they are found in the society of the world. The part of Plutus is taken by Faust, while Mephistopheles wears the mask of Avarice. The emperor himself appears as Pan, attended by fauns, satyrs, nymphs and gnomes. The form of the verse constantly varies in this scene; it is full of the richest and rarest rhythmical effects; yet there are in it passages which remind us of Carlyle's criticism: "The outward meaning seems unsatisfactory enough."

In the next scene the emperor finds the aspect of affairs completely changed. The treasury is filled, the troops are paid, commerce flourishes and the whole realm is prosperous. He learns that, during the confusion of the Carnival, he has been persuaded to sign a document, which was really a decree for the issuing of paper money, redeemable in gold—after the buried Roman treasures shall be discovered and dug up. Some of the features of this scene are taken from the Mississippi scheme of John Law, though it was Goethe's first intention to deal with politics instead of finance, and it is to be regretted that he afterward changed his plan. Mephistopheles presents Faust to the emperor as the originator of the paper money, and the latter appoints him with the chancellor, to direct the finances of the realm. In this scheme we see the effort of Mephistopheles to initiate Faust into public life as the surest means

FRANZ HANFSTAENGL

After an original drawing by H. Thoma

ADELAIDE. *Leave me. The walls are treach*

noblest award awaits you.

FRANCOIS. *The noblest reward! Permit*

live till then.

FRANZ TAKING LEAVE, GOETZ VON BERLICHINGEN,—GOETHE.

to corrupt him; but we shall soon find that the evil nature has made a mistake.

Helen.

The emperor is so impressed by Faust's marvelous power that he desires a special exhibition of his art; and he commands him to summon the shades of Paris and Helen to appear before the court. This was a part of the original Faust-legend, and was retained in some of the puppet plays. Faust calls Mephistopheles to his aid, but the latter hesitates to assist him, for the task is difficult and dangerous: Faust must descend to the "Mothers," who are vague existences dwelling beyond the bounds of Time and Space, holding in his hand a key which Mephistopheles gives him, and touching with it a tripod. The court assembles; Faust rises with the tripod; Paris appears, and then Helen. The members of the court criticise their beauty in the orthodox fashionable style, with fulsome praise or absurd censure. But we see that Faust is seized with a passionate adoration of the beauty of Helen, and we now begin to suspect that she is something more than a mere form. She represents, in fact, the abstract sense of Beauty, the informing spirit of all art, the basis of the highest human culture. The honors heaped upon him by the emperor, the hollow splendor of court life, have only touched the surface of Faust's nature. This vision of an ideal of Beauty masters and draws him after it.

In the second part we are introduced to Faust's old chamber, and to his famulus, Wagner, who has taken

his place, and is trying, like the alchemists of the Middle Ages, to elaborate a human being, a homunculus, by mixing together the chemical substances of which the body is composed. Mephistopheles, by a trick, makes the experiment successful, and the homunculus guides him and Faust to the Pharsalian fields, on the banks of the Peneios, in Thessaly. Here we have a classical, or Grecian Walpurgis-night, in contrast to the Gothic one of the first part. Faust has but one thought —to find Helen—whilst Mephistopheles wanders about among the forms of the earliest mythology, feeling rather uncomfortable, and a little uncertain what course to pursue.

The number of characters is very great. Griffins, pygmies, sphinxes, syrens, Chiron the Centaur, Emmets, Dactyls, Lamiæ, the Phorkyads, Thales, Anaxagoras, Nereus, Proteus, Nereids and Tritons, Telchines of Rhodes, and the sea-nymph Galatea, all take part in this wonderful moonlight spectacle. Much of the action has no connection with Faust. Thales and Anaxagoras are the representatives of the Neptunic and Plutonic theories in geology, and Goethe, as a Neptunist, takes special pains to ridicule the opposite views. All this, however, must be set aside. Then by carefully examining what is left we find that it represents the gradual growth of the element of beauty in art and religion, from the first rude beginnings in Phœnicia and Egypt until it culminates in the perfect symmetry of the Grecian mind. Since Goethe gives a moral, even a saving power to Beauty, his object is now not difficult to understand.

Faust, meanwhile, has gone to Hades to implore Persephone to release Helen; but we are not informed how this is accomplished. As a specimen of the versification of the classical Walpurgis-night, the following is the chorus of the Telchines of Rhodes:

> We've forged for old Neptune the trident that urges
> To smoothness and peace the refractory surges.
> When Jove tears the clouds of the tempest asunder,
> 'Tis Neptune encounters the roll of the thunder:
> The lightnings above may incessantly glow,
> But wave upon wave dashes up from below,
> And all that, between them, the terrors o'erpower,
> Long tossed and tormented, the deep shall devour;
> And thence he has lent us his sceptre to-day.
> Now float we contented in festal array.

The Helena.

The third act is usually called *The Helena*. The scene opens in Sparta, whither Helen has just returned from Troy, in advance of Menelaus. Mephistopheles appears as Phorkyas, a hideous old woman, and Helen being Primitive Beauty, he, of course, is obliged to become Primitive Ugliness. Helen, flying from the vengeance of Menelaus, finds herself suddenly in the court-yard of a Gothic castle, the lord of which is Faust. He makes her queen of his domain; their nuptials are celebrated, and they become the parents of a son, Euphorion. In all this there is a double allegory. Helen is not only the ideal of the Beautiful, which rescues Faust from the excesses of passion and worldly ambition, but she also stands for the classical element in

literature and art. Faust is not only the type of man, working his way upward by the development of his faculties, but he also stands for the romantic element in literature and art. This secondary meaning is added to the primary idea upon which the work is based. Euphorion, therefore, is the union of the classic and romantic spirits in one person. He is a perfect embodiment of Goethe's own poetry; but as Byron's death, at the time when this act was written, powerfully affected Goethe, he determined to make Euphorion a distinct representative of Byron. The act closes with the death of Euphorion and the disappearance of Helen, whose garments, left behind her, turn into clouds and bear Faust away. As a specimen of literary art, the *Helena* is matchless; the more it is read and studied the more its wonderful beauty grows upon the reader. The first half is written in pure Greek metres, the latter half in short rhymed stanzas that sound like the clash of cymbals. The following is the dirge sung by the chorus on the death of Euphorion, wholly descriptive of Byron:

Not alone, where'er thou bidest;
For we know thee what thou art.
Ah! if from the day thou hidest,
Still to thee will cling each heart.
Scarce we venture to lament thee,
Singing, envious of thy fate;
For in storm and sun were lent thee
Song and courage, fair and great.

Ah! for earthly fortune fashioned,
Strength was thine, and proud descent.
Early erring, o'er-impassioned,

Youth, alas! from thee was rent.
For the world thine eye was rarest,
All the heart to thee was known;
Thine were loves of women fairest,
And a song thy very own.
Yet thou rannest uncontroll'dly
In the nets the fancies draw,
Thus thyself divorcing boldly
As from custom, so from law;
Till the highest thoughts expended
Set at last thy courage free:
Thou wouldst win achievement splendid,
But it was not given to thee.

Unto whom, then? Question dreary,
Destiny will never heed;
When in evil days and weary,
Silently the people bleed.
But new songs shall still elate them:
Bow no longer and deplore!
For the soil shall generate them,
As it hath done heretofore.

The fourth act was written in Goethe's eighty-second year, and is the least important of all. Faust cannot live and find the satisfaction of his life in the service of the Beautiful, but its garments bear him above the stony ways of the Earth, and it is thenceforth his comfort and the consecration of his days. He now insists on a new field of activity; he means to compel Nature to the service of Man. There is a part of the emperor's realm uninhabitable, because at times inundated by the sea; this he will dike and drain; make fit for population and people with active colonists. Mephistopheles is bound to obey his commands, and the greater part of the act is taken up with the description of a battle which

is won for the emperor by his assistance. In return Faust is presented with a title to the vast sea-swept marshes he desires to possess.

In the fifth act Faust rules as a sovereign over the land won from the ocean. Where the waves formerly raged, meadows, gardens, woods and villages now meet the eye. Mephisto and the spirits have to help in the great work, but where they can mingle evil with it in their devilish malice. Instead of commerce and navigation they carry on piracy, and where their sovereign bids them enforce obedience by pacific means, they burn and slaughter. Faust begins to feel that he will not really attain to liberty until he banishes magic from his path. Then Care approaches him, he restrains himself from exercising his magic power on her, but neither does he need to do so, for Care cannot overcome him, and in vain tries to terrify him with words; even though he is stricken blind by her breath, there is still daylight in his soul, and unrestingly as before he urges on his people in their work.

At last the great life-work of Faust is accomplished. There is a fertile, populous province, intersected by navigable canals in place of the sea. A harbor for commerce has been built, and near it, in the midst of the gardens, stands the palace of Faust. Only two things remain to be done—to drain the last remnant of marsh and to get possession of a little chapel and cottage near at hand, belonging to an old couple, who refuse to sell or leave it. Faust has not yet found his perfectly happy moment, though he is now nearly one hundred years old. Mephistopheles, whom we may suppose to be very

impatient by this time, endeavors to hasten matters by frightening the old couple to death and burning down the cottage and chapel. Faust curses the rash, inhuman deed, and Mephistopheles is once more baffled.

We feel now that the end approaches. The scene changes to midnight, before the palace of Faust. Four gray women enter; one is Want, another Guilt, the third Necessity, and the fourth Care. The palace is barred against them—Want, Guilt and Necessity retire, but Care slips in through the key-hole. Faust defies her, whereupon she breathes on his eyes and he becomes blind. But, in exchange for the external darkness, his spirit is filled with light, and at last he sees clearly. He urges on the work with haste and energy; "one mind," he says, "suffices for a thousand hands." He gropes along, feeling his way out of the palace, and listens to the clattering of the spades, which, day and night, are employed in draining the last marsh. He feels that he has overcome the hostile forces of Nature, and created new homes for thousands of the human race. Filled with this grand consciousness he exclaims:

> Yes! to this thought I hold with firm persistence;
> The last result of wisdom stamps it true;
> He only earns his freedom and existence,
> Who daily conquers them anew.
> Thus here, by dangers girt, shall glide away
> Of childhood, manhood, age, the vigorous day:
> And such a throng I fain would see,—
> Stand on free soil among a people free!
> Then dared I hail the moment fleeing:
> "Ah, still delay—thou art so fair!"
> The traces cannot of mine earthly being
> In æons perish,—they are there!—

In proud fore-feeling of such lofty bliss,
I now enjoy the highest moment—this!

He has said the words; the compact is at an end; and he sinks to the ground, dead. Mephistopheles has won, to all appearance. Standing beside the body, he calls up the hosts of Hell to surround him and take joint possession of the soul. But while he addresses them in a strain of blasphemous exultation, a glory of light falls from above. The angels appear, scattering celestial roses, and chanting:

Roses, ye glowing ones,
Balsam-bestowing ones,
Fluttering, quivering,
Sweetness delivering,
Branching unblightedly,
Budding delightedly,
Bloom and be seen!
Springtime declare him,
In purple and green!
Paradise bear him,
The sleeper serene!

The devils are driven back by this shower of roses, which burn them worse than the infernal pitch and sulphur; the angels seize and bear aloft the immortal part of Faust, and Mephistopheles is left to gnash his teeth in impotent rage.

The last scene is laid in heaven. After chants of ecstatic adoration by the souls of saints the angels, who bear the spirit of Faust, sing—and the words are worthy of our attention:

The noble spirit now is free,
And saved from evil scheming;
Whoe'er aspires unweariedly
Is not beyond redeeming.
And if he feels the grace of love
That from on high is given,
The blessed hosts, that wait above,
Shall welcome him to heaven!

These are the elements of Faust's salvation, and they at once recall to our mind the words of our Lord to Mephistopheles in the prologue: "Thou shalt stand ashamed to see that a good man, through all the obscurity of his impulses, still in his heart has an instinct of the one true way."

After further chants by the angels, the Mater Gloriosa—the Virgin Mary, as the protectress of women—soars into space, and the soul of Margaret approaches. She is not yet allowed access to the highest heavenly regions, but the hour of her pardon and purification has come. The following are the closing passages:

Chorus of Women Penitents.—To heights thou'rt speeding
Of endless Eden:
Receive our pleading,
Transcendant maiden,
With mercy laden!

Magna Peccatrix.—By the love before him kneeling,—
Him, thy son, a godlike vision;
By the tears like balsam stealing,
Spite of Pharisees' derision;
By the box, whose ointment precious
Shed its spice and odors cheery;
By the locks, whose softest meshes
Dried the holy feet and weary!—

Mulier Samaritana.—By that well, the ancient station
Whither Abram's flocks were driven;
By the jar, whose restoration
To the Saviour's lips were given;
By the fountain, pure and vernal,
Thence its present bounty spending—
Overflowing, bright, eternal,
Watering the worlds unending!—

Maria Ægyptiaca.—By the place, where the immortal
Body of the Lord hath lain;
By the arm, which, from the portal,
Warning, thrust me back again;
By the forty years' repentance
In the lonely desert land;
By the blissful farewell sentence
Which I wrote upon the sand!—

The Three.—Thou thy presence not deniest
Unto sinful women ever,—
Liftest them to win the highest
Gain of penitent endeavor,—
So, from this good soul withdraw not—
Who but once forgot, transgressing,
Who her loving error saw not—
Pardon adequate, and blessing.

The Penitent (formerly named Margaret).—Incline, O maiden,
With mercy laden,
In light unfading,
Thy gracious countenance upon my bliss!
My loved, my lover,
His trials over
In yonder world, returns to me in this!

Chorus of Boys.—With mighty limbs he towers
Already above us;
He, for this love of ours,
Will richlier love us.
Early were we removed,
Ere life could reach us;
Yet he hath learned and proved,
And he will teach us.

The Penitent (formerly named Margaret).—The spirit-choirs around him seeing
New to himself, he scarce divines
His heritage of new-born being,

When like the holy host he shines.
Behold how he each band hath cloven,
The earthly life hath round him thrown,
And through his garb of ether woven,
The early force of youth is shown!
Vouchsafe to me that I instruct him.
Still dazzles him the day's new glare.

Mater Gloriosa.—Rise thou, to higher spheres!
Conduct him,
Who, feeling thee, shall follow there!

Chorus Mysticus.—All things transitory
But as symbols are sent:
Earth's insufficiency
Here grows to event:
The indescribable,
Here it is done:

The Woman.—Soul leadeth us
Upward and on!

Qualities of the Poem.

Faust, as we have seen, was only finished with Goethe's life, and the second part was not published until after his death. Without studying both, no one can understand the author's plan. The first part alone is a sublime dramatic fragment; the whole is a complete and wonderful poem. There is nothing in the literature of any country with which we can fairly compare it. There is no other poem which, like this, was the work of a whole life, and which so deals with the profoundest problems of all life. It is so universally

comprehensive that every reader finds in it reflections of his faith and philosophy. We have the essay of a French critic, who tries to prove it a gospel of Pantheism; we have the work of a Catholic professor, who is equally sure that it shows Goethe's reverence for the church of Rome; we have the work of a Lutheran clergyman, who illustrates its Protestant orthodoxy by parallel texts from the Bible. These criticisms only show how completely it stands above all barriers of sect, all schools of thought, in that atmosphere of pure humanity where there is no dogma to darken God to the eye of man. The passions and indulgences of youth only bring Faust remorse; place and power at the emperor's court fail to satisfy him; the perception of beauty, which, after all, is only a recognition of the divine harmony, first elevates and purifies his nature, and his happy moment comes at the end, as the result of an unwearied and beneficent activity for the sake of the human race, aided by the Divine love which is freely bestowed upon all men.

The poem embodies all the finest qualities of Goethe's mind—his rich, ever-changing rhythm, his mastery over the elements of passion, his simple realism, his keen irony, his serene wisdom and his most sacred aspirations. The more it is studied, the wider and further it spreads its intellectual horizon, until it grows to be so far and dim that the physical and spiritual spheres are blended together. Whoever studies *Faust*, in connection with the works of other great German authors, cannot but admit that the critic is not wholly mistaken who asserts that the single element which, separately, made his com-

peers great, have combined to make one man greatest; that Klopstock's enrichment of the language, Lessing's boldness and clearness of vision, Wieland's grace, Herder's universality and Schiller's power of rhythm and rhetoric are all united in the immortal work of Goethe.

Analysis.

The principal contrast between the popular play and Goethe's *Faust* is that, in the former, love and enjoyment bring the hero to ruin, while, in the latter, love and activity are his salvation. All the essential elements of the composition are provided by the popular drama; the main difference made by Goethe is that he represents Faust as being at once inflamed by the sight of Helena at the imperial court, for the whole episode of Helena needed to be more compressed; and again, that Helena, instead of being put forward as a temptation of the Devil, is rather represented by Goethe as one of the objects which Faust, in his restless desires, demands from his evil companion. Mephisto chiefly shows himself as a tempter in the fourth act, when he offers the doctor a crown. In the popular drama Faust refuses it; with Goethe he accepts it, but this incident is charged with a fine moral import; Faust accepts the crown, not for the mere sake of possessing it, but to provide himself with a sphere of activity, and in the end his kingdom is his salvation.

The inner connection in the second part is not always quite clear, but we do not notice this when we see all the marvels spread before us. The effect of this second

part is that of a phantasmagoria, and, as in an opera or fairy tale, the incredible and magic element makes us less strict in our demands for careful connection and development of the various parts. Each act and scene is most dramatically conceived, and it only needs abridgment to meet the requirements of the stage. While the first part is not divided into acts and scenes, in the second each division has its peculiar tone, and its definite close. We see here the hand of the stage-manager who knows how the multitude must be satisfied, charmed and held in suspense. The poet moves in a motley, fantastic world, in which figures of Classical and Christian religion, creatures of southern and northern superstition, are all mingled together.

Goethe's *Faust* savors throughout of the popular sphere in which the story first originated. Yet, in the third act, when Helena appears, the poet realizes somewhat of the grandeur of Greek tragedy. A prose scene in the first part, in which Faust has just heard of *Gretchen's misery, and breaks into bitter execrations of Mephisto, shows the same forcible style as a Shakespearean drama, and sounds as if it might be from Schiller's *Robbers*. Passion is arrayed against passion, and the anger of the one side and the scorn of the other wax intense, with no sparing of coarse, strong language. The same overwhelming effect is produced by the scene in the cathedral, where Gretchen succumbs under the feeling of her guilt, and the horrible babel which stuns her. Very noticeable is the contrast offered by this scene to the earlier and more tender one, in which she prays to the Mater Dolorosa.

*See footnote to page 19.

A few scenes of the first part are marked by a too close attention to detail, by coarseness, comicality, hostility toward clergy and church; in others we are reminded of poems like *Prometheus* or *Ganymede*, and are transported to higher spheres, above the level of earthly joys and earthly struggles. In one part a gentle naturalism holds sway; in another we breathe the idealism of *Iphigenie*. Sometimes naturalism and idealism are mingled or represented in the same scene in different persons. The two elements are united in the pathetic character of Gretchen, which is essentially a creation of Goethe's earlier manner, dating from the Frankfurt period of his life. He has never created anything more sublime than this ideal picture of innocence, simplicity, warmth and depth of affection; her maidenly reserve at the outset, the spirit of noble purity which breathes around her, her little world of domestic duties, the truly feminine instinct with which she tends her little sister, the natural grace with which she reveals her feelings, the naïve love of ornament natural to a girl of the people; then, the first shadows which fall on this transparent soul, the misgivings roused by Faust's bold address, the presentiment of danger and involuntary shudder felt at Mephisto's presence, her pious anxiety about the spiritual welfare of her lover, her devotion and utter self-surrender to him, her inability to refuse him anything, and, finally, all the fell consequences of her weakness—madness, prison, and death—a fearful transition from the idyllic to the tragical.

Still the charm of innocence clings to Gretchen in the midst of her guilt, and herein the poet shows his

wonderful skill; for he does not try to veil or excuse her offense, and yet he fills us with that love of the heroine which purity alone can inspire. The halo of human forgiveness rests on the head of this good soul—as she is called in the second part—who only once erred, and hardly knew that she was erring. In Shakespeare's Ophelia we have the germ of Gretchen's character; only Gretchen rises above Ophelia. Most of the Gretchen scenes are somewhat ritualistic in treatment, not so forcible as the scene in the cathedral, and not so tender and affecting as her monologue. The mad scene in the prison is based upon an extravagant youthful sketch, which was toned down by the poet's maturer art.

Gretchen's female companions, her neighbor, Frau Marthe, and her contemporary Lieschen, are creations of Goethe's naturalistic period. So, too, is the famulus Wagner, the philistine counterpart of Faust, and akin to the old Hanswurst. But the first part was completed as far as possible in the style of Goethe's cultured realism, and in accordance with the typical method of his ripest art, as we find it in *Hermann and Dorothea.*

The "Prelude on the Stage" contrasts in a typical manner the poet's vocation and the actor's. The songs of the three archangels, which open the "Prologue in Heaven," are an attempt to picture to us the world under its eternal aspects. The suicide scene and the walk on Easter morning afford us typical pictures of human life. The fit of industry which follows, and the affair of the poodle are almost symbolically treated, and Mephisto's character is developed in accordance with the first outlines of it given in the prologue. The poet

now aims at closer connection, more exact determination of time, and greater conciseness. Thus the scene in which Gretchen's brother appears and falls by Faust's hand is made to link directly with the Walpurgis-night. The latter was not completed, and the continuation of it afterward suggested by literary satire somewhat lowered this scene in the public estimation.

In the second part typical realism predominates exclusively; only that the realism disappears more and more, and the typical element alone remains, along with a wealth of allegory and personification. The emperor's court contains nothing but typical characters. Three strong men represent the army of spirits in the fourth act. Three penitent sinners from the New Testament stand by Gretchen's side, in order to give a typical aspect to an otherwise individualized picture of erring innocence. The figures, drawn either from ancient mythology, or, as in the Walpurgis-night, from the storehouse of Goethe's imagination, are made extraordinarily characteristic. A free, fine spirit of Romanticism breathes through the scene in the rocky caves of the Ægean sea, where the sirens repose on the cliffs in the moonshine, while Galatea appears in her shell-chariot, inflames the passion of Homunculus, and draws him on to his death. A vein of spurious symbolism may, however, be noticed in the second part, in many utterances which would be appropriate enough if they came from Goethe's own lips, but are little consonant with the characters in whose mouth he puts them, and in which he either remains obscure or offends where his meaning is understood. The latter may be observed in the

character of Euphorion, Faust and Helena's son, and intended as an impersonation of Byron. Nevertheless, when placed on the stage, Euphorion's graceful youth charms us, and his death affects us deeply.

There is a certain parallelism between the first and second parts. Notes struck in the one are repeated higher up the scale, as it were, in the other, as we should expect from a writer who sets himself to delineate types rather than particular people. Thus in the first part we have a German Walpurgis-night, in the second a classical one; Wagner, Faust's former servant, appears afterward as an independent scholar; an inquisitive student of the first part becomes an arrogant bachelor of arts in the second; Gretchen's wail of despair is turned into a prayer of joy. This parallelism is most observable in the case of Helena, who occupies the same leading position in the second part which Gretchen does in the first. It is not quite clearly brought out in the drama, but must have been a part of the poet's original plan, that the two sinning women should be Faust's good geniuses, who purify and save him from the power of the evil one. Only in the second part we are left to divine for ourselves that the passion with which Helena, like Gretchen, inspires him at first sight, gives way ultimately, like his passion for Gretchen, to nobler feelings. In the drama as it stands there is also considerable abruptness in the sudden transition from Faust as Helena's lover to Faust as the aspiring sovereign of lands wrested from the sea.

Helena stands in twofold contrast; first to the chorus and then to Phorkyas. Helena is the mistress, dignified

in her bearing, self-possessed and calm, even in the presence of death; the chorus, on the other hand, is composed of serving women, whose demeanor is the exact opposite in everything. But though Helena can suffer death with placid dignity, the appearance of Phorkyas fills her with horror; for he represents the extreme of ugliness, as she of beauty. The two, in their opposition, are typical of the great contrast between the beautiful and the hideous which pervades creation. Beauty is everything with Helena; her beauty is her character and her faith. Phorkyas Mephisto, on the contrary, is physically and morally hideous, and delights in all malice and wickedness.

A third contrast may be noticed between Helena and Gretchen. The German burgher-maiden is all unconscious; the Greek goddess is throughout self-conscious; she knows her heart, and feels what is coming, and she acts not from impulse but with full reflection. We cannot believe that Goethe intended in Helena to show us beauty only from its evil side; he must also have meant to show us beauty as a good, Helena proving a blessing to Faust. We may venture to surmise that the rousing of his creative activity was the legacy which Helena bequeathed to her northern friend.

Wilhelm Meister and Faust are the two characters, who, from the emotional, speculative, critical or æsthetic life, pass, under the influence of denying spirits and ideal examples, to a life of useful labor. Both these figures accompanied the poet during the greater part of his life, and both are comparatively good pictures of himself. He was not able to give the last touches of his

art to either of them, but Faust came nearer to perfection than Wilhelm Meister. The former represents the scientific, the latter the æsthetic tendency of Goethe's youth. Like Faust, Goethe had in vain sought satisfaction in all departments of knowledge. Like Faust, he hoped for a short time to find a clue to the mysterious power which binds nature into one whole, in sciences which were of evil fame, in the writings of old chemists and alchemists. Like Faust, he harbored thoughts of suicide. Like Faust, he was not devoid of religious feelings, especially when engaged in contemplating nature as a whole. Like Faust, he had Mephistophelian friends —Merck and Herder, for instance—who made him conscious of his littleness, and thereby gave a stimulus to his efforts. Like Faust, he fell in love with a simple burgher-maiden, and as Gretchen was made miserable by Faust, so Friederike Brion was made miserable by Goethe, though not to such an extent. Like Faust, he always remained conscious of the right path, and though he often went astray, yet he always returned to it. Like Faust, he drew nigh to the Greek gods, and in communion with the immortal creations of Hellenic art and religion found the highest truths dawn upon him. Like Faust, he returned to his northern Fatherland, to a life of activity among his people.

Goethe's contact with the ancient world bore fruit in Germany, though in another sense than with *Faust;* he no longer found his vocation in political and social activity, but in science and poetry alone. Then, when a friend of equal intellectual rank inspired him with new joy in creation, *Faust* was among the first tasks that

engrossed him. The classical Walpurgis-night, Helena, and the final studies which underlay the last developments of the poem, date from the period in which he practised his hand in Greek rhythms and revived the Greek gods in poetry.

Faust is not intended to resemble Goethe in all points, but he represents Goethe's views in all great questions —in the idea that man is meant to struggle, in the conviction of the salvation to be found in hard service, in the maxim which Faust utters when dying, as the last conclusion of wisdom: "He alone deserves liberty, like life, who daily must win it." Herein he was also in harmony with Schiller, whose Tell declares: "I only really enjoy my life when I win it every day afresh." Both in *Wilhelm Meister* and in *Faust* Goethe prizes activity for the common good more highly than the æsthetic and literary interests. Neither the poet, nor the actor, nor the speculative scholar, he seems to think, can attain in their own spheres to such lofty discernment and to such peace of conviction as the man of action. Thus Goethe recommended in poetry what he himself neglected to do in real life.

Meaning of the Poem.

In the characters of Faust and Mephistopheles are represented the continual strife between Good and Evil in man. The first lesson is that man becomes morbid and miserable in seclusion, even though he devotes himself to the acquisition of knowledge. He must also know the life of the body in the open air, and the so-

ciety of his fellow-men. He must feel in himself the passions and impulses of the race; in other words, he must first become a man among men. He must fight through his life with the powers of selfishness, doubt, denial of all good, truth and beauty. Then, the wrong or error which he may have committed must not clog his future development. He must recover health from moral as from physical disease. The passion for the beautiful must elevate and purify him, saving him from all the meanness and littleness which we find in society and in all forms of public life. The restless impulse, which drives him forward, will save him—that is, lead him constantly from one sphere of being to another which is higher and clearer—in spite of error, in spite of temptation, in spite even of vice. Only in constant activity and struggle can he redeem himself—only in working for the benefit of his fellow-beings can he taste perfect happiness. This is the golden current of wisdom which flows through *Faust* from beginning to end.

The Germans of to-day need no spurring in order to take to the life of generally useful activity, which Faust only embraces after having gone astray; everything now seems in favor of these practical men. Meanwhile those who live after Goethe's example, and look on poetry as a sacred and national task, have to struggle against wind and weather and work doubly hard. They also may find encouragement in the words which the angels sing as they bear aloft the soul of Faust:

> Whoe'er aspires unweariedly
> Is not beyond redeeming.

II

Significance of Goethe's Life and Works.

There are a few poetic works which possess an immortal vitality, which so represent the actions and the characters of men, the problem of human nature, or the mysteries of human life, that their interest never grows old, their value never diminishes. The *Iliad* of Homer, Dante's *Divina Commedia*, some of Shakespeare's plays, and Goethe's *Faust*, belong to this class. Works like these were not produced simply through the voluntary action of the mind; they grew by an inevitable law, attracting to them the best creative intelligence of the poet, and, when completed, were greater than he himself could know; for he stood too near them to measure their proportions. The truth that is in them, being of no time and no country, only touches the highest intelligences at first, and is then slowly transmitted to wider and still wider circles. Goethe's long and vigorous life enabled him to watch the impression which the first part of *Faust* gradually produced upon the world; but the second part, only a small portion of which was published before his death, is not yet fully understood and valued as it should be, even by cultivated thinkers. Stu-

dents of the German language are at this day dissuaded from reading it on the ground that it is incomprehensible; and the completion of his sublime plan is charged against the author as the weak mistake of old age.

As Goethe is the dominant figure in modern German literature, so *Faust* is the dominant work among his many creations. It is the one conception which began to fill and inspire him at the age of twenty-one, and remained with him until he sealed up the last pages of the manuscript, on his eighty-second birthday. Cherished thus for sixty-one years, his whole life forms the basis upon which it rests. Xavier Marmier, the distinguished French critic, says: "It was the chosen work of Goethe, the well-beloved child for whom he delighted to gather the riches of science and the precious fruits of inspiration. It was the bright idea, the mistress of his youth, the companion of his mature age, accustomed to keep watch with him, to visit him in his dreams, to live beside him in solitude and society. He bore it tenderly, mysteriously in the depth of his heart, as a lover bears the secret of his first love. He did not reveal its growth, neither displayed its beauties nor caprices; happy in having created his Galatea, he took pleasure in seeing her move before his mind, in warming her upon his bosom, and each day giving her a new life by his artistic word, but he kept her for himself alone, and if other eyes peered too closely, he drew the curtain before his masterpiece. Sometimes he was sombre and thoughtful in the midst of society, for he was thinking of Faust; sometimes a king came to see him, and he left royalty in his eagerness to return to Faust."

When we have learned Goethe's plan we also perceive the great difficulties connected with its execution. We may regret that portions of the work were so long delayed, but we are very glad that it was not allowed to remain a fragment. The second part is only obscure in some of its details; one clear and easily traced design runs through it, and the close is a solution of that which is unsolved in the first part. Both should therefore be considered as one connected work, as was Goethe's intention, although neither the publishers, the critics nor the translators pay much regard to it. It is better to pass briefly in review the whole work rather than confine ourselves to the part which is most familiar, and thus only imperfectly explains its meaning.

The Faust Legend.

The legend of Doctor Faustus first took form in the sixteenth century, while the belief in witchcraft and diabolical agencies was still prevalent among the people. It was introduced into literature through the "History of Doctor Faustus, the notorious Magician and Master of the Black Art," which appeared at Frankfort-on-the-Main in 1587, and was the work of a very orthodox Protestant. An English translation of it, published in 1590, furnished Marlowe with the material for a tragedy of that name, first acted in London in 1593. There was an actual Doctor Faust, born in 1490, who studied at the university of Wittenberg, and is said to have been acquainted with Melanchthon. What special reasons there were for making him the hero of a story

cannot be ascertained with any certainty; but the charge of a compact with evil spirits was frequently made against any man of more than usual knowledge. Even Luther believed in the constant activity of a personal and visible devil, whom he imagined he sometimes beheld.

The story varies in different versions, but is substantially as follows: Dr. Faust, having acquired all possible human knowledge, and being still unsatisfied, invoked Satan to grant him the further power he desired. The fiend appeared, and promised to serve him in all things for four and twenty years, on condition of receiving his soul at the end of that time. The compact was made, and signed by Faust with his blood. Then commenced for him a life of indulgence. In an hour or two he was transported to Italy, Egypt, or Constantinople; gold, jewels and splendid banquets came at his call; gardens blossomed; trees bore fruit for him in winter; and no man had power to injure him. The emperor Maximilian summoned him to Innsbruck, and his magic arts were exhibited before the court. He brought back Helen of Troy from the Grecian Hades, but was himself taken captive by her beauty, and forced Satan to reanimate her in order that she might become his wife. After exhausting all forms of enjoyment, and exercising all power which he desired, the term came to an end. Helen and her child vanished; a storm, with terrific thunder and lightning, came at midnight, and in the morning only a few fragments of Faust's body, torn and mangled by infernal claws, were found in the chamber. He had a famulus—a word used to signify a

servant and amanuensis—by name Chrostopher Wagner, who followed his example, made a compact with Satan, was served by an evil spirit in the shape of a monkey, and finally met the fate of his master.

Different Versions.

The belief in witchcraft survived among the people long after law and theology had discarded it, and a dramatized version of *Faust* was one of the favorite plays given in puppet theatres, at fairs or popular festivals. Goethe probably saw it thus acted, as a child, and when, after his return from Leipsic, he took up the study of alchemy, himself disgusted with the manner in which knowledge was imparted, we can easily understand how the legend must have returned to his mind. The various texts of the old puppet-plays are by no means mere doggrel; they show considerable dramatic power and suggest, to a lively imagination, much more than they express. Goethe was not the only one to whom the idea occurred, of making a graver use of the material. Lessing and Müller—the painter Müller—each wrote a tragedy of *Faust*, without being aware of Goethe's design; and one of the friends of the former, writing about the lost manuscript after his death, says that Lessing's *Faust* was written at a time when in every quarter of Germany a *Faust* was either published or announced. Then came *The Sorrows of Werther,* the history of which, the prodigious sensation that it produced and the nature of its influence as contrasted with the author's design, make it a phenomenon

in the annals of literature. The Storm and Stress period was then approaching its climax, and Goethe could not escape the infection. His powerful nature experienced every symptom of the disease in an aggravated form, and then healed itself. Although no poet ever made freer use of his own sensations and experiences—his joy, suffering, passion and aspiration—yet his habit was to wait until the experience had passed, then, holding it firmly apart from him to make it an intellectual study. He revives the tempest, and lets it rage around him but in the centre there is a belt of calm, where he sits and controls it. *Werther* is a psychological study of this character. Goethe combined his own experience with the tragical fate of a man whom he knew, and produced what is generally called a sentimental story, though really a remarkable dissection of a typical character. But it was not so received and understood. All Europe dissolved in a burst of emotion over its pages; it was hailed as the triumph and justification of the sentimental school, and a whole literature of imitations, parodies and criticisms followed it.

Goethe claims that his *Werther* was written in four weeks; but it is certain that the task of its composition, which always preceded the written narrative, occupied a much longer period. In the summer of 1773 we learn that the work was slowly dragging along, and it was not until September of the following year that the first printed copies were sent to two of his lady friends. In October it had spread all over Germany, and was soon translated or imitated in every language of Europe and criticised in every periodical with the fullest meed of

praise or scorn; for it was either enthusiastically admired or sternly condemned. Finally it made the round of the world and penetrated even to China. No German work of the eighteenth century, and perhaps none of any age or country has created such a sensation. The Werther fever wrung the hearts of men and women with imaginary sorrows; floods of tears were shed; young men dressed in blue coats and yellow breeches shot themselves with *Werther* in their hands. It opened the flood-gates of pent-up sentimentalism which had been stirred by the philosophy of the time, and which the calamities of the next generation were rudely to repress.

The first part of *Werther* had been inspired by the tragic end of a young man who had been one of Goethe's fellow-students at Leipsic. The second represents the agony of a jealous husband, as represented in the flesh by an Italian merchant, resident at Leipsic, whose wife Goethe loved with a brotherly love. The attachment appears to have been innocent enough, but was not so regarded by the husband, whose ideas, says Merck, one of the Weimar circle and a close friend of Goethe's, did not extend much beyond his business. It was dispiriting, continues Merck, for the poet to have to seek his girl friend among barrels of herrings and piles of cheese; but "he consoles her much for the smell of oil and cheese, and for her husband's manners." How Goethe found his inspiration amid such environment is not explained; but, as we shall see, he had a strong practical side to his nature.

On his *Götz* and *Werther* rests the solid foundation

of Goethe's fame, though much was yet to be added to the superstructure. That he should have written two works so entirely different in matter and style is of itself one of the strongest proofs of genius. *Werther* represents the languid sentimentalism, the passionate despair, that possessed an age vexed by evils for which there was no cure, tortured by the presence of a high ideal which revealed to it at once the depth of its misery and the hopelessness of a better lot. *Götz* was the first manly appeal to the chivalry of German spirit, which, caught up by other voices, sounded throughout the fatherland like the call of a warder's trumpet, till it produced a national courage founded on the recollection of an illustrious past, which overthrew the might of the conqueror at the moment when he seemed about to dominate the earth. *Werther* is an echo of Rousseau, the lamentation of a suffering world; *Götz* is the prototype of Stein, the corner-stone of a renovated empire; in its short, sharp dialogue, it recalls the pregnant terseness of mediæval German. *Werther*, as soft and melodious as Plato, was the first revelation of that marvellous style which, in the hands of a master, compels a language as rich as the Greek to be also as musical.

Life at Weimar.

While we cannot divide the literary life of Goethe into periods, like that of Schiller, because his growth was not only steady and symmetrical, but some of his faculties were nearly perfect at the start, yet there are occasional pauses in his activity and variations in its

character. Soon after the publication of *Werther* occurred the one important change in his external life. In September, 1775, the duke Karl August invited Goethe to visit him at Weimar, and the visit was followed by the offer of a permanent situation at the court, with the title of privy councillor and a salary of twelve hundred thalers a year. In spite of his father's opposition, Goethe accepted, and henceforth Weimar was his home. The appointment of an untitled poet to a place which tradition required to be filled by a noble, was a great scandal throughout Germany.

Soon afterward Weimar became the literary centre of Germany. The court was presided over by the duchess Amalia, the grand-duke's mother, who at the age of nineteen had been left a widow with two sons. She was a great lover of the stage, and the best playwriters of Germany made their headquarters at Weimar until it was burned down in 1774, together with the royal palace. After the marriage of her eldest son, Karl August, she lived in one of the simple country-houses which surround the capital, and contented herself with amateur theatricals. The duke, who was then only eighteen years of age, was simple in his tastes, impatient of etiquette and restraint, true, honest and steadfast; fond of novelty and excitement, and of great courage and activity. His impulses, rarely checked, led him rather to chivalrous enterprise than to injurious excesses.

Upon this society Goethe, in the strength and beauty of youth, rose like a star. From the moment of his arrival he became the inseparable and indispensable

companion of the duke. He subdued the affections of all he met with, and Wieland declared that his soul was as full of him as a dewdrop of the morning sun; that, take him all in all, he was the greatest, best and most noble being that God had ever created. The first months at Weimar were passed in a round of pleasure, and Goethe was treated as a guest. In the autumn, journeys, rides, shooting-parties; in the winter, balls, masquerades, skating-parties by torchlight, dancing at peasants' feasts, filled up their time. The wild, grotesque life led by the poet and the duke gave much offense. Their chief object seemed to be to violate all the sacred conventionalities of German courts. They appeared in society in top-boots, cracked whips together in the market-place, plunged into the river Ilm at midnight, and conducted themselves altogether more like a couple of students on a frolic than a pair of dignified personages. Evil reports flew about Germany; the court at Weimar had a bad name; Klopstock wrote letters of solemn advice, and forbade his young friend Stolberg to accept an appointment which the duke had offered him. Goethe wrote in reply that, if Stolberg came, he would find them no worse, and perhaps even better, than he had known them before. We may be sure that no decencies were disregarded, except the word be applied to the artificial restrictions of courtly etiquette. Goethe and the duke dined together and bathed together; the duke addressed his friend by the familiar "thou;" Goethe slept in his chamber and tended him when he was ill. In the following spring the duke gave him the little house and garden by the side of the Ilm, in

which he lived for the next eight years. By accepting his position as a privy councillor, Goethe had bound himself, as it were, to Weimar, and the tie was further strengthened by the promotions that came swiftly upon him, with emoluments to correspond; so that in 1816 his income was equivalent to $2,250 a year, with an allowance for carriage expenses. In return he devoted himself with interest and enthusiasm to the affairs of the duke, opening mines and otherwise developing the resources of his territory, including the reconstruction of his little army.

During these years Goethe's productiveness slackened, because there was no incitement, and the external impulse gave way, for a time, to his hearty delight in active physical life. It was his habit to carry a poetical conception for a long time in his brain, allowing it to develop by its own force until the proper mood and leisure for its delivery arrived; then it was put into words with a rapidity and artistic completion which astonished his friends, who did not guess how much of the labor had been silently performed in advance. Thus, while he seemed most indolent, the dramatic poems of *Iphigenie auf Tauris*, *Tasso*, and *Egmont*, were in progress, and portions of them were even written in prose. After three years of free, unrestrained companionship with the duke, Goethe began to weary of balls, haunts and picnics, and withdrew more and more from the society of the court. Though the intimacy was broken off, the duke was steadfast in his friendship, making Goethe a noble and appointing him president of the Chamber. The death of his father, about this time, having

made him comparatively wealthy, he now determined to carry out his long-cherished plan of a journey to Italy; but four years still intervened before he succeeded in leaving Weimar. During this time he began to write his philosophical romance of *Wilhelm Meister*, which was not published until long afterward.

Journey to Italy.

At last, in 1786, secretly and under an assumed name, Goethe set forth for Italy, where he remained for nearly two years, which appear to have been a season of pure and perfect enjoyment. In the strictest incognito he journeyed by way of Munich, where he studied the picture gallery and the collection of antiquities; by the lake of Garda, where he began his metrical version of *Iphigenie;* by Verona, where, in its stupendous amphitheatre, he saw the first specimen of Roman architecture; by Vicenza, where he was attracted by the grace and harmony of the classic Palladio; by Padua, where he admired the frescoes of Giotto; to Venice, where for the first time he was able to taste the charm and richness of southern life. As he proceeded further, Ferrara spoke to him of Tasso; Bologna showed him the great masters of the academic school; Florence interested him in many things; Assisi drew his attention, not to the triple church of St. Francis, with its unrivalled museum of religious art, but to the little ruined temple which no modern traveller would notice, but for the name of Goethe. During his first stay in Rome, the constant companion of his studies was the painter Tisch-

bein, who helped him to disentangle the many difficulties of the old and new quarters of the eternal city. Though Goethe soon renounced his ambition as an artist, he tried almost every branch—drawing in pencil, etching, painting in oil, and engraving on copper and wood. His failure was due mainly to want of time.

Iphigenie.

Goethe lived chiefly among the German artists and men of letters who frequented the Café Greco. Among these were Angelica Kaufmann and Moritz, who deepened his knowledge of versification and prepared him for the composition of *Iphigenie*, the first important fruit of the Italian journey. It is in very strong contrast with *Götz von Berlichingen*, for it is written in the strictest classical form. Although based on the *Iphigenia in Tauris*, of Euripides, it has little in common with it. In Euripides Thoas is represented as a cruel barbarian, against whom it is justifiable to employ every artifice of fraud or violence. In Goethe the characters are ennobled by a higher principle, and the struggle between truth and falsehood is made a prominent motive of the piece. When Thoas discovers that, according to the oracle of Apollo, the return of Orestes' sister to Greece will satisfy the anger of the gods, he gives his consent, and his last words are a friendly farewell. Though acted before the court at Weimar, Goethe taking the part of Orestes, and the duke that of Pylades, it is not suited for the stage and is rather a dramatic poem than a drama, but with such grandeur inherent in

the lines that the reader seems to breathe the purest ether of poetry.

Tasso.

Early in 1787 Goethe left Rome for Naples. Here he was attracted less by the remains of antiquity, even the new revelations of Herculaneum and Pompeii, than by the magnificence of the prospects, the bay, the island, the volcano, the thousand beauties which make the gulf unrivalled in natural scenery, together with the multitudinous and teeming life which throngs the endless quays that line the shore. Sorrento stimulated him to a revisal of his *Torquato Tasso,* but he did not complete the drama till his return from Italy, and it did not appear in print till the spring of 1790. The play had a certain fascination for him, as a picture of his own distracted life. He could depict with feeling the struggle between the actual and the ideal, the ill-assortment of a passionate poet with the jealous and artificial environment of a court. Though almost without action, and little more than a psychological study, it abounds in fine passages; but it is a poem which will never be appreciated, except by poets. At the end of March Goethe sailed to Sicily, passing the voyage rolled up in his cloak and meditating on the composition of his *Tasso.* Sicily struck him, as it must strike all travellers who have studied the ancient world, as a revelation of Greece. It is, if one may say so, more Greek than Greece itself. Its mountains, streams, trees, flowers, the form of its boats and pottery, the habits of the people, the quivering smile of the blue seas fringed with

golden sands, represent completely the Greece of the *Odyssey* and of the choruses of Euripides. Goethe was overmastered by this powerful influence. He practiced drawing, for which, however, he had little talent, and began his *Nausicaa*, the story of the Odyssey in dramatic form, which always remained a fragment.

Goethe returned to Rome early in the summer, and the rest of the year was spent in the city and its neighborhood, in serious study, and in the composition of *Egmont*, a work begun with the approval of his father in the early Frankfort days. Although it still keeps the stage, and is more frequently acted than any other of his dramas, *Egmont* has very grave faults. It is an unfortunate mixture of the natural and ideal treatment, and the license with which the scenes are transposed in modern performances shows how much the work lacks symmetry and cohesion. Schiller criticised it severely as being untrue to history, and especially the close, where all difficulties are solved by the appearance of a deus ex machina. The music of Beethoven contributed largely toward its success. Besides this, Goethe rewrote for publication his early vaudevilles of *Erwin and Elmire* and *Claudine von Villa Bella*. The carnival of 1788 was a valuable experience, suggesting some scenes of *Faust*, especially the one in the witches' kitchen, which was composed in the Borghese gardens. Soon afterward Goethe took a sad farewell of Italy, returning to Weimar with a feeling of regret which made him unhappy for many months.

From this time his life takes a new color. He had learned in Italy not only new principles of art—not

only that a work of art, whatever of Gothic ornament it may possess, must be solid, firm and simple in its construction as a Grecian temple—but he had also learned that life itself should be a work of art. He was determined henceforth to be himself, to break the bonds which had confined him and the distractions which had confused him, to possess his soul sacred and inviolable for the purpose of his life. He was relieved of the presidency of the chamber and of the war commission, but in a manner which did him the greatest honor. For several years he had been involved in a harmless, though dangerous entanglement with Frau von Stein, a married lady of the court, and of this he determined to rid himself.

Goethe's Love Affairs.

Goethe gave to woman a full share in the shaping of his career, and to some women a very liberal share. From boyhood he was never without a passion, and if we may believe his autobiography he experienced his first love about the age of fifteen, in the person of Gretchen, who is supposed to have been the daughter of an Offenbach innkeeper. He worshipped her as Dante worshipped Beatrice; but she treated him as a child, very much as Mary Chaworth treated Byron. There is, however, no other evidence of this first love, and it would be quite in accordance with Goethe's manner to enlarge on a very small foundation. His letters also speak of a boyish attachment to one Charitas Meixner, a friend of his sister and the daughter of a wealthy merchant of Worms. He expresses his affection for her with all

the fervor of French phraseology; but if she returned it, she soon found "metal more attractive," for she married a rich burgher of her native town.

At Leipsic his choice was Kitty Schönkopf, the Ännchen of his autobiography. She often teased him with her inconstant ways, and to this experience is due his drama, *Lovers' Quarrels*, as it may be styled. It is a mere trifle, a pastoral in one act, and its only interest is as an episode from the author's life. A deeper chord is struck in the play of the *Fellow Sinners*, which forms a forbidding picture of the time and of the doings of the youth who wrote it. The daughter of an innkeeper has made an unhappy marriage, and is visited by a former lover, who is in good circumstances. An assignation is arranged, and the interview is witnessed by the husband, who has come to steal the stranger's purse. The father, who comes in to read one of the lover's letters, is surprised and, with his daughter, accused of the theft. The real culprit is discovered, and defends himself by accusing the stranger of his conduct to his wife. Goethe also wrote at Leipsic a number of erotic songs, set to music. Moral-sensuous, he calls them; but they are certainly more sensuous than moral. They have, however, the merit of a musical and easy flow of expression, with varying moods of passion, described with remarkable elegance.

During Goethe's stay in Strasburg he conceived what he imagined to be an imperishable affection for Frederike, the daughter of a village parson, a simple and worthy man, suggesting to the poet, fresh from the study of Goldsmith, the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Frederike

was but sixteen years of age, tall and slight, with fair hair and blue eyes, and she seems to have fallen headlong in love with Goethe, who was then only twenty-one. He addressed a number of songs to her, ten of which are found in the collection of his works. He devoted to her much of the time which he should have given to his studies, and in the winter neither storm nor cold nor darkness could keep him from riding over to the village, though twenty miles away. In spring there were picnics, water-parties, games and dances, which filled up the swiftly-flying weeks. But when, after taking his degree, the time approached for leaving Strasburg, he felt that his love was merely a dream, that it could have no serious termination. Frederike endeavored to treat the matter in the same light, and it was only in her letters that she afterward betrayed the depth and reality of her passion.

Passing by other attachments, we come to his life-long devotion to Charlotte von Stein, a lady of the court at Weimar, wife of the master of the horse, thirty-three years of age and the mother of seven children. With all these drawbacks, Goethe's affection was undoubtedly sincere, and at the same time perfectly innocent. His letters to her extend over a period of fifty years; he called her by the most endearing epithets; and for years he made her acquainted with his every action and almost with his every thought. Most of his writings at this time were for the dramatic entertainment of the court, including a series of masks or ballets for the birthday of the grand-duchess Louise, two melodramas and several operettas. But his relations with

Frau von Stein, though harmless, became every year more full of danger, and it was partly to escape from this influence that Goethe undertook his journey to Italy.

While wandering aimlessly in one of the parks near Rome, Goethe was accosted by a young girl, named Christiane Vulpius, who presented him with a petition in favor of her brother. She was a comely damsel, with golden curling locks, rosy cheeks, laughing eyes and a neatly rounded figure. The poet took her to his home, and she became his wife in conscience and the mother of his children, though he did not marry her until 1806, when the terrors of the French occupation made him anxious for his eldest son. She had little education, and he could not take her into society; but she was a good and loving wife, and her quick mother-wit fitted her for an intellectual companion. To these days of his early wedded life belong the Roman elegies, which, though Italian in form, in color and in sensuality, were written in German from home experiences.

Director of the Weimar Theatre.

In the spring of 1790 we again find Goethe in Italy, where he met the duchess Amalia at Venice, and the literary fruit of the journey was the Venetian epigrams, which are still more sensuous than the Roman. In the autumn of the following year he devoted himself to a task in which he had before been informally engaged at Weimar. The new theatre was completed and Goethe was appointed director. It was in this capacity

that he was best known to the citizens; for he had the final decision on every detail, whether of subject, scenery or acting, and in later years a large arm-chair was reserved for him in the middle of the pit, applause being hardly permitted until he gave the signal for it. The German stage owes almost as much to Goethe as to Lessing; for the répertoire of the Weimar and other theatres was stocked with pieces of solid merit, which long held their place. Shakespeare was performed no longer in burlesque, but in serious renditions of his plays, and the actors were instructed in the delivery of blank verse. Stress was laid on the excellence of the ensemble as against the predominance of particular stars, and the theatre was considered as a school not only of wholesome entertainment but of national culture. Among the pieces which Goethe wrote at this time was the *Gross Cophta*, founded on the history of Cagliostro and the diamond necklace. He appears to have been fascinated by the story as a foreboding of the coming horrors of the Revolution.

When Goethe returned from Italy he found himself far less popular than he had been after the publication of his *Werther*. The author's genius was felt everywhere, but it disturbed to a greater extent than it gave delight. He stood almost alone. Klopstock was unfriendly, Herder was jealous and sensitive. Schiller was still shy and doubtful, and Wieland, who never was other than a large-hearted friend, could give him no satisfactory support. Although, fifteen years before, the nerves of all Europe had been thrilled by his *Werther*, and his name was as well known as that of Rousseau

or Voltaire, yet, when the collected edition of his works was published in Leipsic, in 1790, containing *Götz*, *Iphigenie*, *Tasso*, *Egmont*, much of the first part of *Faust*, and his exquisite songs and lyrics, the publishers complained that the sale was not sufficient to pay expenses. Those whom he had offended, or who were jealous of his position or fortune, now formed quite a large class, including many authors in the flush of a transient popularity. He never betrayed his feelings in such matters, but it is evident that his devotion to science for some years was partly the consequence of discouragement in regard to his literary work.

Intercourse with Schiller.

In 1794, nearly six years after Goethe's first interview with Schiller, the two came together again, this time only to be separated by death, and here was the most powerful influence which had thus far affected the lives of the two poets; for the closeness of the intimacy is almost without a parallel in literary history. Schiller, though not yet at the height of his reputation, had written many of the works which have made him famous, when he settled at Weimar in 1787. But he found the place deserted, Goethe being in Italy and the duke in the Prussian camp. It was chiefly on the recommendation of the former that he was appointed professor of history in the university of Jena, and this office he accepted somewhat reluctantly, fearful, as he says, lest the scholars should discover that they knew more history than the teacher. Soon afterward he

married, and set to work on his *History of the Thirty Years' War*, contributing also, as did Goethe, after his return, to Cotta's new literary journal, the *Horen*.

It was not long before the close intimacy with a spirit as restlessly creative as his own began to show itself in Goethe's return to poetry. Having now the aid of Schiller's intelligent criticism, he completed his *Wilhelm Meister*, the plan of which he had conceived twenty years before, adding two more to the six books written before the Italian tour. The entire work, which has been admirably translated by Carlyle, is in the nature of a philosophical romance, and stands in the very first rank of Goethe's writings. His aim was to attain perfect objectivity of tone, to represent men as they are and to pass no judgment upon them. It is a singular compound of pictures of life, so plain and realistic that they sometimes become actually coarse, with theories of society, labor and education so refined that they frequently lose all practical character. The hero passes with weak irresolution through a number of ordinary circumstances, apparently the sport of fortune and the plaything of chance; yet all these experiences have their definite result in the training of his character. Like the son of Kish, he goes forth to seek his father's asses and finds a kingdom. The unearthly charm of the child Mignon, the dark fate which surrounds the aged harper, like the doom of Œdipus, the uncertain yearning after a happier home in brighter climes gives a deeper undertone to the prevailing lightness of the story. The faults of the story are as positive as its beauties; but it has no antetype in literature. The style is

exquisitely soft and flowing, with all the sweetness and simplicity of *Werther*, but more mellow and mature. In the sixth book is a piece of the autobiography of Fräulein von Klettenberg, altered to suit its new environment. It was of her that Goethe wrote: "My Klettenberg is dead! She who was so much to me."

The period of Goethe's closest intimacy with Schiller, though the two were in daily coöperation, left but little of permanent worth from the former poet. On the other hand these are the years of Schiller's greatest activity. It was at this time that he produced his *Wallenstein* trilogy, probably his grandest effort, followed by *Marie Stuart, Jungfrau von Orleans, Braut von Messina* and *Wilhelm Tell.* In 1799 a dramatic school was established at Weimar, and these classical dramas were the glory of its stage. Of a proposed epic, whose theme was Achilles, Goethe completed only the first canto, and it had no successor. He then devoted himself to the works of others, translating and preparing the *Mahomet* and *Tancred* of Voltaire for the Leipsic theatre. After recovering from a dangerous illness, he sketched the outline of a trilogy dealing with the French Revolution; but of this only the first part, the *Natürliche Tochter*, was completed. The story is a true one of a princess of the French house of Conti. The play is written with the full beauty of Goethe's style, and some passages and effects are worthy of his highest genius; but, as a whole, it is a failure. It has the quality so characteristic of Goethe's later work, of too great universality of treatment—a serious drawback in a drama. The characters are not living beings but ab-

stractions, and the language is vague and general, rather than clear and defined.

Goethe's Celebrity.

At the close of 1803 Madame de Staël arrived in Weimar, accompanied by Benjamin Constant. She had, of course, heard of Goethe's fame, and was desirous of presenting him to the world as a proof of the intellectual superiority of Germany. But the poet fled from her, as did Byron at a later period, hiding in Jena until summoned by order of the duke. Of the conversations which followed in the salons of Weimar the great Frenchwoman has given some account in her work *De l'Allemagne*. Goethe was at this time the greatest man in Europe, with the exception only of Napoleon, and was the oracle to whom all the most distinguished men in Germany turned for consultation or advice. He was intimate with Wilhelm von Humboldt, the statesman and scholar; with Wolf, the founder of the science of philology; with Zetter, the musician, and with Gottfried Hermann the leading authority on Greek metres. But the friendship which he prized more than all the rest was now about to be severed.

Death of Schiller.

In the beginning of 1805 Goethe had a foreboding that either he or Schiller would die in that year, and it proved to be only too true. In January they were both prostrate with a serious illness, and Schiller, re-

covering first, visited his friend in the sick-room, where he displayed the most intense emotion. On the 29th of April they saw each other for the last time. Schiller was on his way to the theatre, whither Goethe was still too weak to accompany him, and they parted at the door of Schiller's house. On the 9th of May Schiller died, and no one dared tell Goethe the news, though he saw from the faces of those around him that something was amiss. On the morrow, when his wife entered the room, he asked: "Is it not true that Schiller was very ill yesterday?" She began to sob, and he then cried, "He is dead!" "Thou hast spoken it thyself," she answered. Again exclaiming "He is dead!" and turning aside, he covered his weeping eyes with his hands. Schiller and Goethe have ever been inseparable in the minds of their countrymen, and have reigned as twin stars in the literary firmament. If Schiller does not hold the first place he is the more beloved, though Goethe is more admired.

Marriage.

After Schiller's death Goethe lost for a time his interest in literature. Within a year and a half the battle of Jena was fought, and Weimar was sacked by the French army. It was probably the insecurity of life at this time which led him to marry the mother of his son, with whom he had been living for seventeen years —or rather, should we say, the sense of insecurity led her to consent to the marriage, which she had before refused. Nothing in Goethe's life has been so misunderstood and misrepresented as his relations with Chris-

tiane Vulpius. She was always treated as a wife, and very much better than most wives, the two being united by bonds more indissoluble than those of the church. Christiane was from a much lower rank in society; but she understood Goethe's nature as no one else did.

Hermann and Dorothea.

Among the correspondence of the publisher Vieweg, of Brunswick, a letter of Goethe's was recently found, consisting of these two sentences: "If you are willing to publish the contents of the accompanying sealed package, send me 200 ducats (about $800). If you decline, return the package with seals unbroken." This was a hard condition for the publisher; he deliberated a day or two, then sent the 200 ducats, and opened the package. It contained the pastoral epic of *Hermann und Dorothea*, one of Goethe's most perfect works. We happen to know, through his correspondence with Schiller and others, the manner in which it was written. Goethe had finished his canto of the *Achilleis*, which we can only call an imitation of Homer, and was encouraged by Schiller to write the drama of *Nausicaa*, founded on the *Odyssey*. But the work dragged; by a sudden revulsion of feeling Goethe turned to the life of his own day, took up a subject which had been waiting six or seven years in his brain, planned and arranged it during his official journeys through the duchy, and then wrote it in the course of a few weeks of summer leisure. We have his own word for the statement that more than half of it was written in nine consecutive days. It was

one of his most fortunate inspirations. The publisher was lucky in his venture, for the poem not only revived Goethe's popularity but gave to the literary circles of Germany their first true impression of his real power. *Hermann und Dorothea* is the simplest possible idyl of common life, representing the sufferings of the Lutherans driven out by the archbishop of Salzburg in the early part of the eighteenth century. Goethe had also been an eye-witness of the woes produced by the French Revolution, and he made the poem a reflection, in a minor degree, of the storms and convulsions of the great world. In none of his works did he so fully evince the power of saturating the commonest scenes and events with the subtle elements of poetry, and it was to this that he turned with most satisfaction in his old age.

Interview With Napoleon.

At the sack of Weimar, where many of Goethe's friends lost everything they possessed, his property and perhaps his life were saved by the firmness of Christiane, and afterward by the billeting of Marshal Augureau in his house. On the day after Jena Napoleon entered the town, but, though one of his greatest admirers, Goethe did not meet him until the congress of Erfurt, where the sovereigns and princes of Europe were assembled in 1808. He was attracted at least as much by the prospect of seeing Talma as of meeting Napoleon. When invited to an audience, Talleyrand, Berthier and Savary were present, and the emperor was seated at a large round table eating his breakfast. He

beckoned Goethe to approach him, and said to him, "Vous êtes un homme." He asked how old he was, expressed his wonder at the freshness of his appearance, said that he had read *Werther* through seven times, and made some acute remarks on the management of the plot. Then, after an interruption, he declared that tragedy ought to be the school of kings and peoples, and that there was no worthier subject than the death of Cæsar, which Voltaire had treated insufficiently. A great poet would have given prominence to Cæsar's plans for the regeneration of the world, and shown what a loss mankind had suffered by his assassination. He invited Goethe to Paris, where he would find subjects worthy of his skill. They parted with mutual admiration, and the bust of Napoleon was always a prominent ornament in Goethe's study.

Evolution of Faust.

In the same year an edition of Goethe's works in thirteen volumes was published by Cotta at Tübingen, which is remarkable as containing the first part of *Faust* in its complete form; for the drama had only been published as a fragment in the edition of 1790. It had then attracted but little attention. Heyne wrote: "There are fine things in it, but with them there are such things as only he could give to the world who takes other men to be blockheads." Wieland and Schiller were apparently dissatisfied with it; for it had the appearance of patchwork, made up of passages which had been written at very different periods of his life. The

idea of writing *Faust* seems to have come to Goethe in his earliest manhood. He was brooding over it at the time when he wrote *Götz von Berlichingen*, but at Strasburg he spoke to Herder of neither. He apparently began to write portions of it at the same time as his *Werther*, which was in 1774, and we find mention of its progress in the two following years; indeed, all the important parts of the fragment which appeared in 1790 were known to Jacobi before 1776. He took the work with him to Italy, where he added little except the scene in the witches' kitchen. The dedication, the Prologue in Heaven, which presents to the reader the idea of the whole work, the Prelude on the Stage copied from the Indian drama, the lyrical intermezzo, the scene with Wagner before the city gate, and the scene with Mephistopheles in the study were written before 1800. In that year he was busy with Helena for the second part, and he added nothing afterward to the first except the *Walpurgis Night* and the scene of Valentine's death.

Writing of *Faust* in his eightieth year, Goethe says with truth: "The commendation which the poem has received far and near may be, perhaps, owing to this quality, that it permanently preserves the period of development of a human soul which is tormented by all that afflicts mankind, shaken also by all that disturbs it, repelled by all that it finds repellent, and made happy by all that it desires. The author is at present far removed from such conditions; the world likewise has some other struggles to undergo to an extent; nevertheless the state of man, in joy and sorrow, remains very much the same,

and the latest born will still find cause to acquaint himself with what has been enjoyed and suffered before him in order to adapt himself to that which awaits him."

The Elective Affinities.

Goethe's first important work, after the death of Schiller, was a novel whose unutterable German title—*Wahlverwandtschaften*—has been translated *The Elective Affinities*, a story often cited to prove the immoral tendency of his works. A married couple, Edward and Charlotte, are thrown into constant companionship with two unmarried persons, the captain and Ottilie. A cross attraction takes place similar to that which is often seen in chemical experiments. Edward unites himself with Ottilie, Charlotte with the captain. The psychological changes by which this result is produced are portrayed with a masterly hand. The moral may be held by some to exalt the preponderance of fatality in human affairs, and the uselessness of contending against irresistible circumstances. Others may believe that the tale is intended to show the disastrous calamities which may be wrought by a weak and self-indulgent will. Ottilie, though she cannot resist her passion, has strength enough to starve herself to death.

The year 1809, in which *Die Wahlverwandtschaften* was written, was for Goethe the beginning of a new era. He was then fresher and brighter than he had been for ten years before. He had lived through a troubled period of oppressive sorrow. The death of Schiller, the violation of his beloved Weimar, the deaths of the duchess

Amalia and of his mother, his own bodily and mental sufferings, had given a tone of sadness to his poetry. As if to put the finishing stroke to the efforts of his life, he had married the mother of his children and arranged and published his collected works.

Autobiography.

It was natural that at the beginning of a new course of life Goethe should write an account of his past existence. The study of his collected poems also made it apparent to him how necessary it was to furnish a key by which they might be understood. These and other causes led to the composition of *Poetry and Truth*, an autobiographical history of the poet's life from his birth till his settlement at Weimar. This work has been a cause of much embarrassment to the poet's biographers; for where it ought to be the most trustworthy source of information it is most misleading. It is probable that Goethe intended it to be an accurate and circumstantial account of his career. But the inner life of the individual is more clear to him than the outer; the stages of our self-development are better remembered than the exact circumstances which produced them or the order of time in which they followed each other. Goethe took pains to ascertain facts which he had forgotten; but he was so conscious that imagination would play a large part in the composition that in the title he gave poetry the precedence before truth. The indefatigable industry of German investigation has laid open to us every detail of the poet's life and every phase of his feeling.

Poetry and Truth, if it has lost its rank as a history, still keeps its place as a classic; the simple, loving delineation of the childhood of genius is as fresh as ever, and is of more universal interest from being less particular. The first five books of this autobiography appeared in 1811, the next five in 1812, the third instalment at Easter, 1814, and the conclusion after Goethe's death.

The period through which *Poetry and Truth* was Goethe's principal work witnessed the greatest political events of the first half of the nineteenth century, including the rising of the German people against the oppression of Napoleon. In this Goethe took no share, and with it he apparently felt little sympathy. He made no impassioned orations to his countrymen like Fichte; he wrote no inspiring lays like Körner. He saw Stein and Arndt at Dresden in 1813, but disappointed them by his impassive manner, saying to Körner's father at the same time: "Yes, shake your chains. The man is too great for you. You will not break them, but only drive them deeper into your flesh." The reasons for this apparent coldness are perhaps more simple than they appear at first sight. Goethe was a man of thought rather than of action. Although a fair portion of his long life was given to practical business, his heart was always in speculation or artistic production. While inspecting mines he was spinning theories of geological formation; while working for the war commission he gladly ran away to the castle of Dornburg, to bury himself among his deserted papers. The pressure of the court business at Weimar drove him to the solitude of Italy. In the defiles of the Argonne, and in the trenches

before Mainz, where he had fought under the duke of Weimar, he was scheming and arranging his colors. A bombardment was valued by him less as an attack upon an enemy than as a series of interesting experiments in optics. Added to this natural indifference to the details of human affairs was his belief in the predominance of force, and in the necessary evolution of the history of the world. Napoleon was to him the greatest living depository of power. Nations, whether conquered or victorious, separated or united, obeyed a common law, against which individuals will strive in vain. Goethe was thus incapacitated for politics, both by his qualities and his defects, and this habit of abstract contemplation grew upon him in later life. Those who condemn him on this ground should remember that he hailed in no grudging spirit the formation of a united Germany, and that his works have been one of the most potent factors in making all Germans feel that they are one.

The Divan.

It was hardly to be expected that at the age of sixty-five Goethe should strike out new lines of poetical activity. However, in the *West-östliche Divan* he made the first attempt to transplant Eastern poetry to a German soil, and set an example which has been followed by Heine and Mirza Schaffy. In 1811 he first became acquainted with the works of Hafiz in Hammer's translation. At a time when North and South and West were splitting asunder, when thrones were breaking up and empires trembling, he sought a willing refuge in

the restoring fountain of the Eastern poet. His *Timur* has an obvious reference to the expedition of Napoleon in Russia, but the large majority of the poems are amatory, and are addressed to an imaginary Suleika, whose name is given to one of the books. She was Marianne von Willemer, an old friend of Goethe's and of his brother-in-law, Schlosser. The correspondence between them, which was first published in 1877, extends almost to the day of his death, and includes letters from Eckermann giving an account of his last moments. Not only were most of the *Divan* poems addressed to Suleika, but several of those included in the collection are by Marianne herself, and will even bear comparison with those of Goethe. In these poems the Oriental form is not very well observed. Their Eastern color depends chiefly on the suggestion of Eastern scenery and the introduction of Eastern names, thus permitting a greater tendency to levity, to fatalism and to passion that would have been possible in poems of a purely German character.

In the two or three hundred short poems contained in the *Divan* the fire of a second youth seems to glow and throb through the wisdom of age; for some of the most beautiful brief lyrics that Goethe ever wrote are found in the collection. It was from this source that Count Platen and Rückert drew their Oriental inspiration. The impression it produced was so strong that it almost created a new fashion in literature. By this time Goethe had outlived the jealousy and enmity which had so long assailed him. Kotzebue was powerless; Novalis and Nicolai were dead; Schlegel was silent; the Stolbergs

were forgotten; and a new generation had grown up, to whom the poet was an acknowledged power. The race was not yet sufficiently developed to appreciate his best work, but they could reverence without reaching that point. He had also withdrawn from official duties. His time was his own; society came to him at his own convenience, and his life henceforth was quiet, serene, yet still unweariedly active.

Last Years.

The last twelve years of Goethe's life, when he had passed his seventieth year, were occupied by his criticisms on the literature of foreign countries, by the *Wanderjahre* and the second part of *Faust*. He was now the literary dictator of Germany and Europe. He took but little interest in the direction in which the younger German school was moving, and was driven to turn his eyes abroad. He conceived an intense admiration for Byron, which was increased by his early death, introducing him as Euphorion in the second part of *Faust*. He also recognized the greatness of Scott, and was one of the first to send a greeting to the Italian, Mazzini. He conceived the idea of a world literature transcending the narrow limits of race and country, which should unite all nations in harmony of feeling and aspiration. German writers claim that his design has been realized, and that the literature of every age and country can be studied in a tongue which Goethe had made rich, flexible and serviceable for the purpose.

The *Wanderjahre*, although it contains some of

Goethe's most beautiful conceptions, the flight into Egypt, the description of the Pedagogic Province, the parable of the Three Reverences, is yet an ill-assorted collection of all kinds of writings, old and new. Its author never succeeded in giving it form or coherence, and his later style, beautiful as it is, becomes in these years vague and abstract. Still without this work we should not be acquainted with the full richness and power of his mind.

Second Part of Faust.

The second part of *Faust* has been a battlefield of controversy since its publication. For a long time it was regarded as impossible to understand, and as not worth understanding—the production of a great artist whose faculties had been impaired by age. By degrees it has, by careful labor, become intelligible to us, and the conviction is growing that it is the deepest and most important work of the author's life. Its composition cannot be called an after-thought; for there is no doubt that the poet finished at the age of eighty the plan which he had conceived sixty years before. The parallelism between the two dramas is not perfect, but it reveals itself more and more clearly to a patient study. Some points of this similarity have been well expressed by Rosenkranz, as quoted by Bayard Taylor: "Both parts are symmetrical in their structure. The first moves with deliberate swiftness from Heaven through the world to Hell; the second returns therefrom through the world to Heaven. Between the two lies the eman-

cipation of Faust from the torment of his conscious guilt, lies his Lethe, his assimilation of the past. In regard to substance, the first part begins religiously, becomes metaphysical and terminates ethically; the second part begins ethically, becomes æsthetic and terminates religiously. In one, love and knowledge are confronted with each other; in the other, practical activity and art, the ideal of the beautiful. In regard to form, the first part advances from the hymnal shout to monologue and dialogue; the second part from monologue and dialogue to the dithyrambic, closing with the hymn, which here glorifies not only the Lord and his uncomprehended lofty works, but the human in the process of its union with the divine, through redemption and atonement."

With the completion of *Faust* Goethe felt that the work of his life was accomplished. He still continued to work with regularity. He ordered and arranged his writings and labored at an autobiographical journal of his life. He bated not one jot of heart or hope, and took the liveliest interest in every movement of literature or science. When the news of the July revolution of 1830 reached Weimar, Goethe was excited beyond his wont, not on account of the triumph of liberal principles, but because the controversy between Cuvier and Geoffrey St. Hilaire had been decided in favor of the latter. Still he had much to darken his latter days. His old friends were falling fast around him. His wife had died in 1816, after a union of thirty years, and he felt her loss bitterly. The duchess Amalia had died eight years before, not long after the death of his mother. These and other bitter experiences he had now to under-

go when he was less able to bear them. Frau von Stein, with whom he had renewed his friendship, if not his love, died in January, 1827, and in June, 1828, he lost the companion of his youth, the grand-duke Karl August, who died suddenly, away from Weimar, on his return from a journey. Goethe received the news with outward calmness, but said forebodingly, "Now it is all over," and went to mourn and labor at the castle of Dornburg, where everything reminded him of the days of their early friendship. When Goethe died, none of the Weimar set were left except Knebel, who lived two years longer. A greater blow than any was the death of his only son, whom in spite of his moral weakness, his father deeply loved. He died at Rome in October, 1830, and was buried close by the pyramid of Caius Cestius, where Goethe himself once desired to be laid. We have a full account of the last nine years of Goethe's life from the writings of Eckermann, who became his secretary in 1823, lived with him till his death and noted down his conversations and his actions with the minuteness of a Boswell. Among other things he tells us that Goethe received only some $20,000 for the works of his entire life, though they yielded fortunes to his grandchildren. So little was the protection afforded to literature in Germany, during the lives of her greatest authors, that a complete and revised edition of his writings in forty volumes could only be secured against reprints by other publishers through a special act of the German diet. While the commentaries on Goethe's works are endless in number, in English-speaking countries the knowledge of them is largely due to the writ-

ings of Thomas Carlyle, while his life, written by G. H. Lewis, is as popular in Germany as in England.

Goethe's Appearance.

The end came slowly, like the sinking of the sun in a cloudless sky. Though left almost alone, Goethe still retained his intellectual vigor, his noble and strongly-marked features, cast as in a band of steel, and his erect and stately carriage. His bust, taken in Rome, is that of a man handsome as Apollo, and fourscore years, with all their sorrows and bereavements, could not bend his figure or dim the lustre of his dark brown eyes. The only difference was that Apollo had developed into the Olympian Jove. Rüchert, in a noble poem, wished for him the fate of the Persian poets, Saadi and Djami, who counted a full hundred years, but some part of the machinery had worn out, and a slight cause brought it to a stop.

Death.

On Friday, March 16th, 1832, Goethe awoke with a chill, from which he gradually recovered, and was so much better by Monday that he designed to begin his regular work on the following day. But in the middle of the night he woke up with a deathly coldness, which extended from his hands over his body, and which it took many hours to overcome. It then appeared that the lungs were attacked and that there was no possible hope of recovery. Goethe did not anticipate death. He sat fully clothed in his arm-chair, made attempts to

reach his study, spoke confidently of his recovery, and of the walks he would take in the fine April days. His daughter-in-law, Ottilie, tended him faithfully. On the morning of the 22d his strength gradually left him, and he sat slumbering in his arm-chair, holding Ottilie's hand. Her name was constantly on his lips, though his mind occasionally wandered, at one time to his beloved Schiller, at another to a fair female head, with black curls, some passion of his youth. His last words were an order to a servant to open another shutter to let in more light. After this he traced with his forefinger letters in the air. At half-past eleven in the forenoon he drew himself, without any sign of pain, into the left corner of his arm-chair, and went so peacefully to sleep that it was long before the watchers knew that his spirit was fled. He was buried in the grand-ducal vault, where the bones of Schiller were laid, and where Duke Karl August had directed his body to be placed, though the request was disregarded as contrary to the etiquette of German courts.

Goethe's Qualities.

Comparing Goethe with the two greatest poets who preceded him—Homer and Shakespeare—it may first be said that intellectually he was as far removed from either as each is from the other. Homer was essentially epic; Shakespeare essentially dramatic; in Goethe we find the highest equal development of all the powers of the human mind. The word "many-sided," which the Germans apply to him, is not an adequate expression. The general belief among men seems to be that achieve-

ment is the result of concentrated effort in one direction. Goethe reversed this rule; the broader his field of action became, the more splendid was his achievement. One cause of this phenomenon will be found in a quality which formed the very basis of his nature. He was never satisfied until he had ascertained the positive reality of the subject of his thought, and its relations to other realities. His fancy and his imagination were so healthy and so proportioned to his perceptive faculties that their activity was only exercised upon a basis of real form or fact. Those vague yet splendid moods of the mind, in which some poets indulge, were never known to him—or, if he knew them, he never gave them expression. With the Swedish Tegner he believed that

> **The obscurely uttered is the obscurely thought.**

We find the same realistic element in other poets, but never in such perfect combination with the highest qualities of the imagination. Edgar Allen Poe thus addresses Science—

> **True daughter of Old Time thou art,**
> **Who changed all things with thy peering eyes!**
> **Why prey'st thou thus upon the poet's heart,**
> **Vulture, whose wings are dull realities?**

And this is a sort of conventional sentiment with all minor poets. Even Schiller, at one period of his life, lamented, in exquisite verse, the dethronement of the Ideal by the Actual in life. Goethe, however, would have smiled, and answered in terms like these: "Science

is truth and Poetry is truth; both are infinite and inexhaustible; both are kindred fields through which the human approaches the divine mind, and they can never be antagonistic in a healthy nature. Poetry is not an exotic plant, brought down to our life from some warmer regions, and to be kept alive with artificial heat; it springs from and clothes all human life with color and sweetness, as grass and daisies cover the whole earth." Goethe could have analyzed the earth in which the rose is planted, and prepared a mathematical table of its ingredients; he could then have dissected the rose as a botanist, showing the metamorphoses by which the stem becomes the leaf and the leaf the blossom; and finally letting Science rest, while Fancy arose, fresh for the task, he could embalm the beauty and sentiment of the rose in immortal verse.

Goethe and Shakespeare.

This might also be called one of the undeveloped qualities of Shakespeare. The point wherein the two poets touch is their power of assimilating all their acquired knowledge, and using it in the service of poetry. Neither is afraid of descending to the commonest and coarsest realism; yet either can soar as lightly as a lark into the highest and purest spiritual atmosphere. Both claimed the largest liberty, and used it as a right. They walked over the earth as if bareheaded and barehanded, taking the brand of the sun, the dust of the highways and the beating of the storm upon their brows—in the strongest contrast to those minds which always seem to

go abroad in white kid gloves and patent-leather boots, with an umbrella for the sun and a mackintosh for the rain.

There is another sense which Shakespeare possessed by nature, but could only develop by such helps as were possible in his life; while Goethe, possessing it equally, was able, through his greater fortune, to bring it into the highest and noblest activity. This was the element of proportion which was first displayed in perfection by the Greek mind; that adjustment of parts to the whole, of form to spirit, which we call the artistic sense. While Shakespeare was poaching, Goethe was reading Winckelmann and Lessing; while Shakespeare was speculating in wool, Goethe was studying the antique marbles in the halls of the Vatican; while Shakespeare was desiring "this man's art and that man's scope," Goethe could look abroad and say, "It is because none reach my art and my scope that so few fully comprehend me." With such a vast variety of interests as he maintained throughout his life, many of Goethe's lighter works are faulty in construction, but nothing which matured properly in his mind is without its underlying law. Indeed, most of the fragments which he left have the roundness and polish of pebbles, as it were, of thought, smoothed by attrition in the strong current of his mind. This is not mere finish; it also includes fullness, as the veins in a pebble may suggest the strata in a quarry. Many of his detached utterances thus hint of a broad background of thought. Take one as a specimen, though its force is crippled by being turned into prose: "Timid wavering of nerveless thought, effemi-

nate irresolution, anxious lamentation, turn away no misfortune from thee, cannot liberate thee. To hold oneself erect, defying all forces, never swaying, showing original strength, brings down the arms of God in aid." Here is another: "Impatience is of no service; still less remorse. The latter increases the offense; the former creates new ones."

In dramatic presentation of character Goethe is far inferior to the greatest of all masters. Shakespeare is universal in his apprehension of human nature; Goethe is universal in his range of intellectual capacities and in his culture. One is greater, the other riper. Goethe lacks two of the most important elements of success as a dramatist—inventive genius and rapidity of movement. After *Egmont*, which was an effort to overcome his natural deficiencies, but which cannot be called a complete success, he gave more attention to dramatic poems than to acting plays. He was an admirable critic, and his counsels helped to make Schiller's *Wallenstein* what it is; yet it is doubtful whether the material of *Wallenstein*, in his own hands, would have been as satisfactorily modelled as by Schiller. Without undervaluing the genius manifested in *Götz von Berlichingen* and *Egmont*, it must be confessed that they lack the equal power and completeness of such poems as *Iphigenie auf Tauris* or *Hermann und Dorothea*. Yet Goethe possessed a strong dramatic genius; he had the power of illustrating by the force of contrast, and the power of presenting characters in their proper objective independence; but it seems that there were wide differences in the combination of his many gifts. In other words,

certain forms of activity were more free and natural to him than others. It would, indeed, be a miracle if this had not been so.

It was Goethe's habit to use every form of his own personal experience in life, but only after the feeling which accompanied it had become a memory. He prefaces his lyrics with the couplet:

> **Early sounds that echo long:**
> **Joy and sorrow turn to song.**

And in his *Trilogy of Passion*, the most youthfully fervid poem ever written by a man over seventy years of age, are the lines:

> **While men their torment suffer, and are dumb,**
> **A God gave me to utter mine in song.**

One consequence of this power is that all passion in his verse obeys the supreme law of proportion. The keenest emotions are expressed, but the author himself is serene. Calm and self-poised, he paints every ecstasy or every pang; he does not attempt to revive the feeling, only to remember it. We cannot imagine his eye "in fine frenzy rolling" as he writes it—but rather the impartial eye of a spirit, surveying the past life of the earth. Goethe has been called cold, unsympathetic, selfish, on account of this quality; and even to the present day a large class of people are unable to consider it in any other light. There are many who hide their own tears, but expect the author to weep in public.

Now, the objective treatment of one's revelations of

life, or of what is observed in the lives of others, is the highest achievement of literary art. Whatever of truth is thus presented has a general, not an individual significance, and the truth that dwells in passion cannot be clearly seen while the air of poetry is thick with the very cloud of passion itself. All strong emotions suspend the impartial activity of the intellect, and this is the reason why eloquence is so rarely impartial.

Although Goethe possessed this intellectual serenity, as we may call it, his finer faculties were no more under control than in the case of less gifted authors. He could not say to the Ariel of his imagination "Come," and he came, but was obliged to wait the pleasure of the beautiful sprite. As his habit was to arrange the plan of a poem in all its parts before putting it in words, he was thus able to work upon any part of it, according to his mood. After a certain amount of progress was made, the manuscript sheets were stitched together, the parts not yet written being filled out with blank paper of a different color; and as often as one of these sheets was removed and the manuscript inserted in its place, Goethe felt himself freshly encouraged to go on with the task. He was accustomed to say at such times: "I not only know, in my own mind, how much I have added, but it is now palpable to my external senses."

Censure and Adulation.

It is not necessary here to enter into an examination of Goethe's occasional shortcomings. Everyone knows that Homer sometimes nods; that even Shakespeare

sometimes rants; and the admission that Goethe has occasionally mistaken coarseness for satire, or gravity for wisdom, cannot affect his supreme place in literature. Had he not possessed a remarkable power of self-restraint, he would doubtless have sinned more frequently. His position at Weimar, for the first ten years, was more difficult than we can now imagine, and when it had been acknowledged, he stood almost alone as an author until Schiller came to his side. During the excitement which followed the overthrow of Napoleon he was denounced as an enemy of Germany; but finally the most absolute homage came to him from all quarters, giving to his old age a character of literary sovereignty which he enjoyed without dispute. A lesser genius would have been affected by this perversity of circumstances; but he, "standing erect, defying all forces, never swaying, showing original strength, called down the arms of the gods to his aid." In him character and intellect were not so closely united as in Lessing; his vital power overran into wayward impulses in his early years, and sometimes broke away from control in later life; but we must judge a man, after all, as much by what he restrains himself from doing as by what he does, and Goethe has as much right to the plea as a less exalted intelligence. As a mental power he was splendidly steadfast. He was as apt at detecting shams as Carlyle, but he pierced them without making any noise about it. So far as he assumes to reach directly, it is an exact consonance with the suggestions of all his highest works; he preaches independence, self-reliance, tolerance, mutual help, cheerful acceptance

of every fortune, growth as a necessity of being, and knowledge as a necessity of growth.

In the poetic appreciation of nature, Goethe has scarcely an equal among modern authors. The transfer to natural objects of the poet's sentiments, the reflection in them of his varying moods, the creation of a sentient spirit beneath the forms of the visible world—all this belongs to modern literature. In English literature it virtually originated with Cowper, was continued by Wordsworth, made popular by Byron and Shelley, until now it has become the field which all young authors endeavor to tread. But Goethe was before Cowper and Wordsworth, far more subtle and intimate than the former, and wholly without the air of purpose which we cannot help feeling in many of Wordsworth's descriptive passages. Goethe presents nature to us through light and odor, and atmosphere and perspective. Many instances might be given of the delicate instinct which enables him to suggest a landscape in a single line, to give us the very soul of natural objects in phrases so simple that they startle while they charm.

Characteristics.

Goethe differs from all other great writers, except, perhaps, Milton, in this respect, that his works cannot be understood without a knowledge of his life, and that his life is in itself a work of art greater than any which it created. At the same time he is so great that we are not even yet sufficiently removed from him by lapse of time to be able to form a correct judgment of his place

in literary history. He is not only the greatest poet of Germany; he is one of the greatest poets of all ages, and posterity must decide his exact position in that small and chosen company which contains the names of Homer, Dante and Shakespeare. He was the apostle of self-culture. Always striving after objective truth, and sometimes obtaining it, he exhibited to the world every phase of his plastic mind in turn, and taught both by precept and example the husbandry of the soul. The charge of selfishness so often brought against him cannot be maintained. His nature responded to every influence of passing emotion; like a delicate harp, it was silent if not touched, and yet gave its music to every wooing of the wind. The charge of unsympathetic coldness roused the deep indignation of those who knew him best. He learned by sad experience that the lesson of life is to renounce. Rather than cavil at his statuesque repose, we should learn to admire the conflict and self-command which molded the exuberance of his impulsive nature into monumental symmetry and proportion. His autobiography has done him no wrong. It is the story, not of his life, but of his recollections. He needs no defense, nothing but sympathetic study. As Homer concentrated in himself the spirit of antiquity, Dante of the middle ages, Shakespeare of the Renaissance, so Goethe is the representative of the modern spirit, the prophet of mankind under new circumstances and new conditions, the appointed teacher of ages yet to be.

In connection with the Weimar circle, of which Goethe was so long the central attraction, the following extract from one of Thackeray's letters to G. H.

Lewis, author of the *Life and Works of Goethe* may be of interest: "I can fancy nothing more serene, majestic and healthy looking than the grand old Goethe.

"Though his sun was setting, the sky was calm and bright, and that little Weimar illumined by it. In every one of those kind salons the talk was still of art and letters. In the respect paid to the patriarch of letters there was something ennobling alike to the subject and the sovereign. With a five and twenty years' experience since those happy days of which I write, I think I have never seen a society more simple, charitable, courteous, gentlemanlike than that of the dear little Saxon city where the good Schiller and the great Goethe lived and lie buried."

Says another of his intimate friends: "Goethe's heart, which few knew, was as great as his intellect, which all knew."

III.

The Romantic School.

The most important literary movement originated during the lifetime of Goethe was that of the Romantic school, whose leading members at first attached themselves to him, but gradually diverged more and more from his spirit. The aim of this school was to assert for modern feeling the right to a freer and more varied utterance than can be provided for it by the forms of classic literature. They were not in sympathy with their own time; they found it tame, prosaic, colorless, and to enrich it with new elements they went back to mediævalism, in which, as they conceived it, daily life had not been divorced from poetry. They drew enthusiastic pictures of the middle ages, of the charms of chivalry, of the loyalty of each class to the class above it and to society as a whole, of the devout piety which was supposed to regulate the conduct of prince and peasant alike, and which revealed itself in splendid church architecture and a gorgeous ritual. With a like purpose the Romanticists pointed to Oriental life, and began the serious study of Sanskrit and Persian poetry. The chief writers whom they opposed to the classical

poets, both of antiquity and of modern times, were Shakespeare and Calderon, but they also brought to light many mediæval authors who had previously been neglected, and stimulated their countrymen to a systematic study of the whole of their past history.

The Romanticist did not strike out a wholly original path; for there were in the writings of Lessing, Schiller and Goethe—especially of Goethe—elements in full harmony with all that was best in the new tendency. They were guilty of grotesque exaggeration in their descriptions of the superior happiness of mediæval nations and Oriental peoples, and they did much harm by checking the rising appreciation of measure and order in literary form which had been encouraged by the great classical writers. In practical life also their labors led to results opposed to the progressive tendencies of the age; for in the case of many adherents of the Romantic school, enthusiasm for the middle ages soon ceased to be a mere literary fancy—they strove also to reproduce absolute mediæval ideas. Many of them joined the Roman Catholic church and became the most vehement opponents of spiritual and political freedom. Still the Romanticist gave prominence to certain vital principles. That we now feel the charm of what was great and beautiful in the middle ages is in part the result of their teachings, and to some extent we owe the recognition of deeper elements in the world than reason can formulate, and the conviction that the thought of each age must create for itself a medium of expression adapted to its special nature.

"At the Court of Weimar," says John G. Robertson,

in his *History of German Literature,* "the last night of the eighteenth century was celebrated by a masquerade arranged by Goethe himself, and midnight being passed, he, Schiller, the philosopher Schelling and the Norwegian Steffens withdrew into a side room, where they made eloquent speeches and drank a welcome to the new century in champagne. It is not surprising, in view of the history of the preceding hundred years, that German literature should have entered upon the new era with boundless hope and enthusiasm; but, as has already been indicated, the immediate future did not belong to the humanism which had formed the goal of the best tendencies of the eighteenth century. Two years before that century had reached its close, a new intellectual movement, Romanticism, had taken definite shape, and this movement stood sponsor at the birth of the new epoch. Of the little group that hailed the nineteenth century so enthusiastically at the Weimar masquerade, Schelling and Steffens were leading spirits in the Romantic school; Schiller, though by nature little of a Romanticist, was at that very time engaged upon a Romantic tragedy, while to Goethe, the author of *Wilhelm Meister,* the new school looked up with reverence as its master.

"It is one of the ironies of literary history that the Romantic school should have been founded in the metropolis of rationalism, in Berlin. But Berlin was only the birthplace of the school; in the following year the chief Romanticists found a more congenial home in Jena. The principles and aims of Romanticism were, at this early period, vague and indefinite; but from the

first the school was the centre for a group of brilliant men and hardly less brilliant women, drawn together by a determination to have done with the utilitarianism which still flourished under the protection of writers like Nicolai—men and women inspired by a common idealism, by a craving for a spiritual, more unworldly poetry and art, and for a form of artistic expression that was in harmony with life. The Romantic school, it is true, ultimately drifted into a mystic Catholicism, a blind worship of the mediæval, a glorification of 'Volkspoesie,' all of which tendencies were potentially present in the movement from the first, but some years elapsed before these principles stiffened into dogmas. The spirit of the new movement was synthetic and subjective, individualistic and national. Romanticism is the characteristic expression of the German temperament, just as that of the Latin races is associated with the word 'classic.' "

Schlegel the Elder.

The brothers Schlegel, August and Friedrich, play a conspicuous part in the literary circle which initiated and in part constituted the Romantic school, forming the centre of the brilliant group which included Fichte, Schelling, Tieck and Wilhelm von Humboldt. They assumed dictatorial authority and exercised a controlling influence—salutary in the main—on the current literature of their time. It was the influence of criticism, not of example, often unduly severe, but none the less potent on that account. Of the two brothers, Friedrich,

the younger, is commonly affirmed to be the greater genius; but it is not very clear on what grounds this superiority is claimed for him. Both were men of extraordinary ability, and if Friedrich gives the impression of greater originality, it is owing, perhaps, to his more eccentric and extreme views.

August Wilhelm, son of Adolf Schlegel, a pastor at Hanover, was born in 1767, studied philology in the university of Göttingen, where he became a favorite with the poet Burger, who called him his beloved son in Apollo, and where he gained the prize for a Latin dissertation on the geography of Homer, and furnished the index to Heyne's Virgil. After leaving the university and spending some years as a private tutor in the household of an Amsterdam banker, he returned to Germany and established himself in Jena, where he received, in 1798, the appointment of professor of literature. It was there that he became intimate with Tieck, Schelling and other men of note, and edited, in connection with his brother, the *Athenæum,* the journal of the Romantic school, and one of the most powerful critical organs in Germany. In 1802 he went to Berlin, where he lectured for two years on literature and art. Here he made the acquaintance of Madame de Staël, who received from him the greater part of the information concerning German literature embodied in her work, *De l'Allemagne.* He travelled four years in her company, sojourning for a while in the principal capitals of Europe. While in Vienna he delivered the celebrated lectures on dramatic literature which mark an epoch in dramatic criticism. In Sweden he was made coun-

cillor of legation, and received the diploma of nobility. Returning to Germany he distinguished himself by his political brochures, written in German and in French, and in 1818 was called to the chair of literature in the new university of Bonn.

Germany, the land of scholars, has produced few who have so good a title to that designation as the elder Schlegel. The range of his literary culture may be estimated by the fact that he wrote with equal ease in four different languages, and was able to translate into Latin the *Gragas* from the Icelandic, and the *Bhagavad Gîta* from the Sanskrit. Into his native German he translated the three great poets of three nations —Shakespeare, Dante and Calderon. His renderings of Dante and Calderon have never been surpassed, and it is claimed for him that he has made Shakespeare write in German; that there is nothing enjoyed by an English reader in his plays which a German may not enjoy as well; but it is probable that much of the translating was done by his wife, and it is significant that, after their separation, his edition of Shakespeare was left to be completed by other hands. He wrote, also, original poems, and among other works a tragedy entitled *Ion*, in the antique style; but his own compositions found little favor with either critics or the public; they are but insignificant appendages to his graver productions, and would not probably have survived without them.

With all his vanity and other weaknesses, Schlegel was a man of extraordinary powers. As a critic he achieved a lasting fame, and in spite of some partiali-

ties, must be reckoned among the foremost of his class —less original, perhaps, than Lessing, but equally ingenious and profound. Many views which are now familiar he was the first to enunciate. The following is from his lectures on dramatic literature:

"The distinction between Classic and Romantic literature can hardly fail to appear well founded if it can be shown that the same contrasts in the works of the ancients and moderns run symmetrically, I might almost say systematically, through every branch of art as far as our knowledge of antiquity extends; that it is as evident in music and the plastic arts as in poetry. Rousseau acknowledges the contrast in music, and demonstrates that rhythm and melody constituted the prevailing principle of the ancients and the harmony of the moderns. On the subject of the plastic arts it has been aptly observed that the ancient painters were perhaps too much sculptors, and that the modern sculptors are too much painters. This is the exact point of difference, and it can also be shown that the spirit of ancient poetry is plastic, and that of the modern picturesque. An example taken from another art—that of architecture—will serve to illustrate what is meant.

"The Parthenon is not more different from Westminster abbey or the church of St. Stephen at Vienna than the structure of a tragedy of Sophocles from a drama of Shakespeare. The comparison between these wonderful productions of poetry and architecture might be carried still further. But does our admiration of the one compel us to depreciate the other? We will quarrel with no one for his predilection, either for the

Grecian or the Gothic; the world is wide, and affords room for a great diversity of objects. Narrow and exclusive prepossessions will never constitute a genuine critic or connoisseur, who ought, on the contrary, to possess the power of elevating himself above all partial views and of subduing all personal inclinations."

He refers the different styles of poetry to the difference in character and religion between the Greeks and the moderns:

"With the Greeks human nature was in itself all-sufficient. They were conscious of no wants and aspired to no higher perfection than that which they could actually attain by the exercise of their own faculties. The very reverse of all this is the case with the Christian. Everything finite and mortal is lost in the contemplation of infinity. Life has become a shadow, and the first dawning of our real existence opens in the world beyond the grave. Such a religion must awaken the foreboding which slumbers in every heart to the most thorough consciousness that the happiness after which we strive we can never here attain; that no external object can ever fill our souls; and that every mortal enjoyment is but a fleeting and momentary illusion. When the soul, resting as it were beneath the willows of exile, breathes out its longing for its distant home, the prevailing character of its songs must be melancholy. Hence the poetry of the ancients was the poetry of enjoyment, and ours is that of desire. The former has its foundation in the present; the latter hovers between memory and hope."

In France Schlegel was almost as well known as in

the Fatherland, attracting great attention by an essay in French, in which he compared Racine with Euripides. In England and the United States, while his poems are neglected, his critical works are read to-day at least as widely as those of Lessing. As a translator he has rarely been excelled; by his study of Sanskrit he helped to prepare the way for the development of the science of language; and in criticism he exercised a strong influence by the emphasis with which he marked the distinction between Classical and Romantic literature. Of the domestic life of Schlegel we have few records, except that he was twice married, each time to the daughter of a professor, and that both his wives separated from him soon after their marriage. He lived to be seventy-seven, passing away at Bonn on the 12th of May, 1845.

Schlegel the Younger.

Karl Wilhelm Friedrich von Schlegel, his brother's junior by five years, was destined by his father for a mercantile life, and placed in a counting room at Leipsic; but feeling in himself a vocation for letters, at the age of sixteen he cut short his apprenticeship and began to prepare for the university. At Göttingen and Leipsic he studied philology, giving special attention to ancient literature, and here he published an essay on the *Greeks and Romans,* followed soon afterward by a work on their poetry. At the beginning of the century he was a tutor at Jena, and in company with his brother edited the *Athenæum,* in which he promulgated with

extravagant zeal the principles of the Romantic school, insisting first of all that poetry must not be divorced from life; that to constitute any one a true poet his life must be steeped in poetry. He further undertook to enforce this principle in his unfinished novel, *Lucinde*, in which he advocates free love as altogether a more poetic relation of the sexes than the hard Philistine institution of marriage. He illustrated his doctrine by eloping with the wife of one Veit, a degenerate daughter of Mendelssohn, who left her husband and children, accompanied him to Paris as his wife, and afterward joined him in his apostasy when, in pursuance of his romantic principles, he went over to the church of Rome. His change of faith secured to him the favorable notice of the Austrian government and a friendly reception at Vienna, whither he repaired, and where he was made secretary to the chancellor of State. While in Paris he embodied the results of his Oriental studies in a work which entitled him to rank as the pioneer of Sanskrit scholarship in Germany.

In 1809, attached to the service of Archduke Charles, he distinguished himself as a diplomat by his official papers in the war against Napoleon, and as a literary man by his lectures on modern literature. The high estimation in which his diplomatic services were held caused him to be appointed, in 1815, secretary of legation to the German Diet. On his return to Vienna he gave a course of lectures, afterward published under the title of the *Philosophy of Life,* and edited the *Concordia*, a journal aiming to reconcile conflicting opinions in church and state. We next find him in Dresden

lecturing on the philosophy of language; but the lectures were not completed, for he died while the course was in progress, on the 11th of January, 1829—died in the midst of an unfinished sentence. A stroke of apoplexy put an end to the writing and the writer.

Neither of the Schlegels won fame as a dramatist, Friedrich's only tragedy, *Alarias,* being an unsuccessful attempt to combine romantic and classic elements. His poetry is certainly of a higher order than that of Augustus. But while it escapes the hardness and flatness of the latter, it runs to the opposite extreme of fantasticism and mysticism. One of the best of his compositions is the *Roland,* an heroic poem written in the same metre with Longfellow's *Hiawatha.* But the best of his poems are not the best of his works; and had he written only poetry he would not have held the place which he occupies on the roll of German authors. His strength, like that of his brother, lies in the direction of philosophic criticism. There we must concede to him eminent ability, even though we may dissent from his Romanistic views of persons and events.

Novalis.

The fairest, purest blossom of the Romantic school was its so-called prophet, Friedrich von Hardenberg, better known as Novalis, one of those ideal beings in whom spirit so predominates over flesh as to give one the impression of a stranger in earthly scenes, an ethereal visitant "moving about in worlds not yet realized." It would, indeed, be difficult to find a match

for this rare genius among the authors of modern times. Of Germans, Körner; of Englishmen, Shelley and Keats; and of Americans, Nathaniel Hawthorne, suggest themselves as nearest to him in their unworldliness and their lofty aspirations. Shelley, especially, who died at nearly the same age, resembles him in the ethereality of his genius. But Novalis added to nearly all that Shelley possessed intellectually a deeper intuition; and to all that Shelley was morally, a childlike, affectionate nature and a reverent faith. In his unfinished romance, *Heinrich von Ofterdingen,* he fully reveals his mystical and sensitive spirit, penetrated by religious aspiration, and feeling itself ill at ease in the hard, rough world. These qualities are still more pathetically expressed in his poems, in the best of which he reveals his spiritual emotions.

Though with many other points of difference, that which most distinguishes Novalis from his literary contemporaries is his deep religiousness, a piety distinctively Christian, a piety which clings to the personal Christ, and rejoices in the consciousness of a personal relation with him. In early youth, after the death of his betrothed, which shattered his whole being, he experienced what is technically called a conversion, and this is indicated in one of his hymns. "In a time of utter misery," he writes, "when all my wishes lay in the grave, and it was a torment to be still on the earth, suddenly, as from above, the stone was rolled away from the sepulchre, and a new life opened up to me."

Nominally Novalis was a Lutheran, but he seems to have felt no special attraction to any particular sect.

His religion was not of the ecclesiastical order. His devoutness was not only free from formalism and cant, or any of that outward show which often accompanies the religious life, but consisted with the utmost freedom and boldness of thought, and with utterances which might seem shocking to conventional pietism. The same pen which indited a number of devout and beautiful hymns could also write: "Miracles as contradictions of nature would be unmathematical. But there are no miracles in that sense. Nothing is miraculous to mathematics." Again he declares: "If God could be man, he can also be stone, plant, animal, element. In this way, perhaps, there is a continual redemption in nature."

Wiedersteldt, a family estate in Saxony, was the birthplace of Novalis, and the date, 1772. He was a son of Baron von Hardenberg, director of the Saxon salt works, a wealthy, energetic man of business, who combined great practical ability with a cheerful temperament, lofty morals and strong religious faith; his wife was a loving and devoutly Christian woman, whose chief interest in life was the temporal and spiritual welfare of her household. Novalis was the second of twelve children, and a sickly childhood delayed the unfolding of his mental faculties. No bud of promise appeared in the boy until his ninth year, when, encouraged by an older sister, who for that purpose took part in his tasks, he began to show what was in him. At the age of eighteen he entered the university of Jena, afterward that of Leipsic as a student of law, and finished his academic course at Wittenberg.

His thirst for knowledge impelled him to seek it in all directions. In addition to the studies embraced in his curriculum proper, he applied himself to science and philosophy. Impatient of sciolism and vague generalities, he aimed at thoroughness in all that he undertook. In Jena he became acquainted with Fichte, who had been a protégé of his father, and with Schelling, first a pupil of Fichte, but whom he soon superseded. In converse with these men he imbibed the philosophic spirit which guided all his inquiries and which animates all his writings. Novalis was destined, not less by his own preference than by the wish of his father, for a life of business. To this end he studied the principles and technicalities of trade in Tennstedt with Just, who afterward became his biographer; then chemistry with the celebrated chemist, Mingleb, in Langensalza, and mineralogy with Werner, in Freiberg. By these studies he qualified himself to pass the required examination, which procured for him the post of assessor, where his scientific preparation suggested important improvements which he did not live to realize. These preparatory studies, often interrupted by illness and other disturbing events, were prolonged through a period of six years; and within that term, from the close of his college days until his death, his literary labors, the avocations only of his leisure hours, are all comprised.

On one of his professional journeys he made, at Grüningen, in the neighborhood of Arnstadt, in Thüringen, the acquaintance of Sophie von Kühn, a girl of thirteen, for whom he immediately conceived a romantic passion, like that which the child Beatrice inspired in

the boy Dante—a passion which was for him also the source of a new intellectual life. Says one of his most intimate friends: "The first sight of this beautiful and wondrously lovely figure was decisive for all his future. One may say that the sentiment which then penetrated and animated him made the contents of his whole life. Even on childish forms there is sometimes stamped an expression which, as being too blessedly and spiritually fair and lovely, we call unearthly, heavenly; and in the contemplation of these transfigured, almost transparent faces, the fear befalls us that they are too delicate, too finely-woven for this life, that it is death or immortality which gazes on us out of those gleaming eyes; and it often happens that a swift decline verifies our fears. All who have known this idol of our friend's devotion are agreed that no description can express the grace and heavenly atmosphere in which that unearthly being moved, the beauty and majesty which enveloped her. Novalis became a poet whenever he spoke of her."

Notwithstanding the difference in their ages, he obtained the consent of her parents to their betrothal; but years must elapse before her maturity and his civil position would allow of their union. That union never took place. After long illness and a painful operation his beloved died on the eve of her fifteenth birthday. Novalis had applied himself to medicine, had studied her case pathologically, with the hope of saving her; he could not believe in the possibility of her being taken from him. He was absent at the time of her death, and his friends were afraid to communicate the tidings,

until at length his brother Karl took upon himself the needful office. He was stunned by the blow. As soon as he could rally he repaired to Arnstadt, the town nearest the family estate of the Kühns, and obtained permission to shut himself up for whole days in the room where Sophie died. A sister of the family, led by curiosity to enter the chamber, was startled at beholding what seemed at first an apparition of the dead. Novalis had dressed a lay figure in the robe and cap which she wore on the sick bed, and placed the book she last read by its side, in order to assist his imagination in recalling her image.

For a time the mourner was disqualified for study, for all occupation but that of brooding over his loss. It was impressed on his mind that he should follow his beloved before the expiration of the year. But the year expired and he still lived. The lapse of time, though it left him still a mourner, had somewhat blunted the keen edge of his affliction; his grief had changed from a fierce passion to a tender reminiscence. It may seem unnatural, but in reality it was perfectly natural, and entirely consistent with sincere devotion to the memory of his first love, that he should form a new matrimonial engagement. There was a void in his life which only a woman could fill. He needed a feminine comforter, and he found one in Julie von Charpentier, daughter of an officer of the mines in Freiberg, where he was then occupied with the study of mineralogy. The second love was less passionate than the first, but not less genuine, and gave rich promise of domestic happiness in the culture and character of its object. But

this, too, was a promise which was never to be realized. The brief remnant of Novalis' life did not suffice for its fulfillment.

The three succeeding years were years of peace, of social enjoyment and vigorous action. It was during this term that his best works were composed. But his bodily constitution, always feeble, could never satisfy the demands of his soul, and soon succumbed to wasting disease. On the 25th of March, 1801, a few weeks before his twenty-ninth birthday, he fell asleep, to wake no more in the flesh, while listening to the music of the piano, on which his brother Karl was playing at his request. It is seldom that the early death of a writer has left so strong an impression of a great possibility lost to letters and mankind.

The writings of Novalis, besides the unfinished novel *Heinrich von Ofterdingen,* an apotheosis of poesy, which was to have been his masterpiece, are the *Hymns to Night, The Disciples at Sais,* also an unfinished work, and a number of poems and philosophic aphorisms. Of the poems, by far the finest are the hymns; they are unsurpassed by any in the German language, expressing deep feeling and religious experience in pure and melodious verse. The author's father, a practical man of affairs, with no taste for poetry, and not much liking though not opposing Friedrich's attempts in that kind, heard one Sunday in the Moravian chapel a hymn which affected him as he had never before been affected by a sacred song, reaching down to the inmost depths of his being. On the way home, after the service, he asked a neighbor whose hymn it was that the congregation

had sung that day. "Is it possible," was the answer, "that you do not know your son's hymn?"

The aphorisms, or philosophical fragments, constitute about one-half of what is left to us of Novalis' writings. They abound in quaint suggestions and original views, sometimes paradoxical, always thoughtful, often profound; revealing an independent thinker, careless of systems, but with a reach far beyond his years. The following will serve as specimens:

"Humanity is the higher sense of our planet, the eye which it lifts toward Heaven."

"Nature is an enemy of eternal possessions. According to fixed laws she destroys all signs of property. The earth belongs to all generations. Each has a claim upon all. The earlier should derive no advantage from the accident of primogeniture."

"The seat of the soul is where the inner and the outer world meet. In sleep, soul and body are equally diffused."

"Mortality and mutability are the privilege of higher natures. Perpetuity belongs to beings devoid of spirit. Perfection is the synthesis of eternity and time."

"There is but one temple in the world, and that is the human body. Nothing is more sacred than this divine form. Bowing to men is homage rendered to this revelation in the flesh."

"The act of transcending self is everywhere the highest, the primal point, the genesis of life."

"Where children are, there is the golden age."

"Every Englishman is an island."

"Be men, and the rights of man will come of themselves."

Brentano.

One of the most ambitious of the Romanticists was Clemens Brentano, who, while possessing strong orig-

inality and power of imagination, was too indifferent to form to produce any permanent impression. Of far more value than anything he wrote himself was *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, a book of popular lyrics collected in conjunction with his brother-in-law, Achim von Arnim. His sister, Bettina, was famous for her acquaintance and correspondence with Goethe, which lasted for several years, and was only brought to a close by her offensive behavior to his wife. After the poet's death she published their correspondence, claiming that many of the sonnets addressed to her were partly versifications of her own ideas. But the imputation was refuted, and Bettina sank into obscurity.

Arnim.

Another distinguished member of the Romantic school was Ludwig Achim von Arnim, in whose works are evidences of great natural power, though they suffer the penalty which attaches to a total neglect of art. A native of Berlin, he studied medicine at Vienna and Göttingen, taking his degree, but never practicing as a physician. His first literary performance had for its subject the natural sciences, but even in this he displays the fondness for the supernatural and the predilection for romance so strongly marked in his next work, *Ariel's Offenbarungen*. For several years, beginning with 1804, he travelled through parts of Germany, collecting old popular legends and songs. A selection from these he published at Heidelberg, in conjunction with Clemens Brentano, whose sister he married. His

works include a humorous dramatic romance, entitled *Halle and Jerusalem*, and a number of dramatic pieces included in his *Schaubühne*. That he did not contribute more to the drama was due to the interruption caused by the wars with Napoleon, and it was not until peace was declared that he wrote his greatest romance, *Die Kronenuächter*, the scene of which is laid in the time of the emperor Maximilian. He was also the author of the *Wintergarten*, a collection of tales, and an excellent novel styled *Die Gräfin Dolores*. After his death, in 1831, his writings were very favorably criticised by Heine, and were published at Berlin in connected form.

IV.

Hoffmann and Fouqué.

Of the various interests which supply the material of fiction, the element in human nature to which the literature of fiction ministers, there is none so prevalent and none so persistent as the love of the marvellous; and notably of that form of the marvellous which finds its topics in a world beyond the reach of known laws, that is to say, the preternatural. The progress of scientific culture has not outgrown the delight which children find in fairy tales, or the gratification which riper age derives from ghost stories told in good faith—stories which the narrator himself believes.

"The drama," says Robertson in his *History of German Literature*, "was the stepchild of Romanticism. The passivity of the Romantic creed on the one hand, and on the other the passionate craving to break down the boundaries between the arts, between art and literature, between life and literature, between nature and art, were anything but favorable to the development of a literary form which can only flourish in obedience to laws and draw nourishment from an active conception of existence. In the pre-Romantic days of 'Sturm

and Drang' a living drama was still possible, for life was then regarded as action; the 'Stürmer and Dranger' scorned the rules of dramatic construction even more heartily than their successors, but they firmly believed in the mighty deed. When, however, we turn to the Romantic school, with its essentially lyric ideals of poetry, its preference for the passive aspects of life, we find the drama reduced to a mere shadow of its true self."

Robertson considers Heinrich von Kleist the greatest of the Romantic dramatists, remarking that he wrote his masterpieces under the influence of the patriotism kindled in German minds by the tyranny of Napoleon. Next he ranks Werner—leaving Tieck out of consideration—and deals very lightly with the manifold absurdities of his blood and thunder plays.

A very different entertainment is offered in that treatment of the preternatural which aims not to thrill with terror, but to amuse with mild surprise; which carries humor into ghostdom and devildom, and forces them to exhibit a grotesque side, where the ludicrous neutralizes the horrible. There is a species of fiction which finds the preternatural in ordinary everyday life, which places us in a world where the commonest things and persons take on a weird character—as if the teapot on our breakfast table should turn up its nose, or the armchair dance a minuet, or a horse should ogle us with knowing human eyes, suggesting a metamorphosed human soul; or *vice-versa,* our worthy grocer, let us say, with whom we have traded these many years, should suddenly put off his human disguise and stand

before us in his native character of an owl or an ass. We have all of us read *Alice in Wonderland*. Suppose that Wonderland treated as a reality, not as a dream; suppose it charged with an ironical motive, and we have a species of composition purely German, one of which Hoffmann was a consummate master.

Hoffmann's Fame.

Ernst Theodor Wilhelm Hoffmann was long one of the most popular among the authors who wrote in the spirit of the Romantic school. He was famous especially for his grotesque treatment of ghostly and horrible themes, and his works indicate a deep appreciation of some of the more mysterious aspects of human nature. Hoffmann was fitted to excel in the higher departments of literature. There was in him the material for a great historian, the possibility of a great philosophical essayist, and in music, especially, no one was better fitted to elaborate a philosophical theory of an art in which he was also a practical proficient. While not himself a dramatist, his works have been freely dramatized, and none of his contemporaries exercised a more powerful influence on his school But, though a man of extraordinary gifts, he was one of a class, unhappily too numerous, whose genius has been dimmed and damaged by moral weakness and irregularity of life. Hoffmann was one of those vivid and gifted writers whose genius, never cultured or elaborated into purity, finds loud and sudden, rather than judicious or permanent admiration, and whose history, full of error

and perplexed vicissitude, excites regret in a few and wonder in many.

Boyhood and Education.

Hoffmann was born at Königsberg, in Prussia, on the 24th of January, 1776. His father, a jurist of some distinction, held an office connected with one of the Prussian courts. His mother was sickly and peevish, and when Ernst, their second child, had reached his fourth year, his parents discovered that they could not live together, and by mutual consent dissolved their ill-assorted union. The father left Königsberg, and seems to have troubled himself no more about his offspring. The other parent retired with Ernst to her mother's house, also in Königsberg, and there, in painful inaction, wore out seventeen sick and pitiable years before death put a period to her sufferings. Ernst, meanwhile, was placed in the charge of an uncle especially unfitted for that trust, and of an aunt who petted and did her best to spoil him. He was sent to the classical school at Königsberg, and in due season entered the university. He was diligent in his preparation for the legal profession, but devoted a large portion of his time to painting and music. In the former art he never became more than a clever caricaturist, but in music he attained high distinction both as composer and performer.

At the age of eighteen Ernst was admitted to the office of auscultator in the court of Königsberg, where the duties of the office were light and the salary proportionally small. His leisure, which hung heavily enough on his hands, he endeavored to fill up with

other pursuits; he gave lessons in music; he painted wild landscapes and grotesque figures; and he wrote two novels, one of which he had hoped to see in print; but it was returned to him after a long delay, for the alleged reason that it was anonymous. And now his position became extremely uncomfortable, through an incident in the style of the *Nouvelle Héloise.* One of his fair music pupils he found to be too lovely and soft-hearted for his welfare. No marriage could be thought of, for she was far above him in rank, and the entanglements of this affair so pained and oppressed him that he longed to be out of Königsberg.

Life in Poland.

With Hoffmann's removal to Poland, in the spring of 1800, begins a new era of his life; he was now director of his own actions, but, unhappily, he did not direct them well. At Berlin, and even at Great Glogau, there were music and public collections of pictures; at Posen there were neither. His official associates were men who worked hard at their desks, and lived hard when enfranchised from them; they had no tastes for literature or art of any kind, unless it was the arts of cooking and brewing. The Poles also were a lively, jolly people, very much addicted to strong Hungarian wine, and Hoffmann yielded only too readily to the customs of the country, contracting irregular habits from which he never afterward found deliverance. In his leisure hours he sketched a series of caricatures, exhibiting, under the most ludicrous, yet recognizable

aspects, a great number of individuals and transactions, sparing no rank or relation where he thought his satire would tell. On the occasion of a masquerade, a gay companion, his future brother-in-law, equipped like an Italian hawker, proceeded to the ball with the pictures in a basket, and distributed them, each to the ill-wishers of the person whom it represented. Tidings of the affair were sent to Berlin, and the result was Hoffmann's removal to Plozk, a change which he regarded as exile.

In this seclusion Hoffmann passed two regretful but diligent and not unprofitable years, and, what was more to the purpose, he seems to have amended his ways. He had married while at Posen, and his wife was a fair and cultured woman, possessed of many graces, and content and submissive to his will; so that her husband began to substitute the duties and enjoyments of a domestic and studious life for the revelry and riot in which he had before indulged. Moreover, he performed his duties so faithfully that, through the intercession of his superiors and the influence of friends, in the summer of 1804 he was transferred to Warsaw.

To Hoffmann the Polish capital seemed like a vast and continuous masquerade; and for a time he thoroughly enjoyed its exotic, many-colored aspect. His duties were not heavy or difficult, and he performed them punctually; his salary was sufficient; there were theatres and music on every hand; and the streets were peopled with a motley tumult of the strangest forms, gathered from many nations. In a little while he made some acquaintances, especially with Hitzig, a colleague in office, a man of talent and energy, who was of great

service in assisting his friend's intellectual culture, and stood by him in many difficult emergencies.

Director of Musical Theatre.

In Warsaw Hoffmann found intelligent society, libraries, works of art and all else needed for the gratification of his tastes. In connection with Hitzig he founded a musical theatre, at whose performances he officiated, greatly to the satisfaction of his audiences, which represented the rank and fashion of the Polish capital. The decorations were intrusted to Hoffmann, who did not forget to introduce caricature portraits of many of his subscribers, disguised with wings and claws as sphinxes, griffins and other fabulous creatures. His time was now divided between the court and the theatre, where, perched on his scaffold between his paint-pots, with the brush in his hand and a bottle of Hungary by his side, he might, in leisure hours, be seen diligently working, and talking, in the meanwhile, to his friends assembled below. If called to any juridical function, he would doff his painter's jacket, clamber down from the scaffold, wash his hands, and, to the surprise of the parties, transact their business as rapidly and correctly as if he had known no other employment.

The musical theatre prospered beyond expectation; brilliant performances were given, all that was fairest and most talented in Warsaw attending or participating. Hoffmann officiated as leader, was allowed to have done his part with consummate skill; his life was pleasant and prosperous, and doubtless would have continued so,

had not political troubles overtaken him. News came of the battle of Jena; Russian foreposts entered the city; Tartars, Cossacks, Bashkirs increased the chaos of its population. In due time arrived French envoys to treat of a surrender; the Prussians mounted guard with their knapsacks on; and one morning tidings spread over the city that the Praga bridge of boats was on fire, that the Russians and Prussians were retiring on one side and Murat's advance guard entering by the other. The rest is easy to conceive: the Prussian government was at an end in Warsaw; Hoffmann and his associates honestly divided the contents of their strong-box; then closed the partnership, and dispersed, each whither he listed, to seek safety and new employment.

To most of them this was a grievous stroke; but not to Hoffmann. To him Warsaw was still a fine and variegated spectacle; he had money enough for his present wants; of the future he took little heed, or thought loosely that he could live by art, and that art was far better than law. Leaving his large house, where his purse seemed hardly safe from military violence, he took refuge in the garret of the theatre; here were his piano-forte and his library, here his wife and only child; without were Napoleon and his generals, reviews, restaurateurs, theatres, churches with musical monks, and abundance of fellow-loungers to attend him in his pastimes. It was not till after a severe attack of fever, and a most visible contraction of his purse, that he seriously bethought him what he was to do. A sad enough outlook! For art, which had seemed so benignant at a distance, was shy and inaccessible when

he actually applied to her for bread. Hitzig had hastened off to Berlin, and there opened a bookshop, in hope of better times; but his accounts of musical profits in that city were discouraging; and for the journey to Vienna, which he advised, Hoffmann had now no funds. His uncle in Berlin was dead; from his other uncle nothing could be expected; the perplexity was thickening and the means of unravelling it were daily diminishing. For the present he decided to send his wife and daughter to Posen, to live with their relations, and himself to visit Berlin in search of employment.

Dark Days.

But in Berlin he could find no occupation whatever, either as a portrait painter, a teacher or a composer of music; meanwhile the last remnant of his cash—six Friedrichs-d'or, carefully saved for an emergency—were one night filched from his trunk; want stared him in the face; and news came from Posen that his little Cecelia was dead and his wife dangerously ill. In this extremity his heart for a while had well-nigh failed him; but he would not succumb and did not despond; he soon gathered courage and made a fresh attempt. He published in the newspapers an advertisement, offering himself as a music director, on the most moderate terms, in any theatre; and was fortunate enough, soon afterward, to make an engagement with the managers of the Bamberg stage, at that time under the patronage of Count von Soden.

To an ordinary temper this very humble preferment

would have offered but a mortifying contrast with former affluence and official respectability; Hoffmann, however, saw in it the means of realizing his long-cherished wish, a life devoted to art, and hastened to his Bamberg musical appointment with gayer hopes than he had ever felt at any other prospect. Had money or comfort been his chief object, he must have felt cruelly disappointed, for his life for the next seven years differed in no respect from that of an unprosperous strolling player. Nevertheless, he made no complaint; perhaps he really felt little sorrow. "This must do," he writes in his diary, "and it will do." In a wealthier station he might have composed more operas and painted more caricatures, but it is possible enough the world might never have heard of him as a writer. The fate of the first two novels had perhaps disgusted him with authorship; his studies at least had long pointed in other directions; nor was it choice, but necessity, which now led him back to literature. After many periods of stagnation, the Bamberg theatrical cash-box had at length become entirely empty, and portrait-painting and music-teaching were inadequate to the support even of his frugal household. Hoffmann, who in all his straits appears to have disdained pecuniary assistance, now wrote to Rochlitz, editor of the *Musical Chronicle* at Leipsic, soliciting employment, and, by way of testimonial, transmitting some of his recent performances. The letter itself, written with the most fantastic drollery, was testimonial enough; Hoffmann was instantly and gladly accepted, and in ten days two essays were prepared and dispatched; the first of a long

series, afterward collected, enlarged and given to the world under the title of *Fantasy pieces, in the style of Callot*—a French painter of the seventeenth century, noted for his dashing style—with a preface by Richter, with whom Hoffmann had become acquainted at Bamberg.

Fantasies.

The incipient author was delighted with his new work, and Rochlitz and his readers no less with its execution. These Fantasy pieces, turning chiefly on music, exclusively on art, were afterward to make him known to the world as a brilliant and peculiar writer; and they served for the present to supply him with bread, to bring him into favor and employment as a musical composer, and at last to deliver him from Bamberg. In 1813, through the influence of Rochlitz, he formed an engagement at Dresden, again as music-director, in the theatre of one Seconda. This appointment he hailed as a most fortunate change; but his theatrical career was not destined to be at any time propitious. Misfortunes, almost destruction, overtook him even on his journey. Seconda he soon found to be a driveller; the opera shifted from Dresden to Leipsic, and from Leipsic to Dresden; the country was full of Cossacks and gendarmes, and Hoffmann's operatic melodies were drowned in the din of Napoleon's battles. During his residence in Dresden the city was bombarded by the French, and Hoffmann thus relates some of the incidents and dangers witnessed on that occasion. Writing in his diary on the 26th of August, 1813, he says:

"Early in the morning I was awakened by the thunder of cannon. I immediately hastened to the garret of a neighboring house and saw that the French had thrown up a battery at a short distance from our intrenchments, and were hotly engaged with the enemy's battery at the foot of the hill. Tidings came that Napoleon would arrive. I therefore hastened to Brüh terrace, by the great bridge. At eleven o'clock he came, riding on a small sorrel horse, rapidly across the bridge. There was a dead silence among the crowd. He tossed his head vehemently this way and that, with an air which I never noticed in him before. He rode up to the castle, dismounted for a few minutes, then rode back again to the bridge, where he halted, surrounded by several of his marshals. Adjutants galloped back and forth and received their orders, which he gave in a loud voice. He was constantly taking snuff and looking through a small pocket-glass down the Elbe. I had to leave, because the terrace was occupied by the soldiery, and returned to my observatory. Between four and five o'clock the cannonading became most violent—stroke upon stroke; one could hear the balls whistle. People would not believe it; but soon a party wall, at a distance of not more than twenty-five paces, fell, struck by a ball. Then it was evident that the fire was directed against the city. Our position was becoming unsafe, and we hastened to leave it. I was just about to enter the door of my house when a grenade whistled and rattled above my head, and fell at a distance of only fifteen paces, between four wagons filled with powder, just ready to start, and burst, so that the

horses reared and ran. At least thirty people were standing near; but not only did the wagons filled with powder, whose explosion would have annihilated the city, escape, but not a man or horse was injured.

Three days later he writes: "For the first time in my life I have seen a battlefield," and proceeds to describe in vivid language the ghastly sights which met his gaze. On the 30th of August he once more encountered the emperor, "who had a terrible tyrannical look, and with the voice of a lion roared to an accompanying adjutant, 'Vayons!'" On the 22d of October: "The emperor is beaten and retreats in the direction of Erfurt. So I have a well-grounded hope of the best and pleasantest life—a life devoted to art—and all my troubles will be ended."

Prosperity.

His hope of better days was realized, though not exactly as he expected. Till the end of 1814 he led a life more chequered than ever; now quarrelling with Seconda, now sketching caricatures of the French; now writing Fantasies, now looking at battles; sometimes sick, often in danger, generally light of heart and always short of money. Finally, however, the revolution which followed the downfall of Napoleon and restored so many sovereigns to their thrones, restored Hoffmann to his chair of office. He returned to Berlin; was provided with employment; reinstated in his former rights of seniority; and afterward promoted to be Rath in the Exchequer court of the capital.

Hoffmann's situation, after all his buffetings, might now be considered enviable; the income of his post was amply sufficient, and its labor not excessive; his best friends were in his neighborhood; Hitzig was working with him at the same table; his public conduct was irreprehensible, and his literary fame was rapidly spreading. The Fantasies were already universally popular; the *Devil's Elixir,* a novel in two volumes, later translated into English, had just been given to the circulating libraries; and his opera of *Undine,* which Fouqué had versified for Hoffmann's music, and the story of which is told on another page, was placed on the stage with the greatest splendor and the loudest of plaudits, and reviewed with praises by Weber. Hoffmann was happy, and, had he been wise, might still have continued happy; but he was not wise, and in this cup of joy there lurked for him a deadly poison. Nothing was now wanting to his happiness but the possession of certain qualities; yet on these qualities all happiness ultimately depends. Adversity had been his salvation; prosperity proved his ruin.

Berlin at this time prided itself on being somewhat of an Athens; and Hoffmann, the wonder of the day, was invited with the warmest blandishments to participate in its musical and literary teas. But in these polished circles Hoffmann prospered ill; he was sharp-tempered and exceedingly vain; he required the wittiest talk or the most entire audience, and had a heart-hatred to inanity, however refined. He could never make himself at home at these so-called æsthetic tea-parties, entertainments given by persons who made pretensions to

culture, and invited to their salons the lions of the day, partly for gratification of an idle curiosity and partly for the lustre reflected on the host by the celebrity of the guests. To have it to say that last evening Herr Hoffmann was with us, or to be able to quote, as if proceeding from familiar acquaintance, any saying one had heard from him, was full compensation for an outlay of tea and cake and wax-lights.

But Hoffmann was not the man to be lionized; the lion-hunters soon gave him up, and ere long the musical and literary tea-urn was for him a closed fountain. He sought compensation in a circle of roysterish companions, where the wit flowed freely, and more freely still, the wine.

Dissipation.

Hoffmann could not live without society, without excitement, and was content with nothing less than exclusive admiration. His old friends he had not forsaken, for he seldom, and with difficulty, became intimate with a stranger; but their quiet life could not satisfy him; it was clear that the enjoyment he sought was only to be found among his gay, laughter-loving topers, as a guest at their table, or, still better, as their sovereign in the wine-house. To quote again from his biographer: "The order of his life from 1816 downward, was this: On Mondays and Thursdays he passed his forenoons at his post in the Exchequer office; on other days at home, in working; the afternoons he regularly spent in sleep, to which, in summer, perhaps he added a walk; the evenings and

nights were devoted to the tavern. Even when in company, while the other guests went home, he retired to the tavern to await the morning, before which time it was almost impossible to bring him home." Strangers who came to Berlin went to see him at the tavern, which was at once his study, his pulpit and his throne. Here his wit flashed and flamed like an Aurora Borealis, and the table was forever in a roar; and thus, amid tobacco smoke and over coarse earthly liquor, was Hoffmann wasting faculties which might have seasoned the nectar of the gods.

Then began a period of swift decline. Nights spent in carousal, while they wasted the vital forces, also undermined the moral constitution. Yet Hoffmann, we are assured, was no vulgar toper, not one of those who drink for sensual gratification, and drink till they are drunk. He drank only to get himself "mounted," as he termed it; that is, to put himself in condition to take the lead in the converse of wit. He drank for inspiration; and when it came, when fairly mounted, he charmed his hearers hour after hour with the flow and sparkle of his discourse. But the quantity needed for this at the outset soon ceased to suffice. Ever more liberal potations were required to produce the desired effect. Nor could these "noctes ambrosinæ" replace, they rather increased, the loss of brain power caused by the intellectual labors of the day. Only sleep could restore that loss, and sleep with him was reduced to two or three hours. Thus the candle was lighted at both ends; he lived, as it were, on the gallop, and of such a life the term is short.

Very remarkable it is that his legal duties were not infringed, nor his legal performances impaired, by this wild living. He was always in his place in court, and his written decisions remain to this day models of conscientious investigation, clear judgment and luminous statement. Meanwhile his literary activity continued. He gave forth in rapid succession his *Night-pieces,* his *Dialogue Between Two Theatre-Managers,* his *Master Flea,* his *Tomcat Murr's Views of Life,* his *Princess Brambilla,* his *Kleine Zaches,* and, one after another, the four volumes of his *Serapionsbrüder.*

Hoffmann's Friends.

The *Serapion Brothers* owed its origin to the kind endeavor of Hitzig to wean his friend from his boon companions of the tavern by providing intellectual entertainment, accompanied by less ruinous conditions. Two other friends, Korieff and Contessa, men of high culture and genial spirit, met by Hitzig's suggestion, as if accidentally, at Hoffmann's lodgings one evening, where, after a conversation which made him forget his customary orgies, a proposition was made, as prearranged by the visitors, that they should come together in the same way one evening every week, for conversation and the reading and criticising of some composition which one of the four was to furnish for the common entertainment. It was a meeting partly literary and partly social, after the fashion of the *Decameron* or of Tieck's *Phantasus,* and was named after the day when the friends first met, which in the Polish calendar

was sacred to Saint Serapius. In this, as in other of his works, Hoffmann showed remarkable versatility, and it was this very quality which was to him one of his principal stumbling-blocks, preventing him, notwithstanding his genius, from rising to eminence in any of his several vocations.

In the spring of 1820 Hoffmann was cheered by a letter from Beethoven, whom he knew only through his works, for he had never met or written to the great composer. The modesty of this little missive is very pleasing, and the sending of it is a proof of the high estimation in which Hoffmann was held. The following is a copy:

Vienna, March 23, 1820.

I seize the opportunity afforded by Herr N. of approaching a man of such genius as yours. Concerning my littleness also you have written, and our Herr N. showed me in his album some lines from you concerning me. You, therefore, I must suppose, take some interest in me. Allow me to say that this, from one like you, a man of such distinguished endowments, is very gratifying. I wish you all that is beautiful and good, and I am, with high esteem, your Wellborn's most devoted. BEETHOVEN.

In the same year appeared the first volume of *Kater Murr's Lebensansichten.* The hero is an imaginary character, a musician, by name Kreissler, in whom the author has depicted his own aspirations and feelings, his humor and his experiences. It is, in short, a reflection of himself, and was, therefore, the work on which, of all his productions, he set the highest value. The last, but unwritten one of the three volumes, was to have shown the unfortunate musician driven to insanity by the shattered illusions and disappointments of life, and

was to have closed, by way of a supplement, with *Lucid Intervals of a Mad Musician.*

Final Sickness.

Meanwhile, Hoffmann's tavern orgies continued unabated, and his health at last gave way. On his forty-fifth birthday, the 24th of January, 1822, he saw his best and oldest friends, including Hitzig and Hippel, assembled round his table, but he himself was sick, no longer dispensing hospitality in person, as had been his custom, but confined to his chair, and drinking water while his friends drank wine. It was death that lay upon him, and a mournful, lingering death. The disease was tabes dorsalis; limb by limb from his feet upward, for five months, his body stiffened and died. Hoffmann bore his sufferings with astonishing gayety; so long as his hands had power he continued writing; then he dictated to an amanuensis; and four of his tales, the last one being *The Enemy,* discontinued only a few days before he died, were composed in this melancholy season. He would not believe that he was dying, and longed for life with an inexpressible desire. On the evening of the 24th of June his whole body to the neck had become stiff and powerless, so that he no longer felt any pain. This he interpreted as a sign of recovery, and said to the doctor: "I shall soon be through, now." "Yes," said the doctor, with quite another meaning, "you will soon be through." Next morning he was evidently dying; yet about eleven o'clock he woke from his stupor, cried that he was well and would go on dic-

tating *The Enemy* that night, at the same time calling on his wife to read to him the passage where he had stopped. She spoke to him in kind dissuasion; he was silent; he motioned to be turned toward the wall; and scarcely had this been done when the death-rattle was heard in his throat, and a moment later Hoffmann was no more.

Fouqué.

Another distinguished member of the Romantic school, Baron Friedrich de la Motte Fouqué, was of French extraction, but noted for the true Germanism of his character, both as a writer and as a man, and ranked for many years among the most popular and productive authors of that country. His family, expelled from France by the revocation of the edict of Nantes, appears to have settled at the Hague, from which this branch of it was transferred to Prussia by the fortunes of Friedrich's grandfather, whose property and title the baron inherited. The first Friedrich, born in the early part of the eighteenth century, had been sent in boyhood to the court of Anhalt Dessau, in the character of page; but he soon quitted this station; entered the Prussian army as a volunteer; by merit or recommendation was gradually advanced; and became acquainted with the prince royal, then a forlorn, oppressed and discontented youth, but destined afterward to astonish and convulse the world under the title of Frederick the Great.

Friedrich, the author, was born on the 11th of February, 1777. Of his early history or habits we have

no account, except that he was educated by a succession of tutors, including August Hülse, who did much to encourage his literary tastes. Entering the army as an officer in the Royal Guards, he served in this capacity during his nineteenth year, in the disastrous campaign of the Rhine. One of his brother officers and intimates at this time was Heinrich von Kleist, a noble-minded and ill-fated man of genius, whom the mismanagement of a too impetuous and feeling heart drove to suicide before he had fulfilled the bright promise of his early years.

The misfortunes of his country drove Fouqué back into retirement; while Prussia languished in hopeless degradation under the iron sway of France, he kept himself apart from military life, settled in the country, and, hanging up his ineffectual sword, devoted himself to domestic cares and joys, and in the kingdom of Imagination sought refuge from the aspect of actual oppression and distress. Of a temper susceptible, lively and devout, his faculties had been quickened by communion with kindred minds, and still more by collision with the vast events which had filled the world with astonishment, and his portion of it with darkness and obstruction.

At this juncture, while contemplating a literary life, it was doubtless of no small influence on his future efforts that he became acquainted with August Wilhelm Schlegel. By Schlegel he was introduced to the study of Spanish poetry, a fact from which a skillful theorizer might plausibly enough deduce his whole psychological history; for it seems as if the beautiful and wondrous

spirit of this literature, so fervent yet so joyful, so solemn yet so full of blandishment, with its warlike piety and gay, chivalrous pomp, had taken entire possession of his mind, and molded his unsettled powers into the form which they ever afterward retained.

Literary Success.

Fouqué published his first works under the pseudonym of Pellegrin; he translated Cervantes' drama of *Numancia;* he wrote *Alwin, The History of Ritter Galmy;* and a small volume of *Dramatic Tales* was published for him by his friend Schlegel. These performances are all of a chivalry cast; attempts to body forth the sentiment with which the author's mind was almost exclusively pervaded. Their success was incomplete; sufficient to indicate their object, but not to attain it. The models which he had in view seem still to have awed and overshadowed his poetic faculty; his productions have a southern exotic aspect, and, in the opinion of his critics, it is only in glimpses that a genuine inspiration can be discerned in them. *The Sigurd,* grounded on the story of the *Niebelungen Lied,* and one of a collection which appeared in 1818, was the first performance sent forth in his own name, and also the first which showed his genius in its own form, or produced any impression on the public. This work was acknowledged to be of true northern growth; it found applauding readers, and had the honor to be criticised by Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, who bestowed on the poet the surname of the Valiant, in allusion to the quality which

seemed to be the soul of his own character, and of the characters which he portrayed. Meanwhile he had given to the stage his *Falk* and *Reh,* which, though not a pronounced success from a popular standpoint, won the commendation of such men as August Schlegel.

The ground thus gained Fouqué was not negligent to make good and extend. After the date of his first appearance, year after year duly added its tribute of volumes to the list of his works; he wrote in verse and prose, in narrative and representation, his productions varying in form through all the extremes of variety, but animated by the same spirit, that of knighthood and of religion. On the whole, he seems to have continued growing in esteem, both with the lower and upper classes of the literary world. In 1811 appeared his play of *Eginhard and Emma* and his chivalric romance, *Der Zauberring.* His *Zauberring* was translated into English, as also were his *Sintram* and his *Undine.* The last became a literary pet in its own country, being dandled not only by the soft hands of poetical maidens, but even by the horny paws of Recensents, a class of beings to the full as dire and doughty as our modern reviewers. *Undine* and *Sintram* are parts of a series or circuit of "Romantic fictions," entitled the *Seasons,* which were published successively at different periods.

Military Service.

The poet was by this time wedded to his second wife, the widow of von Rochow, his first union proving un-

happy and ending in divorce. We may now picture him as well content in his own Arcadian seclusion; for his lady was a woman of kindred genius, and had added new celebrity to his name by various writings, partly of her own, partly in concert with her husband. In 1813 his poetic leisure was interrupted by the clang of battle-trumpets. Napoleon's star had begun to decline, and Prussia rose as one man, to break asunder the fetters with which he had so long chained Europe to the dust. The knightly baron was the first to rouse himself at the call of his country; he again girded on his harness and took the field at the head of a small band of volunteers. His little troop would seem to have joined with the Jager, or Chasseur regiment of Brandenburg cuirassiers, in which he served, first as lieutenant, then as Rittmeister, with the devout and fervid gallantry which he had so often previously delineated in his writings. Like the lamented Körner, he stood by the cause both with his lyre and sword. His arm was ever in the hottest of the battle, and his songs uplifted the triumph of victory or breathed fresh ardor into the hearts of his comrades in defeat. These lyrical effusions have since been collected and published, and for the future historian they will form an interesting memorial. At Culm the poetical soldier was wounded, but the incompleteness of his cure did not prevent him from appearing in his place on the great day of Leipsic, and thenceforward following the scattered enemy to the banks of the Rhine. Here ill health, arising from excessive exertions, forced him to return; he had toiled faithfully till the struggle was decided, and could now

with a quiet mind leave others to complete the task. By the king he was raised to the rank of major, and decorated with the cross of the order of St. John. He retired to his former residence at Rathenau, betook himself again to writing, with unabated diligence, and produced, among various other chivalry performances of greater or smaller extent, a collection of plays and an epic poem entitled *Corona,* celebrating the events at which he himself was present and took part. Here he continued to reside, enjoying an enviable lot; the domestic society of a virtuous and gifted wife, the exercise of a poetic genius, which his brethren freely acknowledged, and still dearer honors as a man and citizen, such as his own conscience declared him to have merited.

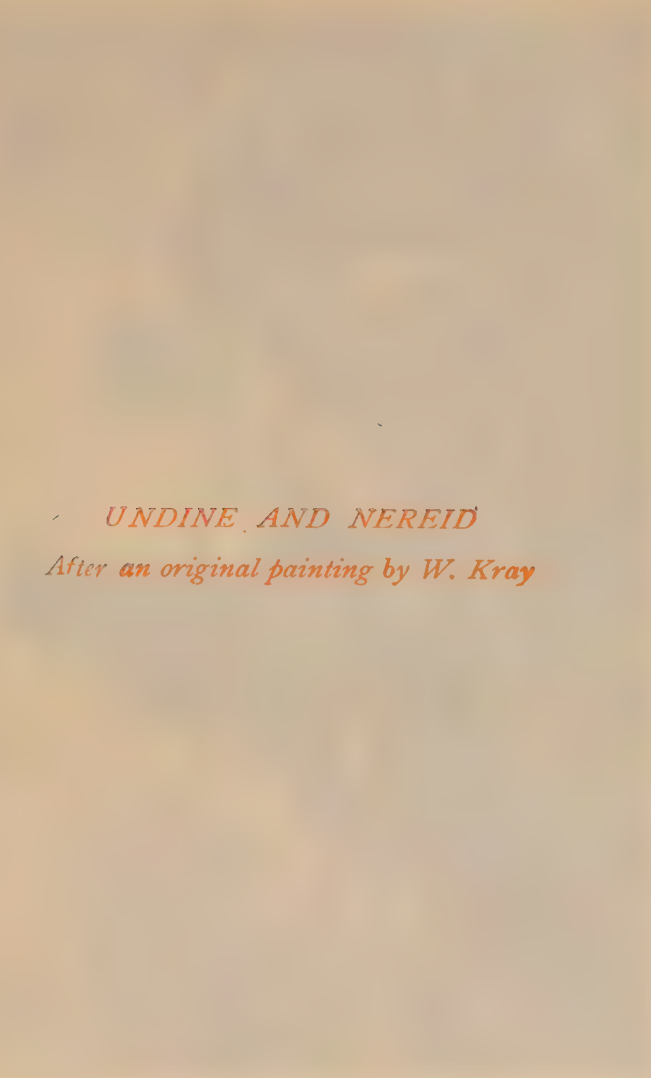
The Man and His Works.

In mental structure Fouqué was not a man of strong original genius. His intellect was not greatly richer or more powerful than that of common minds, nor his insight into the world and into men's hearts more keen; but his feelings were finer, and the touch of an aerial fancy gave life and loveliness to his other powers. Among English authors we might liken him to Southey; though their provinces were widely diverse, and in regard to general culture and acquirement the latter must be reckoned greatly his superior. Like Southey, he finds more readily than he invents; and his invention, when he does trust it, is apt to be daring rather than successful. Yet his extravagant fictions are pervaded by a true sentiment; a soft, vivifying soul looks through

them; a religious submission, a cheerful and unwearied patience in affliction; mild, earnest hope and love, and peaceful, subdued enthusiasm.

To these internal endowments Fouqué adds the merit of a style by no means ill adapted for displaying them. Lightness and simplicity are its chief characteristics; his periods move along in lively rhythm, studiously excluding all pomp of phraseology, expressing his strongest thoughts in the humblest words, and veiling dark sufferings or resolute purposes in a placid smile. A faint superficial gayety seems to rest over all his images; it is not merriment or humor, but the self-possession of a man too earnestly serious to be heedful of solemn looks; and it plays like sunshine on the surface of a dark pool, deepening by contrast the impressiveness of the gloom which it does not penetrate.

Great as was Fouqué's popularity, he had the misfortune to outlive it. As a disciple of the Schlegels he became one of the foremost representatives of the Romantic school; so that his volumes were in every German household, and people waited eagerly at the libraries for his newest work. But presently came the change in literary taste which shelved the writings of the Romantic school, and among them most of Fouqué's. Of those which have survived are the *Zauberring* and the romance of *Undine,* the latter ranking as his masterpiece. In these, as in other of his works, readers who look for depth of thought or highly-wrought passion will be disappointed; but if they desire the graceful, the romantic, the beautiful, there it is in abundance. They will find a beauty and simplicity of style unsurpassed



UNDINE AND NEREID

After an original painting by W. Kray

Hail, great spirit of the waters, hail!
Lo! we thy subjects hither sail,
From every river, lake or brook
We our osier-beds forsook.

FOUQUE'S UNDINE, ADAPTED BY SLOANE.

in the German language; plots, light and airy, laid in scenes of opal hue; for Fouqué aimed at ethereal beauty, delighted in word-painting, and flitted continually between the glories of a crimson Spanish sunset and the cold steel-blue of a German nightfall. There is in his works plenty of sweet pathos, of a kind which may wet the eye but never wrings the heart; there is also a truly German love of the weird and supernatural; but their special characteristic is their pure, chivalrous tone—"an ideal of Christian knighthood" it has been aptly termed.

Though once the favorite novelist of the Fatherland, with a lengthy list of publications extending from 1817 to 1841, to say nothing of his posthumous works, Fouqué now lives only in his *Undine*, the most pleasing and unaffected of his works. In Robertson's *History of German Literature* it is described as "the story of a water-sprite without a soul. Undine can, however, obtain a soul by a marriage with a mortal, and a knight, Huldebrand von Ringstetten, loves her and marries her. Her uncle, Kühleborn, is determined to lure her back to her native element, and with his aid a certain Berthalda estranges Huldebrand's love from his unearthly wife. Undine returns to her kinsfolk, but on the day that Huldebrand marries Berthalda she returns and kills him with a kiss. Although Fouqué's style is not free from mannerisms, he is able to endow miraculous occurrences with a peculiar naïve charm which at once wins the reader's sympathy. Unfortunately, however, in almost all his work there is an excess of the supernatural, to which he turns for a solution of every

pyschological difficulty; his ability to make character the source of motive and action was hardly superior to that of his predecessors in the 'Sturm and Drang.' "

Fouqué appears to have done his best work after his second marriage—with Frau von Rochow, better known as Caroline, Baroness de la Motte, herself an authoress of no little celebrity. Retiring to his wife's family estate about the age of twenty-five, after serving in Weimar's cuirassiers and being honorably discharged from military service, he then set vigorously to work, devoting himself to the study of Italian and Spanish, and bringing out his first work, the *Dramatische Spiele*, under his nom de plume of Pellegrin. This he termed a "Schoolwork;" but published as it was under the auspices of the Schlegels, it brought him such popularity that his works, both in the field of drama and romance, were thenceforth eagerly sought after, and won for him many admirers.

CONSCIENCE.

A TRAGEDY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF AUGUST WILHELM IFFLAND.

(*Translated by Benjamin Thompson.*)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WEHRMAN, in Office Under Government.

TALLAND.

LEWIS, his Son, Secretary to Wehrman.

RATHING, Talland's Son-in-law and an Advocate.

BOLFELD, Comptroller of the Customs.

ELLOF, an Emigrant Farmer.

HENRY, Talland's Servant.

MRS. RATHING, Talland's Daughter.

FREDERICA SOLTAU.

MISS BOLFELD, Sister of Bolfeld and Talland's Housekeeper.

PRELUDE.

Iffland's *Conscience* is one of his best stories of domestic life, full of effective scenes and with a powerful dénouement, where Talland, after concealing a will which takes away all that had been left to him by his friend Soltau in a former document, at length confesses his crime and makes reparation with his life, the property going to Frederica, Soltau's daughter and the most attractive female character in the play. The dialogue drags somewhat in parts, but there is much of pathos, and there are several clever situations, which make amends for minor defects.

ACT I.

SCENE.—A room in Rathing's house.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Rathing.

Rathing.—I see your brother coming. Speak seriously to him, I beseech you. His dissatisfaction with your father, his attachment to high life and his consequent distance toward us all daily increase.

Mrs. Rathing.—Alas, too true!—Perhaps he may feel still more uneasy at the alteration of my father's looks. His friends now scarcely recognize him.

Rath.—I fear—but see, your brother comes. I will withdraw, for I should say too much, and rather hurt than support our intentions. (Exit.)

Enter Lewis.

Lewis.—(Throws his hat on the table.) What a life do we lead at home!

Mrs. R.—Has anything particular happened?

Lew.—No. All goes on as usual.—My father is insufferable.

Mrs. R.—The poor man——

Lew.—Was worth six thousand dollars before he inherited, from a stranger whom he had obliged, thirty thousand more, since which time he has accustomed himself to eat half as much as is necessary and to make himself miserable from morning to night.

Mrs. R.—The fortune which he inherited has, indeed, afforded him little gratification.

Lew.—Because he——

Mrs. R.—(With warmth.) Because his feelings are of a nature so delicate that we must respect them.

Lew.—Very delicate feelings he must have, truly, who, when in possession of a large fortune, can suffer his children to be in want.

Mrs. R.—My husband and I do not complain.

Lew.—But in what a miserable style do you live? No. Other means must be adopted. Such is the opinion of Mr. Wehrman, too—and he is our friend. Were our father poor, we ought to submit patiently, but with such a fortune——

Mrs. R.—Does he not live in a still more frugal way than any of us?

Lew.—Yes—and his old housekeeper in a more extravagant way than any of us.

Mrs. R.—She attended on his deceased friend, who left him the thirty thousand dollars. Is it not, therefore, natural that he should behave well to her?

Lew.—He will at last, perhaps, behave so well as to prove his gratitude by marrying her.

Mrs. R.—Lewis, Lewis!

Lew.—I suspect the worst, when I daily observe how gen-

erous he is toward other people—how niggardly toward his children.

Mrs. R.—Your dissatisfaction makes everything worse than it really is.

Lew.—He was more generous toward us before he obtained this large fortune. Our home was then the abode of cheerfulness, and he gratified all our wishes. There was not a more affectionate father in the world, or one who every moment convinced his children so completely that they were his sole delight. No sooner did his friend die, and he become possessed of thousands, than avarice and misery took possession of the house, and no one was allowed any control but the infernal housekeeper.

Mrs. R.—I still revere my father, and though often obliged to exert my patience, I will, nevertheless, repay the sincere affection which so often appears through his melancholy like a sunbeam through a cloud.—Lewis, it may be in our power to learn the cause of his sorrow by persuasion, but far be it from us to attempt to learn it by compulsion.

Lew.—My heart agrees to this, but my reason asks whether I can learn to live without eating, and if I can, whether I ought to do it, for the purpose of gratifying a whim.—I must live.

Mrs. R.—You live in——

Lew.—I involve myself in debt. Is it more proper that I should remain the prey of usurers, and at last lose all credit, than that I should request my father to spare me a portion of his superfluous wealth?

Mrs. R.—You lose your credit more by your conduct than your debts.

Lew.—What part of my conduct displeases you?

Mrs. R.—Were I to mention nothing else, your intimacy with Wehrman——

Lew.—Does he not visit your house daily?

Mrs. R.—I allow that he does, and my motive for not declining the acquaintance is that I may discover his intentions. He is our father's enemy. He never will forget that, when persuaded by the artifices of a base woman, to whom he was

attached, he was guilty of injustice, and that his partiality —his refusal of the orphan's just claims, were proved by our father. The business was taken out of his hands and transferred to the man who convicted him, whereby the injured obtained redress.

Lew.—With far too much exultation.

Mrs. It.—The exultation was not on the part of our father, but of the redressed.—Do you think Wehrman will ever pardon this?

Lew.—Yet he seems pleased in every opportunity of visiting you.

Mrs. R.—He exasperates you against our father, and attempts to convince me, too, that——

Lew.—He sees our father's folly in the same light that everybody sees it. No. He is my friend—my sincere friend. Through him I have been introduced to the world.

Mrs. R.—Alas! The world, as you call it——

Lew.—Would you have me always stay at home?

Mrs. R.—You aim at the talent of feeling at home when in splendid parties. Of what advantage can this be to one of your rank, which is inferior to theirs?

Lew.—Why not? Might not your husband remain an honest man, and yet raise himself by his talents above the sphere of middle rank?

Mrs. R.—You always make references to other people.

Lew.—And you never, though they interfere with what is your own right. Miss Bolfeld lives luxuriously, while we are starving.

Mrs. R.—Overlook this one unaccountable weakness in our father, for the sake of his numerous virtues.

Lew.—How am I to pay my debts?

Mrs. R.—Were you obliged to incur them?

Lew.—If you be satisfied with the life you lead, affection forbids that I should by my observations disturb your tranquillity. But be equally just toward me, and do not attempt to confine my extensive plans and hopes within a narrow circle. Act as you please in your own behalf. I can extricate myself.

Mrs. R.—In what way?

Lew.—By appealing to the affection and understanding of my father. If in the midst of riches he will starve, it will hurt me, but I cannot help it; me he must at least assist, unless he wishes to think as ill of himself as the world already thinks of him. I know what I may become, and what I will become, if I have a father who deserves the name. (Exit.)

Reënter Rathing.

Rathing.—Your advice has been fruitless, I fear.

Mrs. R.—Dear, good William, how many cares do I heap upon you!

Rath.—A sympathy with virtue is not care. It animates the faculties and exalts the whole man.

Mrs. R.—When you married me, you were justified in the expectation of a considerable portion, instead of which you only receive the interest of my share in my mother's small fortune.

Rath.—When I solicited your hand I thought not of your portion. With sincerity I can declare that every enjoyment which I anticipated I have richly found in the possession of Maria.

Mrs. R.—But so few conveniences of life——

Rath.—These we shall obtain in old age.—Manhood is the time for action.—We sow at present, and, believe me, we shall one day reap.

Mrs. R.—I do believe you. But forgive me if I mention what I, perhaps, ought to conceal. It grieves me to behold men of your age, whose pretensions and whose intellects are far more limited, filling honorable offices and enjoying the emoluments of them, while you renounce them, and withdraw from the world, that you may live for me and my relations.

Rath.—By no means——

Mrs. R.—That you may by your mode of life accommodate yourself to the peculiarities of my father.—It is a kindness which I cannot silently accept, feeling, as I do, its full value.

Rath.—You value it at too high a rate! My own inclination in some degree leads me to this mode of life. I do not like the society of the world, and should feel all the horrors of ennui, were I obliged to frequent the innumerable rapid routs of the great. My humble meal at our little table is far preferable to a banquet.—I do not apply for any office, because the consciousness of diligence and honesty makes a man as good a character as the state can boast, and domestic tranquillity as happy a one.

Mrs. R.—(Embraces him.) Dear, good William!

Rath.—Yet I have a care, which you can remove.

Mrs. R.—Oh, name it.

Rath.—Wehrman comes too often hither, and I perceive that he is pleased with your society. As to any jealousy on my part, I trust you think me incapable of it.—We know each other and feel the value of each other.

Mrs. R.—We do, indeed.

Rath.—I perceive that you do not object to his visits at my house merely because you hope through his interest to ameliorate the situation of your brother and myself.

Mrs. R.—He has given me cause to hope for his assistance.

Rath.—I thank you for your good intentions and do not doubt his, but I wish not to be promoted in such a way. Besides, his views do not suit our humble mode of life. He is a man of the world, who wishes rather to appear possessed of sense than feeling, and who knows how to make all his humors and desires wear the appearance of deliberate reflection. Such a man as this can never bring peace or happiness into a family—and I know no happiness but peace. Such a man can never bear to see another satisfied with mediocrity. He thinks this a prejudice which ought to be opposed, undermined and destroyed, and it is much sooner destroyed than restored.

Mrs. R.—I will decline his visits.

Rath.—Not in an abrupt way—but by degrees.

Mrs. R.—I understand you. I must, however, mention that his politeness and sympathy have ever appeared equal, and

that he has never trespassed beyond the bounds of that propriety which is sanctioned by friendship.

Rath.—Perhaps he never will. I repeat that I think him better than he wishes to appear. But for this very reason he compels us to treat him according to his appearance.

Enter Bolfeld.

Bolfeld.—Your servant. My name is Bolfeld.

Rath.—May I inquire your business, sir?

Bol.—In a private conversation with you I will explain it. (Mrs. R. courtesies and is going.) But, no. Stay, madam, stay. What I have to mention relates to your father.

Rath.—Be seated, sir.

Bol.—I don't choose it.

Rath.—As you please. Proceed, then.

Bol.—Well—you know that my sister lives in the capacity of housekeeper at Mr. Talland's house. The poor creature used to wait upon the late Mr. Soltau, and was transferred, with the property, to your father.

Mrs. R.—Who treats her as if she were a relative.

Bol.—Mercy on us! What do you mean?

Rath.—What do you mean, sir?

Bol.—Is not the old gentleman a grumbling, avaricious——

Mrs. R.—Does she complain of his avarice?

Bol.—In a word, he may soon, perhaps, quit this world, and it is, therefore, natural to ask what reward my poor silly sister is to expect for her faithful services and attention to the strange old curmudgeon?

Rath.—Use more becoming expressions, sir.

Bol.—Has he declared what she is to have? I must know how much.

Rath.—I don't interfere with my father-in-law's will.

Bol.—But you would like to read it, I suppose. A dead father-in-law is the best father-in-law—eh?

Mrs. R.—I can stay no longer. (Exit.)

Bol.—Mercy on us! What a tender-hearted daughter!

Rath.—To the point, sir. In what respect does my father-in-law's will concern you?

Bol.—In a very material respect. I am my sister's heir, and she will probably not marry—or, at least, I shall advise her to remain single. She is, to be sure, younger than I am, but she will doubtless depart before me, for she is of a choleric disposition and is troubled with an asthmatic complaint in the spring. Now, should this take her off—why, of course, I step forward to claim her property.

Rath.—Well—and what is this to me?

Bol.—I want you to manage matters in such a way as that—that—that some sum may be fixed—some recompense, I mean, for the poor silly creature's attendance.

Rath.—No more, sir.

Bol.—If you wish to import a trifling quantity of wine—coffee—silk—I am comptroller of the customs—carry the goods to the right—I'll look to the left.

Rath.—Paltry—— Begone, sir.

Bol.—You will not, then?—Well—my sister and I must go to the old fellow himself, and see what we can do with him.

Rath.—You are capable of attempting anything, no doubt.

Bol.—Yes, and succeeding in anything. Ha! Ha! Ha! My sister says that ideas are free, but my ideas generally produce a heavy impost.—There are few men whose dealings may not be taxed.—Your servant—— But mercy on us, I had nearly forgotten a principal object of my visit. Pray, what do you think of your brother-in-law—young Talland—the secretary?

Rath.—Why do you ask this?

Bol.—He has paid attention to my daughter.

Rath.—The family never wisned him to do so.

Bol.—What says the old gentleman to it?

Rath.—I hope he is ignorant of it.

Bol.—Well—then, what think you?

Rath.—He is a young man and of a warm temperament—I think you a cautious father.

Bol.—Your ideas of me are correct. I have taken proper precautions—otherwise I should not have admitted him into the house.—My inquiries only arise from my surprise at not having seen him this week.

Rath.—Indeed!

Bol.—I hope he will conduct himself properly, for I am not to be jested with.

Rath.—How do you expect him to conduct himself?

Bol.—I expect him to keep his promise to marry the girl.

Rath.—(Astonished.) Has he promised this?

Bol.—He has.

Rath.—But without the knowledge and consent of his family.

Bol.—He is of age.

Rath.—Does it seem to you right that he should, without any reference——

Bol.—His references are not my concern.

Rath.—I must own, you astonish me.

Bol.—Why? My Sabina is a pretty girl.

Rath.—But I think——

Bol.—It is better not to think. For my own part, I have three objects at present in view, and the sooner one is obtained, the sooner can I proceed to the execution of the other two.—When I proceed I generally succeed.

Rath.—The matter requires consideration, at all events.

Bol.—By no means. Every man knows at once whether he will or will not do a thing. If he will not marry my daughter—why, I know how to act.

Rath.—I'll speak to his father and brother-in-law.

Bol.—That is proper—but I give notice—marry her he must, or pay dearly for his conduct.

Rath.—One ought not to be too soon alarmed.

Bol.—True, that has always been my maxim.—At what hour shall I receive an answer?

Rath.—How! You must, of course, conceive——

Bol.—I'll tell you what I conceive—that you wish to make

my daughter and myself appear to the world a couple of fools. Now, I never was thought a fool, and I never will be. I shall return for an answer in the course of to-day, and if that answer be not accordant to my wishes, your brother-in-law shall soon be known to the whole world for—— You understand me—marriage or money—play or pay. (Exit.)

Rath.—Unguarded young man! what has he done?

Enter Wehrman.

Wehrman.—Good-morning, my dear sir.

Rath.—Your servant, Mr. Wehrman.

Weh.—You seem agitated—this is unusual.

Rath.—No man is at all times on his guard.

Weh.—Of course, you, too, are at length displeased with the conduct of your father-in-law.

Rath.—Indeed I am not. My good father-in-law.

Weh.—Good! A man like you ought never to apply a word without a meaning to it.—Were your father-in-law good, times would be better with you and his son. He is a morose old man, who embitters your life and his own.

Rath.—Say not so, I beseech you.

Weh.—You will at least discover that nothing can be effected by mere submissive patience, and I have resolved to see you in a better situation.

Rath.—I feel truly obliged to you.

Weh.—My plan in your behalf wants nothing but your own assistance.

Rath.—Your goodness makes me feel ashamed. I have myself no plan, and do not wish that any other person should project one in my behalf.

Weh.—That is a fault. You should always be projecting plans. After many have failed one may at last succeed. You must be forwarded—but you yourself must assist in obtaining promotion. Frequent visits——

Rath.—Weary the patron.

Weh.—So much the better. The petitioner's request is at last granted, in order that his importunity may be avoided.

Rath.—I should be sorry to obtain any request on such terms.

Weh.—You may be truly useful to the state, but you conceal your virtues. When virtue wishes to be rewarded, she must become a coquette. A man of business ought to calculate at his desk as accurately how he is to shine as a lady at her toilet.

Rath.—I believe you are right—but I was not born to act thus.

Weh.—We are born as nothing, and may make ourselves everything. Apropos. Talking of ladies, I hope Mrs. Rathing is well.

Rath.—She is, sir, I thank you.

Weh.—She, too, must be introduced to the world. You both ought to occupy higher stations. A place is at present vacant which will suit you.—I have mentioned your name.—Make application.—I am sure you will be successful.

Rath.—(Bows.) I must see.

Weh.—You must act. Be not so proud as to neglect yourself. I will assist you as far as I can, and thereby avenge myself on your father-in-law. He has almost ruined my credit, and I intend in return to make him an affectionate father to his children.

Rath.—Your words are as smooth as your thoughts, but the smoothest steel cuts deepest.—Is it not a thankless office to serve people against their inclination?

Weh.—Who requires thanks?—I want to serve myself by serving you. The conduct of your father-in-law has cost me many a sleepless night. Mine be the game and yours the gain.

Rath.—I am firmly resolved never to accept anything on such terms, and seriously beg you will desist from your purpose.

Enter Talland.

Talland.—Good-morning, my son. (Bows to Wehrman.)

Weh.—Well, Mr. Talland, how fares it? Still gloomy and dejected?

Tal.—(Looks solemnly at him.) Did you sleep well last night, Mr. Wehrman?

Weh.—(Smiling.) I am, at all events, in very good spirits this morning.

Tal.—Such a man as you cannot be so without reason.

Weh.—I'll just pay my respects to Mrs. Rathing. You, gentlemen, may, in the meantime, shrug your shoulders at me. (Exit.)

Rath.—You are well, sir, I hope?

Tal.—Rid yourself of that man.

Rath.—We are devising the means of doing it.

Tal.—He corrupts my son.

Rath.—My dear sir, you must absolutely endeavor to raise your spirits.

Tal.—My spirits are always better when I come hither.

Rath.—Go to some watering-place.

Tal.—It would be too expensive.

Rath.—With your fortune——

Tal.—Mention not that.

Rath.—I really mention it only on your account.

Tal.—You are a good man—a very good man.

Rath.—You do not allow yourself even the conveniences of life. You do nothing to recruit your constitution, but suffer it gradually to decay.

Tal.—Yes, yes—sometimes I allow myself——

Rath.—You even forfeit your breakfast.

Tal.—(Confused.) Who told you this?

Rath.—Forgive your children, if affection urged them to inquire.

Tal.—My breakfast—did not agree with me—for that reason——

Rath.—(Grasps his hand.) For that reason?—For that reason only?

Tal.—Leave me as I am.

Rath.—Your goodness toward others is unceasing. It is only toward yourself you are unjust.

Tal.—If I but act justly toward you I am satisfied.

Rath.—Dear sir!

Tal.—There is the amount of interest due to you. (Rathing takes it and bows.) It is but little, yet do not bear ill-will against me, children. I—I can do no more for you.

Rath.—Do we evince any expectation for more?

Tal.—No—oh, no. The other property—which I inherited——

Rath.—Let us not speak of that.

Tal.—Old Soltau had legal heirs—I did not deserve it—I ought not to have accepted it.

Rath.—Of late you have often mentioned this subject. Follow the impulse of your heart and bestow a considerable sum on the heir of your late friend.

Tal.—His two nephews are dead.

Rath.—Indeed!

Tal.—(With tremulous utterance.) They are dead.

Rath.—Are you sure of this?

Tal.—I am. They fell in the field of battle, to which despair had led them.

Rath.—May not inclination——

Tal.—Oh, no, no, no! (Throws himself into a chair.)

Rath.—(After a pause.) His niece is still alive.

Tal.—True.

Rath.—Act toward her as you are no longer able to act toward her brothers.

Tal.—(Surveys him awhile, rises and grasps his hand.) I will.

Rath.—The sooner the better.

Tal.—She is in service.

Rath.—Take her into your house.

Tal.—Right, right! Your advice accords exactly with my feelings. She is poor, but virtuous, and I am told she possesses an enlightened mind.

Rath.—Which she probably would not have possessed had she been rich.

Tal.—But what will the world say?

Rath.—It will revere you.

Tal.—Malice has already been industrious against me. Soltau's relations have always calumniated me.

Rath.—Disappointment and envy made them do so. Did you not offer them a present of five thousand dollars?

Tal.—I did, and they refused it. They would have all or nothing. They said that I had obtained the will by fraudulent means. Should I now do anything for this girl—should I do much——

Rath.—Has not every one witnessed the purity of your conduct during forty years? Does not the gratitude of many relieved by you from wretchedness speak for your heart? Dear sir, have confidence in yourself.

Tal.—And if I act thus toward the girl, how am I acting toward my family?

Rath.—If there be one of us to whom your peace of mind is not dearer than wealth, that one does not deserve to be provided for.

Tal.—(After a pause.) I'll send for the girl. (Lays his hand on Rathing's shoulder.) Have patience with me.

Rath.—Your conscientious motives are a blessing to your children.

Tal.—I shall not long trouble you.

Rath.—Say not so, my father.

Enter Mrs. Rathing, with a basin.

Mrs. Rathing.—Good-morning, dear father.

Tal.—God bless you, Maria!

Mrs. R.—I have brought you some soup. I am so vain as to think that we make it more to your taste than at your own house.

Tal.—I understand you, my child. (Takes the basin and looks at them by turns.) You do wrong in supporting my weak frame. (They take his hat and stick, and he eats the soup.) I thank you—I thank you. God knows I have ever wished to make my children happy. If I have not succeeded, it was an error—a mournful error, and no one suffers more

for it than myself. God reward you, Maria! (Returns the basin to her, takes his hat and stick and shakes hands with them.) Good-morning. (Mrs. Rathing kisses his hand.)

Rath.—We shall see each other again to-day.

Tal.—Yes, but let it be here—for here I feel my only peace. (Draws a box from his pocket.) This is a plaything for your children.

Mrs. R.—I thank you. Will you not give it to them before you go? I'll bring them hither in a moment.

Tal.—No, Maria. My sorrowful countenance shall not damp their innocent enjoyments. Take it to them.—It is a palace, which they may put together.—Tell them it is my gift. (Mrs. Rathing wipes her eyes.) I must own I might have made a better choice.—A palace!—Return it to me It is not proper. (Takes the box again.) I'll buy them a cottage instead of it. Teach them to find delight in a humble sphere. (Kisses Mrs. Rathing.) Good-morning! (Shakes Rathing's hand.) Good-morning! (Exit, attended by them.)

ACT II.

SCENE.—A room in Talland's house. Mrs. Rathing is discovered, seated at a table.

Mrs. Rathing.—It is true that I am accustomed to patience, but Miss Bolfeld abuses it. How much longer must I wait for her?

Enter Henry.

Henry.—Miss Bolfeld will come.

Mrs. R.—Very well.

Hen.—(Bows and is going—stops at the door—and returns.) Alas, madame, what a house is this become? You know it, to be sure, in part—but still it is worse than you believe.

Mrs. R.—Be patient, Henry, be patient.

Hen.—I don't think of myself, madame, but I am sorry for my poor master. No one knows what the old maid makes him endure, and no one knows why he endures it.

Mrs. R.—Do everything that you can for him.

Hen.—That I will, but I can be of little service. Matters grow worse every day, and—only think, madame, she has lately sometimes locked herself in my master's study.

Mrs. R.—You must tell him this.

Hen.—Do you think so?—I am fearful, for her influence is unlimited. To be sure, I can't prove that she was guilty of anything blamable—but what had she to do in the study? (Sees Lewis, and exit.)

Enter Lewis.

Lewis.—What has brought you hither?

Mrs. R.—My wish to release you, if it be possible.

Lew.—Release me! from what?

Mrs. R.—From your thoughtless promise of marriage to Miss Bolfeld's niece.

Lew.—What promise? The people are mad. I never thought of such a thing.

Mrs. R.—Bolfeld asserts it.

Lew.—And I deny it.

Mrs. R.—I will speak to Miss Bolfeld on the subject.—Her brother is very determined.

Lew.—A blockhead! I marry his ugly, green-eyed wench, forsooth!

Mrs. R.—Heaven grant you may be able to avoid it.

Lew.—Has his daughter any written promise?

Mrs. R.—My husband is much distressed on your account.

Lew.—I pay my court to Mr. Wehrman's sister, and never thought of the other creature.

Enter Miss Bolfeld.

Miss Bolfeld.—Madame, I am very sorry that you have been obliged to wait, but, really, in such weather as this, one cannot sleep enough. I have a rheumatic pain in my shoulder, too.—Be seated, I beg. (Sits.) Will you take a little breakfast with one—coffee—chocolate?

Mrs. R.—I beg to be excused.

Lew.—What will you give me if I decline the offer, too?

Miss B.—I was speaking to your sister. (To Mrs. Rathing.) So you will not have anything? Well—Henry! My chocolate!—I am truly happy to see you, Mrs. Rathing. How happens it?—Do you want anything from our furniture?

Mrs. R.—Nothing whatever.

Lew.—Then you are welcome, no doubt. (Exit.)

Miss B.—Your brother is a hopeful youth, to be sure. (Henry brings the chocolate.) Put it on the table.—Now bring the table hither.—Close to me.—There!—Now go. (Exit Henry.) I don't know how you manage servants, Mrs. Rathing, but they are the plague of my life. Well, in what can I serve you?

Mrs. R.—Have the goodness to tell me, as far as you can, the relative situations of my brother and your niece.

Miss B.—That he has promised to marry her.

Mrs. R.—Do you really believe that?

Miss B.—Most certainly.

Mrs. R.—Do you think the connection proper?

Miss B.—Why not?

Mrs. R.—Even if your family were obliged to enforce it?

Miss B.—Do you wish matters to go so far?

Mrs. R.—At present I only wish to hear your opinion.

Miss B.—Promises must be performed.

Mrs. R.—But the alliance is not suitable.

Miss B.—Not suitable! Let me tell you, madame, the Bolfelds are an honest family.

Mrs. R.—That I do not deny.

Miss B.—And as good as other people, who fancy themselves such mighty great folks.

Mrs. R.—Miss Bolfeld!

Miss B.—Yes, and they have upright hearts, let me tell you, and will not allow anybody to behave ill to them. Do you understand me?

Mrs. R.—You will not understand me.

Miss B.—I'll tell you what, madame, I do understand you, and am not to be caught by your tricks.

Mrs. R.—(Rises.) This is insufferable.

Miss B.—So much the better. Why waste time in compliments? Tell your father, or the person who sent you, that the embassy has failed.

Mrs. R.—Yet you subsist on my father's charity.

Miss B.—I want no person's charity.

Mrs. R.—Then leave the house, and do not abuse what you do not need.

Miss B.—I am ready to go to-day, but ask your father if he will consent to it.

Mrs. R.—I have no doubt of it.

Miss B.—Try, then—ask your father, madame.—Ha! Ha! Ha!—I stand on firm ground.

Mrs. R.—Are you married to my father?

Miss B.—Heaven forbid!

Mrs. R.—Then I cannot comprehend——

Miss B.—Any more than other people.

Mrs. R.—Act as you please, but I assure you I will use every persuasion which can prevent this act of folly on the part of my brother.

Miss B.—Folly! What do you mean—eh? What do you mean, I say? Who am I—who is my brother—who is my niece—and who are you, your father and your brother all taken together, that you dare call an alliance with my family an act of folly? (Exit Mrs. Rathing.)

(Miss Bolfeld follows her.) We are honest, reputable people, and will teach your haughty family how to conduct itself even if we are ruined by it. (Returns.) An impertinent—proud—abusive woman! (Stamps violently.) But I'll be revenged. (Throws open the window.) Yes, madame, go home and tell your husband that I am a match for him and twenty advocates.—I'll face him and a score like him, I say. (Shuts the window.) She returns no answer.—She is in too great a passion to speak. Well, I am glad I have made her more angry than myself.—Attack me! I should like to see the person who can gain anything by attacking me.

Enter Frederica.

Frederica.—Can I speak to Mr. Talland?

Miss B.—No, he is not at home. What do you want with him?

Fre.—He sent for me.

Miss B.—Indeed! Everybody says the same thing, who wants to partake of his purse.

Fre.—I have no such wish.

Miss B.—Who are you, then?

Fre.—My name is Frederica Soltau.

Miss B.—Indeed! Sure!—Frederica——

Fre.—The name of Soltau must be familiar to you, madame, for my late uncle had a great regard for you.

Miss B.—And I exhibited great fidelity in his service—so his regard was justified by my fidelity—was it not, pert miss?

Fre.—Poor people are seldom pert, and that I am poor you know.

Miss B.—Your poverty is not my fault. I should not have cared if your uncle had left you his whole fortune.

Fre.—Of that I do not wish to speak.

Miss B.—Why did your father behave so ill that his brother, justly irritated, rather chose to leave his fortune to those who acted properly than to his relations? Mr. Talland compassionately offered you and the rest of you five thousand dollars, but you were too proud to accept it—so now you are reduced to poverty. Thus it is—arrogance precedes a fall.

Fre.—Very often.

Miss B.—Where have your brothers strolled to?

Fre.—They are dead.

Miss B.—Then they are provided for. You are in mourning for the fellows, I suppose?

Fre.—I am in mourning for my benefactors.

Miss B.—How do you earn your bread?

Fre.—By service.

Miss B.—That's right. Be humble and submissive, and all

may go well. Conduct yourself with propriety and modesty, and some honest footman may one day or other marry you.

Fre.—I'll come again, if you please. (Going.)

Miss B.—No. Here is Mr. Talland.

Enter Talland.

Talland.—Who is this? (Frederica courtesies.)

Miss B.—Soltau's niece.

Tal.—Welcome, welcome! Be seated. (Frederica declines it.) Leave us, Miss Bolfeld.

Miss B.—With your permission—it is more proper that I should stay.

Tal.—(After a moment's reflection.) Perhaps it may. (To Frederica.) Your brothers are dead, and you have lost their support. I heard so good an account of you that I wish to supply their place. I have adjusted matters with the family in whose service you are, and you may now, if you please, remain with me.

Miss B.—We want no more servants.

Tal.—Remain in my house as the unfortunate and respected niece of my friend, whose place I have undertaken to supply. You have nothing to do here but to be as happy as I can wish you.

Fre.—(Embarrassed.) Sir!

Miss B.—A pretty offer, on my conscience!

Fre.—Sir, I feel your kindness—and should rejoice at such an improvement in my situation—but the fear of being troublesome to you—makes me irresolute.

Miss B.—A fine sum of money it would cost!

Tal.—You will be a consolation, not a trouble, to me.

Fre.—Though reduced to a lower sphere, I have not forgotten the sentiments created by my former rank and education, therefore——

Tal.—You accept my proposal.

Miss B.—Your parents were not in the best situation, me thinks.

Tal.—Peace! You are insufferable.

Fre.—Rather than be obliged to endure humiliation while I receive a favor, I will return to my late service.

Tal.—You shall remain with me, and, if you please, have no concern with any one but me.

Fre.—Your goodness affects me deeply. Such a man was worthy of my uncle's attachment. I reproach myself for any idea which I have hitherto harbored against you.--When you entered, your look, your tone of voice at once dispelled the opinion I had formed of you.

Tal.—(Takes her hand.) My dear child, I will——

Fre.—Oh, call me so. (Kisses his hand.) It is so long since I was addressed by that title——

Tal.—I will—fate has been unjust toward you. (Much affected.) I will repair this injustice.

Fre.—With filial gratitude I accept your kind offer. Believe me, I am incapable of abusing it.

Tal.—I am sure you are. Arrange your concerns and return as soon as possible.

Fre.—Heaven reward you for the happiness you bestow!

Miss B.—With permission—what am I?

Tal.—My housekeeper.

Miss B.—And when this beggar is admitted into the family, what shall I be?

Tal.—My housekeeper.

Miss B.—And what will she be?

Tal.—What she pleases.

Miss B.—And you really think of acting thus while I remain here?

Tal.—I wish it.

Miss B.—Then I'll tell you at once that if this girl dares to enter the house I'll walk out of it.

Tal.—What do you mean by this language? Have you forgotten that at Soltau's death I took you into my service from mere kindness, when you were in want of a place?

Miss B.—Ha! Ha! Ha! From mere kindness!—There was a little policy in it, too.

Tal.—Explain yourself.

Miss B.—Not at present.

Tal.—If you wish to end your days quietly, and to be provided for the purpose, I am ready——

Miss B.—No, sir. I know what I do. If you attempt to dimiss me from your house, you will find—what you don't expect.

Tal.—What do you want?

Miss B.—At present, nothing but that this girl may remain where she has been.

Tal.—That she shall not.

Miss B.—You may allow her an annual gratuity.

Tal.—No. She shall not remain in service—positively she shall not.

Miss B.—(Smiling.) Why are you so suddenly inclined to assist her?

Tal.—Because she is unfortunate.

Miss B.—That she has long been.

Tal.—Never so much as now—now that she has lost her brothers—her only support.

Miss B.—This is all nonsense. Play some other game.—It is better to be candid and open.

Tal.—I am so.

Miss B.—No. If you were candid and open, I might reason with you, but as you will not be so, I now declare that I know you hate me, but that you find me necessary and useful to you. Act as you ought to do—then you—your children and I shall gain by your conduct. But if you think proper to treat me as a cipher, I give you notice that I'll do the utmost, rather than submit to it. I have told you my resolution—now act as you please. (Exit.)

Tal.—(Raising his clasped hands.) Cursed—cursed moment!

Enter Wehrman.

Wehrman.—I only mean to detain you a few moments.

Tal.—What procures me this visit?

Weh.—You probably know that your son has for some time paid his addresses to my sister.

Tal.—Indeed, I do not.

Weh.—Well, the young man may have been backward in telling you, from a fear of not obtaining my consent. I am accustomed to doubt and suspicion from your family, but I wish to put you to the blush. Therefore, I am willing that the alliance shall take place, if——

Tal.—I must candidly tell you that I am averse to all alliances which can be so suddenly acceded to.

Weh.—But you, of course, will consent to——

Tal.—Besides which, my son's fortune gives him no claim to a connection with a lady of such brilliant prospects.

Weh.—Why has he not a claim, while he has a father who can advance a considerable sum for him?

Tal.—I can but advance his share of the interest of three thousand dollars—his mother's jointure.

Weh.—But it is known that Soltau's property——

Tal.—With respect to that property, I shall act according to my own inclination.

Weh.—Can your inclination lead you to anything detrimental to your children?

Tal.—Every father and every owner of an estate has a right to act by conviction.

Weh.—I am sorry to be under the necessity of remarking that every one is astonished at your conduct toward your children.

Tal.—My children know me and are satisfied. But is it not your opinion, Mr. Wehrman, that many people take great pains to make my children dissatisfied?

Weh.—I cannot be surprised if such be the case. No one can understand the motives for your conduct. You are thought harsh—opinions are circulated respecting you——

Tal.—Of course, of course.

Weh.—Which are very singular, for——

Tal.—Thus far—— Mr. Wehrman, enough!

Weh.—As it seems, then, that you object to the union, I shall forbid any further intercourse between your son and my sister.

Tal.—That I request.

Weh.—Yet I think the father who, without paying any regard to the merit of the object, can, even when old, devote himself to love, ought not so absolutely to condemn this sensation in his son.

Tal.—I beg no more may be said on this subject.

Weh.—At one time you took care that the world should say enough of me. Why am I now to be silent?

Tal.—I only did my duty.

Weh.—And I am doing mine. I grant that revenge is the impulse by which I am guided. But even my revenge gives way when I can promote the happiness of others.—I do not like you, but even if I did, even if you had been my friend instead of my enemy, how could I act more properly than when I endeavor to procure for your children what is sacrificed to a harlot?—On her you squander your money, while your daughter wants the common necessaries of life and your son is the prey of usurers.

Tal.—Is my son in debt?

Weh.—Of course. You compel him to be so.

Tal.—I will relieve him as far as I can.

Weh.—That is the way to appease me.

Tal.—Whose business is this but our own? Who are you, that you dare——

Weh.—A man—an injured man—one who requires private satisfaction or open war.

Tal.—War you may find, disgraceful as it is on your part to enter the lists against an old man.

Weh.—Disgraceful! I thank you for the warning. I go to collect my forces, and shall return triumphant—till then all overtures of peace are needless. (Slowly walks to him, and says, in a solemn tone:) Mr. Talland, you are on every side surrounded. Think of an honorable capitulation. (Exit.)

Tal.—What an enemy have I created. Discontented with my own conduct, I became rigid against others, and now this rigor falls upon myself. What shall I do? What can I do? —Oh, God, end my days—and soon—soon!——

Enter Miss Bolfeld.

Miss Bolfeld.—Have you sent for more beggars to inhabit this house?

Tal.—What do you want? (Half aside.) In hell there cannot be a greater torment.

Miss B.—There's an old vagabond without, who has brought his bundle into the house, as if he belonged to it.

Enter Ellof.

Ellof.—Brother!—God bless you!

Miss B.—Have you a brother?

Tal.—Whom have I the honor——

Ell.—There is very little honor in the case. I only wish there may be some pleasure.

Tal.—Who are you?

Ell.—Him whom intimacy once induced you to call brother. I am grown old, yet surely you recollect me.

Tal.—I must own——

Ell.—I do not read in your countenance a wish to know me.

Tal.—But, tell me——

Ell.—That is what I did not wish, for when I have declared who I am, I shall probably be welcomed—for to-night. Well—well! I meant to reside here—but no matter! Instead of residence I shall have a night's lodging.—I beg pardon for reminding you of the term brother, and now introduce myself as your school-fellow. I am a fugitive—my name Ellof.

Tal.—(Astonished.) Ellof!—Merciful Heavens!

Ell.—Ellof, whom the sword and party-spirit have driven from his house.

Tal.—My good—my worthy Ellof. (Presses him to his heart.)

Miss B.—(Aside.) Mercy on us! An emigrant!

Tal.—How came you hither?

Ell.—On foot, with little money, but much confidence.—"Talland," thought I, "always had a regard for me.—I'll go, and if he be still alive, ask him for a bed. As for the rest, my head or my hands will procure it." With this idea I tied my bundle, bade adieu to my plundered farm, and find—what?

Tal.—A friend—a brother! (Embraces him.)

Ell.—God be praised! To him I consign the care of my flocks and fields, from which the enemy has driven me.—Your hand! I see the tear of joy in your eye.—I am happy.—Now introduce me to your wife.

Tal.—I am a widower.

Ell.—(Pointing to Miss Bolfeld.) But——

Tal.—Miss Bolfeld, my housekeeper.

Ell.—Bolfeld—Bol—Zounds! Catherine!—Yes!—Catherine Bolfeld! My old playfellow! How are you? How are you?—You and I have often knocked our heads against each other at blind-man's-buff. (Takes her hand.) Catherine! Catherine! You are grown old.

Miss B.—(Drawing her hand away.) Sir——

Ell.—Pshaw! Never mind that! I am grown old, too.—It is many years since we were children. (Takes a chair.) Well, comrade, how are you?

Tal.—Old, very old.

Ell.—Pshaw, pshaw! Though you are a widower, you have somebody to bind your temples when you have the headache.—Eh, Catherine?

Miss B.—Upon my word—— Sir, I'd have you to know my reputation is not to be slandered. (Exit.)

Tal.—She is only my housekeeper.

Ell.—But one of the ruling sort, I suppose. When I entered the house, she addressed me with a voice as shrill as if she had whistled through a keyhole. I could not bear to have such a creature near me.

Tal.—Custom.

Ell.—How horrid are your looks! Cheer up, cheer up, friend!

Tal.—I like you, Ellof.

Ell.—But I don't like you.

Tal.—Perhaps you may exhilarate me.

Ell.—I, who have left everything behind me, am cheerful and merry, while you, who are a man of fortune, sink into despondency. Shame on you!

Tal.—Come, let me show you your chamber.

Ell.—And a breakfast——

Tal.—Of course.

Ell.—But tell me—for I must know how to act—are you governed by this hag?

Tal.—I am accommodating, from custom, and a love of peace.

Ell.—That means I am grown very old. Should you like to be young again?

Tal.—Alas, no, no, no.

Ell.—Well—a breakfast I must have before I say any more. Hungry people are not fit for a consultation.—Come. (Exeunt.)

Enter Lewis and Wehrman.

Lewis.—How!—My father positively refused his consent to my marriage with your sister?

Wehrman.—Most positively.

Lew.—Yet he is not apt to destroy the happiness of others. What reason did he assign for his refusal?

Weh.—None.

Lew.—I must submit.

Weh.—That would I not.

Lew.—But what can I do, without losing my own good opinion?

Weh.—Speak to him as your duty and his direct.

Lew.—Can I mention his fortune without appearing to encroach upon his rights?

Weh.—Mention me. Say that I have made you aware of a conduct which approaches toward disinheritance.—Persist till you obtain some explanation.

Lew.—It must be so. I will.

Weh.—Do not suffer the torpidity of your relatives to infect you. Establish your own fortune, and remove the obstructions which surround the old man, that he himself may breathe more freely. You are one of the few who do not misunderstand me. Attend to my advice. (Exit.)

Enter Rathing.

Rathing.—Has Mr. Wehrman been with you?

Lew.—Yes.

Rath.—Be on your guard.

Lew.—Against my only friend?

Rath.—Against the enemy of yourself—of me—of us all—of himself.

Lew.—Why do you think him our enemy?

Rath.—Because his mind is incapable of understanding what is felt by such a heart as your father's. If you feel any filial affection, do not listen to Wehrman.

Lew.—That no one may interrupt my father's obstinate determination to ruin me.

Rath.—Brother, I do not love you less than I revere your father.—I cannot wish your ruin.—Let us rely on his parental feelings and suffer not a third to interfere.—No good can result from it.

Lew.—Speak more plainly.

Rath.—(After a pause.) I dare not.

Lew.—Why?

Rath.—You see, your father's strength of mind and body daily decay. Do you think a mere whim could effect this?

Lew.—What else?

Rath.—Revere his sorrows. The day may come when you would give the wealth of the whole world that you had not touched any string too violently.

Lew.—What can I do?—Even if I be willing to sacrifice myself completely, what can I do to remove his melancholy?

Rath.—Act as a son.

Lew.—Have I ever acted otherwise?

Rath.—It is a great title, and its tenderest duties are already in part neglected, when the mind begins to argue upon it without the heart being concerned.

Lew.—Brother!

Rath.—Son! (They embrace and exeunt.)

ACT III.

SCENE.—A room in Talland's house. Lewis and Henry meet.

Henry.—I beg pardon, Mr. Lewis—are you going out?

Lewis.—Yes. Why do you ask?

Hen.—Your father wishes to see you, sir.

Lew.—Very well.—Who is the old gentleman I just now saw?

Hen.—A Mr. Ellof.

Lew.—What does he want here? Is he introduced by Miss Bolfeld?

Hen.—God forbid, sir! No. She seems not very well pleased at his arrival.

Lew.—Then he is doubtless an honest man.

Enter Frederica, somewhat better clothed than before, but still in a humble dress.

Frederica.—Allow me, Mr. Lewis, to request your good-will and sympathy. Your father has promised me both, in the most generous manner, as you must have heard.

Lew.—I have heard it with pleasure, and consider your abode in this house an auspicious omen. (Exit Henry.)

Fre.—I understand this answer only as far as it claims my gratitude.

Lew.—Inmates of one house should understand each other as soon as possible. Why should I conceal from you what you must have already in part observed! My father is old and infirm. A dragon has made this house her nest, and endeavors to banish his children from it. She will endeavor to procure your banishment, too, if she observes any kind attentions on your part to the old man.

Fre.—The unfortunate enjoy with gratitude the present moment, and leave futurity to Providence.

Lew.—But Providence ordains that caution is a duty. I am naturally ingenuous, and I read something in that countenance which would make me so were I otherwise. Love my father. He deserves it more than I do—or, rather, he wants it more, for he is older than I am, though not more unfortunate. You have entered a wretched house.

Fre.—Heaven forbid!

Lew.—My helpless situation commands me to do what surprises even myself—it commands me to confide in you.

Fre.—I cannot deserve this sudden confidence. Allow me time to fulfill one duty before I enter on another. Your father's kind disposition spared me all confusion—or, at least, greatly alleviated it. Imitate his example. The kinder he is the more attentve will I be, that I may thereby please his children. Be satisfied with this my good-will.

Lew.—I am satisfied and ashamed of having commenced our acquaintance by an appeal of sorrow.

Fre.—I did not wish you to think thus. Let us wait for a calmer moment, when we may, perhaps, understand each other better.

Lew.—Shall I ever know a calm moment?

Fre.—A feeling son may always find one in the arms of his father. You have justified the freedom with which I address you. Amidst the tempest of your soul, confide in the words of a stranger.

Lew.—They are not the words of a stranger. Praised be Providence for having conducted you to this house!

Fre.—When, on a better acquaintance, I have restored your father's peace of mind, you yourself may decide what I can do toward yours. (Exit.)

Lew.—She must despise me. I despise myself. A weak woman has a better understanding—has more firmness and resolution than myself. I turn toward every side. A thousand wishes are contending in my bosom, and I cannot satisfy one of them. Oh, I must—I must speak. My father gave being to this compound of desire and inability—and must assist me. It is his work—be it his care.

Enter Talland.

Talland.—I have, for some time, avoided all conversation with you, because all that a father could say neither seemed to make you wiser nor me easier. Finding, however, that you are now in a very critical situation, I must once more attempt to direct you in your progress. Lewis, at what point do you aim?

Lew.—Rather allow me to ask at what point you wish me to aim.

Tal.—I wish you to become a reputable, honest man; but, while you thus waste time and money, how can you expect to support any reputation?

Lew.—If you will allow that the fortunate state of your circumstances justifies me in considerable expectations, you cannot be surprised that I act in such a way as to establish for myself a proper rank in life.

Tal.—I wish you happiness. Believe me, my son, I wish you happiness.

Lew.—And yet refuse your consent to my marriage with Mr. Wehrman's sister?

Tal.—Do you feel an affection for her?

Lew.—(Shrugging his shoulders.) Does she for me?—Does any woman of fashion know what affection is?—I like her. The match will make me of more consequence, and that, according to the present opinions of the world, is a great object.

Tal.—Are you obliged to act according to the present opinions of the world on every occasion?

Lew.—Was the world ever better?

Tal.—Marriages were happier.

Lew.—Let me hear your plan, my father.

Tal.—You are in debt. To what amount?

Lew.—Two thousand dollars.

Tal.—Good God! (Walks to and fro in great agitation.)

Lew.—My small salary——

Tal.—Your expensive mode of life—your consummate vanity in associating with a class to which you do not belong——

Lew.—But surely, according to your circumstances——

Tal.—Circumstances! With a fortune of three thousand dollars it is, no doubt, justifiable to contract debts amounting to two.

Lew.—But the thirty thousand——

Tal.—Don't belong to you.

Lew.—At present, certainly not, but——

Tal.—Nor do they belong to me.

Lew.—To whom, then? Pardon me. The question is natural.

Tal.—It is.

Lew.—I know that since this fortune was bequeathed to you no use has been made of it—that you deprive yourself of the necessaries of life, in order to gratify your benevolent propensities, without interfering with the estate. I lament this. I grieve to see my sister in such straitened circumstances, and cannot think myself happy, as you will do nothing for me, while I see the insolent creature who directs your household revelling in your bounty.

Tal.—You appear to have justice on your side, and I am sorry I cannot remove this appearance. But do not form a judgment according to it. I was many years a good father—be you a good son.

Lew.—May I speak openly?

Tal.—Do so, Lewis.

Lew.—Relieve yourself from this unpleasant and uncertain situation. Bestow on this Miss Bolfeld decisive privileges rather than a dubious, dangerous influence. Bestow on her your name.

Tal.—(Throws himself into a chair and covers his face.) Not so, my son, not so.

Lew.—I know no better counsel.

Tal.—(Rises, embraces him, and then walks up and down for a short time.) Let us return to the subject. Lewis, notwithstanding the way in which you have hitherto lived, I still place such firm confidence in you that at this moment my only hope of happiness depends upon you.

Lew.—Speak—proceed.

Tal.—You may refuse to do what I wish. It will be hard upon me, but never will I compel you even by arguments to do it. You may refuse this, I say—but my command, my injunction—nay, if you please—my petition never to repeat what I am about to say—you will not, cannot refuse.

Lew.—You raise my expectations——

Tal.—Give me your hand. Now, promise your father, whose trembling hand holds yours, that you never will repeat what I shall say.

Lew.—I swear by——

Tal.—Hold! Do not swear. Oaths are become the playthings of form. Give me an upright filial promise.

Lew.—(Presses his father's hand to his heart.) I do promise.

Tal.—It is well. (Releases his hand.) A moment—I am so much oppressed. Listen—Soltau's property belongs to me according to his will—but according to my conviction it belongs to his relations.

Lew.—Did not those relations behave ill to him, when you acted as his sincere friend?

Tal.—The father behaved ill—not the children. I ought never to have accepted this fortune, and cannot now return it to the person who ought to have it, without exposing myself to calumnious reports—yet I will not retain it. My children shall not have it.

Lew.—That must be as you please.

Tal.—You know the nature of my resolutions. One way still remains by which you and your sister may obtain this

fortune. Lewis, my son, it is in your power to bestow on your father peace of mind. This is a decisive moment.—Accede to my wish and I will a second time thank Heaven as fervently as I thanked it when I first heard I had a son.

Lew.—Proceed, I beseech you.

Tal.—You have confessed your heart is not engaged, and you only want an establishment in life. Take half of the fortune—assign to your sister the remaining half—and obtain a right to it by marrying Soltau's lawful heiress.—Do not yet reply. You have seen her. She is handsome, and every word she utters proclaims the goodness of her heart.—Answer me not till I have finished. Reflect that you may become the benefactor of your sister—of your father—that you—— Oh, that I could find words to describe what blessings you will confer on me by this act! It will sweeten thy dying hour, Lewis, to have made thy father so happy, so—— I can say no more.—Answer.—Give me life or death.

Lew.—Dear father, can you doubt my readiness to obey this solemn injunction? But can you conceive that on me alone depends the power to obey it? How can your wish be represented to Miss Soltau, without conveying an appearance which must rather excite in her mind suspicions of injustice than gratitude for your kind intentions?

Tal.—(Doubtfully.) Lewis.

Lew.—Should she feel no attachment to me, will she not perceive on your part an absolute necessity—I use your own expression—to do her justice? What will be the consequence? —She will refuse me—make me the derision of the world—and not make you more easy.

Tal.—Oh, my son!

Lew.—(With enthusiasm.) My brother-in-law has roused in my bosom the sensation of the duties attached to the name of son. Be assured that your blessing is far more valuable to your children than your wealth. Give Miss Soltau, therefore, without any conditions, what you think you cannot justly withhold and be happy.

Tal.—(Taking his hand.) I am old and weak.—Let me reflect ere I decide——

Lew.—Allow me time, also, to try whether I am ever likely to obtain Miss Soltau's affections.

Tal.—Be it so.—Take my blessing, Lewis—my blessing and my thanks.—There! (Gives him a paper.)

Lew.—What is this?

Tal.—An engagement that I will discharge your debts.—I would not give it to you sooner, that you might not be induced to think I wished to bribe you. Send your creditors to me in the morning. Thanks to my economy, I can pay them from my own property.

Lew.—(Falling at his feet.) Oh, my father!

Tal.—(Raises him.) Rise.—My son, my friend, be silent. I dare not tell you all. Were I to confess all, you would both justify and condemn me. From the fear of condemnation I dare not attempt to justify myself.—Lewis, be silent. (Exit.)

Lew.—Rathing is right. A mere whim cannot have such effect on any man.—I feel as if I had no sorrows of my own, while there is a chance of my having it in my power to alleviate his.

Enter Rathing.

Rathing.—Have you mentioned Bolfeld's claim upon you as to his daughter?

Lew.—Who would think of the fellow for a moment?

Rath.—He is waiting at my house for your answer.

Lew.—He may go to the devil.

Rath.—Lewis, this affair becomes serious. What promise did you make to these people?

Lew.—I can swear with truth that I don't know—they made me drunk.

Rath.—Have compassion on your father and compromise the matter.

Lew.—How can I? Bolfeld will not be satisfied but by a considerable sum of money. Let him bellow and bawl as he will. He cannot make my father alter the favorable sentiments of me, which he has even this moment avowed.—No, no. I care not for him or that harridan, his sister.

Enter Miss Bolfeld.

Miss Bolfeld.—Who is a harridan, sir—eh?

Lew.—She who listens.

Rath.—What do you want here?

Miss B.—Nothing with you. I want to speak to Mr. Lewis.

Rath.—Speak respectfully, or by Heaven you will repent it.

Miss B.—I shall speak as I please. Advocates may give an opinion, but the decision rests with the judge.

Rath.—Speak respectfully—I warn you for the last time.

Miss B.—(To Lewis.) Will you marry my niece or not?

Lew.—Never.

Miss B.—Positively you will not?

Lew.—Most positively, never.

Miss B.—Then our business is at an end. (Courtesies.) Your servant, gentlemen. Take my word for it, I'll teach you both to speak respectfully. Ha! Ha! Ha! (Exit.)

Lew.—Hell and furies! What means she?

Rath.—The woman speaks in a tone of dreadful resolution.

Lew.—Damnation! I'll follow her, and——

Rath.—Hold! Be cool.

Lew.—Once more I swear that, as far as I know, I never made a promise of marriage.

Rath.—I must have time for reflection. We will speak further on the subject soon.

Lew.—But what will you——

Rath.—For the present, farewell. (Exit.)

Enter Frederica.

Frederica.—Have the goodness, Mr. Lewis, to interfere between Miss Bolfeld and the stranger who is here. Mr. Talland is in his own room, and I fear there will be a dispute.

Lew.—I go immediately to prevent it. (Exit.)

Fre.—I will return to my lowly situation, for discord reigns in this house.

Enter Talland.

Talland.—My dear girl, I have been thinking that your abode here is not likely to be pleasant. To-morrow I will take you to my daughter.

Fre.—Your kindness knows no bounds

Enter Ellof.

Ellof.—(As he enters.) Damn the Jezabel! (Exit Frederica.)

Tal.—Has anything disagreeable happened to you?

Ell.—Yes, and to your amiable housekeeper, too, for your son, without saying a word, has handed her so gently out of doors that I believe her limbs will not soon recover the concussion.

Tal.—Where is she?

Ell.—Lying in the street, and there let her lie.—Stop, I say—remain here.

Tal.—What occasioned this commotion?

Ell.—My pipe. I was smoking in as peaceable a way as possible, and thinking of my poor farm, when into the room burst the dragon and poured forth such a torrent of abuse as man never heard.

Tal.—Ellof—pity me.

Ell.—I do, but I'll not witness such misery any longer. I shall leave you to-morrow.

Tal.—No, no, my friend.

Ell.—Melancholy is infectious, and by degrees converts the firmest man into a mere child. Melancholy kills me. Mirth is my maxim.

Tal.—Do you abandon me because I cannot be cheerful?

Ell.—Not because you cannot, but because you will not.—My good fellow, did I not know your excellent heart I should think you had a bad conscience.

Tal.—(Suddenly seizes his hand.) You must not leave me, Ellof—you must not leave me.

Ell.—Will you be cheerful?

Tal.—I have a great plan dependent on you.

Ell.—Will you be cheerful?

Tal.—Who can teach, and who can learn that art?

Ell.—I and you. I'll give you an hour's lesson every day, over a bottle of wine. He who, when old, when robbed of all, can wander from his former home and still support his spirits—he is the proper teacher of cheerfulness—and I am the man. Accept me as your preceptor.

Tal.—Your intention is good, but——

Ell.—The lesson is over a bottle of wine.

Tal.—Alas, what can you do with me?

Ell.—Why, I can make you drink with me. But, come with me, at present, to your daughter, and think no more of the fallen Jezabel. Should she have the same fate as her predecessor—so much the better.—Come, come. When we return from your daughter, out comes the bottle of wine, and forthwith begin my instructions. You shall have a glass—and if you then behave ill—why, I'll empty the bottle.—Agreed! Agreed! Come! (Drawing him away.)

Tal.—I am without a hat.

Ell.—(Looks at him.) True. (Throws his own hat aside.) There—now we are alike. Come, come.

Tal.—(Resisting.) But the people——

Ell.—Pshaw! Confuse the people—something new, and our point is carried.

Enter Miss Bolfeld.

Miss Bolfeld.—Stop, I say. That monster——

Ell.—Huzza! March! Huzza!

Miss B.—He has behaved in such——

Ell.—Huzza! Huzza! Vive la joie! Vive l' allegresse! (Exit, leading Talland.)

Miss B.—That ever I was born to endure such conduct!—Thrown down half a dozen steps into the street!—But their triumph shall be short.—I'll be revenged.

Enter Bolfeld.

Bolfeld.—Well, what have you done? Here have I been exerting myself in every quarter, and not one proceeding do I know on your part that is likely to produce any profit.

Miss B.—Be at ease. Half of old Soltau's property must be ours—one way or other.

Bol.—One way or other! Pshaw! Nonsense. You have been talking in that silly way for half a year, and we seem no nearer the mark. I verily believe I shall some night hear you knock at my door after having been kicked out of the house without a farthing.

Miss B.—Heaven defend me! Mr. Lewis has made a beginning, for he kicked me out of doors just now.

Bol.—A pretty way of treating his future aunt!

Miss B.—His aunt I will be, too. I go on certain grounds.

Bol.—I advise you to do so. I am not to pay for champagne in order to intoxicate the fellow and then have no reward. I have made an attack on Rathing, but it did not succeed. What's to be done now?

Miss B.—Attack the old man.

Bol.—But if I alarm him too much he may die without a will.

Miss B.—Never fear. He has as many lives as a cat.—Attack him, I say, and bellow without mercy. Depend upon it that before sunset I will be at your house with half the fortune—for half I will have. Now go to the old man and insist on the marriage.

Bol.—May I be loud?

Miss B.—The louder the better.

Bol.—And if he will not consent——

Miss B.—Then he shall hear my thunder, and that will end the matter.

Bol.—Are you sure of that? For if you should come without money—damnation——

Miss B.—I tell you again, most positively, that before evening I will bring you half of old Soltau's fortune.

Bol.—Well, then, wherever I find old Talland—it matters not whether in house or street—I'll bawl till——

Miss B.—Go, then, and find him. (Exeunt.)

ACT IV.

SCENE.—A room in Talland's house.

Enter Talland and Ellof, hastily.

Talland.—(In great agitation and much exhausted.) This is too much. (Throws himself into a chair.)

Ellof.—But who is the fellow that had the impudence to attack you thus in the street?

Tal.—Bolfeld—my housekeeper's brother.

Ell.—The scoundrel!

Tal.—To address me thus!

Ell.—I wish you would have allowed me to make him feel my stick.

Tal.—And my son, too! What can the madman mean by forming a connection with such a creature? (Rises.) Go, go, my friend. Leave me. Why waste your life with one whose sorrows daily increase?

Ell.—I will assist you, my friend. You are irritable.—Compose yourself and procure me a conversation with your son. All will yet end well.

Tal.—Alas! How is that possible?

Ell.—Never despair. He who gives way to melancholy can never succeed in anything. Cheer up, and while I am settling matters with your son—talk to your housekeeper. Act as her master. Abolish the ascendency she has gained over you. It matters not how it was acquired—destroyed it must be.—Delays are dangerous—I'll tell the servant to send her hither. Talland—act like a man. (Exit.)

Tal.—He is right.—Yes.—I'll destroy this growing evil.—I'll learn my situation—I'll learn what she knows—what she does not know.—She comes.

Enter Miss Bolfeld.

Miss Bolfeld.—What are your commands?

Tal.—Deceitful, ungrateful woman!

Miss B.—It would be better for you if you could end with such words, instead of beginning with them.

Tal.—Thou torment of my life!

Miss B.—How can so indifferent a person be able to torment you?

Tal.—Because my impolitic kindness——

Miss B.—If it seems to you more politic—dismiss me.

Tal.—I do. You shall leave my house to-day.

Miss B.—With all my heart.

Tal.—Your wages you shall receive for life.

Miss B.—I want no wages.

Tal.—As you please.

Miss B.—I have other pretensions. If you refuse them——

Tal.—What pretensions?

Miss B.—I have my opinion respecting certain transactions.

Tal.—If you mean to refer to my son's conduct, I positively tell you he shall not marry your niece.

Miss B.—Then I have done. (Going.)

Tal.—Hold! Your brother and you do not wish this connection to take place. I plainly see that money is your object. You surround me on every side in order that you may extort money from me. If there be any spark of humanity in you, sell me the repose I want. I will purchase repose—I am old and cannot long enjoy it—therefore do not value it at too high a rate.

Miss B.—Now you talk rationally.

Tal.—How much, do you think, will satisfy your brother and provide for you?

Miss B.—What are you disposed to give?

Tal.—(After a pause.) Two thousand dollars.

Miss B.—That is nothing.

Tal.—I am obliged to pay my son's debts.

Miss B.—Soltau left you thirty thousand dollars.

Tal.—(With terrific violence.) Damned be—— (Walks up and down, endeavoring to compose himself.)

Miss B.—That I believe.

Tal.—What mean you, then? How far do your diabolical plans extend? How much do you require?

Miss B.—Half.

Tal.—Of what?

Miss B.—Of the thirty thousand.

Tal.—Begone!—Out of my house!—Begone!

Miss B.—I will not.—Compose yourself and listen, for the period is arrived when it becomes us both to declare our sentiments openly. Every one has an end in view. You had one and obtained it. At that time I formed one, too. Had you engaged me in your plan, you might have lived more comfortably. Mine is fixed. If you will let me share your prize with you, I am satisfied—if not, we shall, it is true, neither of us obtain anything, but you have more to lose than myself. I believe you perfectly understand me.

Tal.—Hear me.—We are both old. I daily grow more infirm. Let us both face death with a good conscience. From the fortune which I possessed before Soltau's death I have, by rigid economy, saved seven thousand dollars. Of this I can dispose. With two thousand I can pay my son's debts. The same sum will I give to my daughter, and the remaining three thousand to you.

Miss B.—And who is to have the thirty thousand?

Tal.—None of us. I have made a vow that it shall devolve to my friend's nearest relation—Frederica Soltau.

Miss B.—Indeed!—Strange enough!

Tal.—Take the three thousand dollars and remain with me. Make this act easier to me—for you must feel it is a good act. I will forget what you have done to displease me, and you will cause me to die in peace. Grant what I ask—I ask but little of you—and yet to me it is much. Can one fellow creature refuse another, when he asks no more?

Miss B.—Let the girl have the three thousand and us twelve. (Talland clasps his hands together with violence.) Then I shall be satisfied.

Tal.—(After a pause.) I have made a vow.

Miss B.—So have I.

Tal.—Go, go. I have nothing more to say.

Miss B.—Are you serious?

Tal.—I am.

Miss B.—You will not agree to my proposal?

Tal.—No. (Firmly.) No.

Miss B.—(After a pause.) Reflect. (Talland beckons to her to go.) Shall I go? (Talland turns away.) Shall I go? Are you resolved?

Tal.—God will assist me!

Miss B.—You may assist yourself.

Tal.—(With coldness and contempt.) Go.

Miss B.—(Approaches, and endeavors in vain to catch his eye—then in a furious and determined tone.) I will go. (Exit.)

Tal.—(Walks up and down.) Honor!—Alas!—What speaks here—(laying his hand on his breast)—is more.—For my honor I can now do nothing. What can I do for my conscience? (Casts his eyes in gloomy despair on the earth.) Thou end of human pain and sorrow, welcome! Welcome, death. (Raises his eyes slowly toward Heaven.) Almighty Judge, be merciful, if misery and despair lead me into the arms of my last friend.

Enter Lewis.

Lewis.—Mr. Ellof has spoken to me.

Tal.—What do you want?

Lew.—Be at ease with respect to Bolfeld's ridiculous demand.

Tal.—It is dreadful.

Lew.—One evening he intoxicated me and I know not what I said. I am ignorant of any promise, and will swear that I am so.

Tal.—To-day you will receive the money for your creditors.

Lew.—With respect to what you mentioned as your wish——

Tal.—My dear son, I fear my wish was not mentioned till too late. At present I am afflicted by other matters. Leave me.

Lew.—Oh, there comes my brother-in-law. (Exit.)

Enter Rathing.

Tal.—What do you want, my son?

Rathing.—Dear sir, your happiness is the sole object of my pursuits. Your sorrow increases every hour. Disclose to me the cause of it.

Tal.—I acknowledge your good intentions, but——

Rath.—Some uncommon burden hangs upon your mind. If, from the delicacy of your feelings, you reproach yourself in any degree, do yourself justice—look back upon the list of your good deeds—and find repose.

Tal.—(Takes his hand.) In the afternoon I'll come to you, and converse with you on several subjects. This is not the time, my son.

Rath.—I cannot bear that you should be seen in a false light.

Tal.—(Sighs.) It must be borne.

Rath.—You know that I have always feared Mr. Wehrman more than respected him. He is not your friend, and I am sorry to say he even speaks against you to your daughter.

Tal.—At three o'clock I'll be with you. No more, I do beseech you. I must be left alone in order to compose myself. Good-morning. (Talland throws himself in a chair, Rathing bows and exit.)

Enter Ellof.

Ellof.—Friend, be at ease with respect to your son. If Bolfeld should think proper to appear here again he shall soon be taught where the door lies, and his gentle sister——

Tal.—She is resolved to leave me.

Ell.—Bravo! Then peace will take her place.

Tal.—Alas, no. I am oppressed by a burden which cannot be removed.

Ell.—Where does it lie?

Tal.—(Lays his hand on his heart.) Here—here it has lain for years.

Ell.—Disclose the nature of it.

Tal.—I cannot.

Ell.—Look at me steadfastly. Talland, many a person has found consolation by confiding in me. I can comprehend sorrow, endure it and remove it. (Talland throws himself into his arms.) Right, my friend.

Tal.—(Gazes at him.) Ellof, when you have cast a look into the horrible abyss—you will start back and leave me forever.

Ell.—(With firmness.) I will not.—If you have ever forgotten yourself for a moment——

Tal.—I have—I have—and this moment has been followed by years of misery—yet still—still does my burden become heavier.

Ell.—Then bear it not alone—let me share it or remove it. Were your house on fire, would you shut the door against your neighbor, who offers his assistance?

Tal.—No. You shall know my secret. It is better to sink in the opinion of my friend than of my children.

Ell.—I can be silent, and may Heaven rob me of my cheerful disposition if I be not!

Tal.—On that condition I begin. Old Soltau was my bosom friend. He hated his relations, for they behaved infamously to him. Several years previous to his death he bequeathed his whole fortune to me. This he afterward repented, and three days before his death he made a second will. He placed —oh, look more mildly at me—he placed so much confidence in me that he employed me as his notary to prepare the will, and, after signing it, deposited it in my hands. (Strikes his breast.) One moment! (Leans on Ellof.)

Ell.—Cheer up, my friend. I know mankind.

Tal.—Oh, God, God!—By this second will he left his whole fortune to his relations, except a legacy to me. I never was covetous, but had rejoiced at the prospect of this fortune, from sincere affection to my children. For years I had been accustomed to consider it my own. The idea that my children would lose it was insufferable.—Parental affection misled me—I—— (Covers his face.) I cannot proceed.

Ell.—You concealed the second will.

Tal.—And produced the first.

Ell.—And thus became possessed of the property. I have heard the nature of your crime, and your present looks sufficiently proclaim your penitence.

Tal.—In motion, or on my pillow, the image of my dying friend appears before me. Every shadow which I see, every voice which I hear, calls on me for retribution. My conscience accuses me, my eyes betray me, and every one who looks keenly at me seems to condemn me. My punishment is every day new—every day more dreadful.—God have mercy on me—I can no more——

Ell.—Unhappy man, retain no longer the cause of your torments.

Tal.—Soltau's relations traduced my character.—Shame would not allow me to give up the whole fortune, and they refused to accept a part.—Never have I used any part of it, and at my death it shall devolve to the lawful heiress.

Ell.—Right, my friend! All will, then, be properly settled. Your penitence will be complete.

Tal.—This Miss Bolfeld was Soltau's housekeeper. She may, perhaps, suspect that a second will was made—nay, she may even know it. For this reason I took the monster into my family. She long conceived that my evil conscience would induce me to marry her, but finding this a fruitless hope, she began to tyrannize over me by oblique allusions to my guilt. I have been in a continued state of alarming uncertainty, but this uncertainty she has to-day removed by expressly demanding half of Soltau's property—or——

Ell.—Or what?

Tal.—She did not complete her threat, but a perfect knowledge of her character makes me sure she will proceed to the utmost.

Ell.—Unfortunate friend!

Tal.—I am lost. I would not repine at that, but my children—my children!

Ell.—Is she covetous?

Tal.—Very covetous—and her brother still more so.

Ell.—You are, at all events, resolved that the lawful heiress shall have the fortune?

Tal.—Most positively.

Ell.—Then you need not any longer torment yourself. Of course, you have destroyed the second will.

Tal.—No. It is still in my possession.

Ell.—Away with it!

Tal.—Often have I had it in my hands with the intention of burning it, but—I saw the signature of my late friend—I felt his unsuspecting confidence in me—I remembered that he died in my arms—I shuddered at the idea of what I had done, and fancied by destroying the will I was a second time committing the crime. The will fell from my hands, and with tears of agony I knelt near it and prayed.—It is still in my possession.

Ell.—It must be destroyed—this very day. Allow me a quarter of an hour's reflection, that I may determine how we should act toward this housekeeper.

Tal.—You despise me.

Ell.—Talland, the tempter has thrown you down, but you have valiantly fought against him till you have placed your foot upon his neck.

Tal.—I am prepared for all that may occur, and strive not against the decision of just fate. But my children, my children! That I, who erred through sincere affection for them —that I should brand them with infamy——

Ell.—Fear not that. You are not lost. Exert yourself and follow my directions.

Tal.—Nothing can now preserve me. Oh, conscience, conscience, thou robbest the soul of every faculty and consumest the very marrow in our bones. (Exit, led by Ellof.)

Enter Miss Bolfeld from the opposite side.

Miss Bolfeld.—So, Mr. Talland!—The lawful heiress is to have the property! Then have I lost all chance. No.—After ten years' expectation, I will not.

Enter Wehrman.

Wehrman.—Is Mr. Lewis at home?

Miss B.—I don't know.

Weh.—It is well that I find you here. Mark me. If your brother dares to utter another syllable relative to the marriage with his daughter, I'll talk to the fellow in a way he will not like.

Miss B.—(In a tone of defiance.) Let me tell you, sir, we are not so easily alarmed.

Weh.—Indeed!—Then I may, perhaps, begin with you.

Miss B.—(Astonished.) Me!

Weh.—You were in Soltau's house, and attended him during his last illness. You will be very seriously interrogated as to what you know;—but if you will place confidence in me you may find it to your advantage..

Miss B.—I shall not listen to any such proposal, mighty sir.

Weh.—As you like. I don't want your assistance. When the flame mounts, you probably will feel that it burns. Where is the new boarder?

Miss B.—Boarder!

Weh.—Yes—who, from well-calculated economical compassion, has been taken into the house.

Miss B.—You mean Miss Soltau, then?

Weh.—I do, and I mean that she may become very rich, if instructed how to act. (Exit.)

Miss B.—Mercy on me!—The whole face of circumstances has undergone a change. Must I, then, lose everything? (A pause.) Everything!—No.—No.—I'll lose nothing. One person still remains through whom I am certain to succeed. Henry!

Enter Henry.

Beg Miss Soltau to come hither. (Exit Henry.) You, Mr. Ellof, may reflect, and you, Mr. Wehrman, may commence a lawsuit. I'll outwit you both. You shall soon see whether your wisdom or my cunning is most effective.

Enter Frederica.

Frederica.—What can you want with me?

Miss B.—I want to strike a bargain with you. Heaven has appointed me to be the means of bestowing happiness upon you.

Fre.—How am I to understand this?

Miss B.—Come with me to my chamber, that we may not be interrupted. Heaven provides most miraculously for you.

Fre.—Through you?

Miss B.—Through me. Be grateful to God and reward his agent, that I may pass reputably through life. (Exeunt.)

Enter Talland and Ellof.

Talland.—There she goes. (He has a pistol in his hand, and attempts to follow her.) All is lost.

Ellof.—Hold! She is not alone. (Looks through the door.) She goes down the gallery—and enters a chamber.

Tal.—God of Heaven!—let me pass.

Ell.—Hold, I say. Is your servant honest?

Tal.—I dare be sworn he is.

Ell.—Talk to him with composure—tell him some accounts are missing—but with composure, I say, or all is lost. Go, I'll wait here till you return.

Tal.—She has the will. (Wipes his forehead.) The agonies of death are on me.

Ell.—Talland, on your instant composure depends everything. (Exit Talland.) I never was in such a situation. Assist me, invention, that I may save my friend.—No.—My mind is dark and clouded. (Suddenly.) How if I—— No.—I must not do anything. He must act. Surprise may gain the point—it is too late to compromise.—It must be so.—By this method we shall be rid of the brother.—But if she—that matters not. There is no other resource.

Reënter Talland.

Tal.—(Rushes with open arms toward Ellof.) She has it.

Ell.—Are you certain?

Tal.—She has locked herself more than once in my study.

Ell.—Summon your resolution. Seek her—speak to her—seize her—and place the pistol to her breast. She is not accustomed to resolution from you. Terror may effect much.

Tal.—And if she declares she has taken no paper, how dare I make reference to the will?

Ell.—She was locked in your study, and this justifies search. While you are speaking to her, Henry and I will open her chests and make strict examination.

Tal.—And if the will be in her brother's hands——

Ell.—Then we have no resource but bribery. The Bolfelds must have half—Miss Soltau half.—Come! No more delay. Henry shall lead me to her room.—I see her coming. (Exit.)

Enter Miss Bolfeld and Frederica from one side—Wehrman from the other.

Wehrman.—Where is Miss Soltau, Mr. Talland?

Tal.—This is Miss Soltau. (Frederica courtesies.)

Weh.—She lives here at present, I am told.

Tal.—She does.

Weh.—Madame, I feel a sincere interest in your uncommon fate.

Tal.—This, Miss Soltau, is Mr. Wehrman.

Weh.—Be so good as to inform me, sir, what this lady's fortune is.

Frederica.—Sir, I have no fortune.

Weh.—As far as you know.

Tal.—Have you any further knowledge?

Weh.—Perhaps I have. I have to communicate some very agreeable prospects to the lady, and shall be happy if she will, for that purpose, accompany me to my sister.

Tal.—Do you accept this invitation, Miss Soltau?

Fre.—(To Wehrman.) I am grateful for your kindness, sir, but no good fortune can happen to me which I should not be more pleased to hear in the presence of my benefactor than in any other place.

Weh.—As you please. (To Talland.) At present, therefore, you and I share the good intentions toward this lady. How happy would it make us if you and I could discover that she is entitled to a fortune! (To Frederica.) I have therefore only to warn you against any agreement or compromise. You shall soon know what are your pretensions. (Bows and exit.)

Tal.—(To Frederica.) Leave us awhile, my good girl. (Exit Frederica.—Miss Bolfeld is following her.) A word with you.

Miss Bolfeld.—I must speak to Miss Soltau.

Tal.—(Resolutely.) You shall not.

Miss B.—What do you want?

Tal.—(Locking the door.) Confess.

Miss B.—What?

Tal.—You have been in my study.

Miss B.—Sir——

Tal.—You have opened my desk.

Miss B.—Shall I speak in another tone?

Tal.—It is in vain. Your last hour has come, if you do not confess.

Miss B.—If you have a bad conscience, that is not my case.

Tal.—(Holds the pistol to her breast.) The papers!

Miss B.—(Alarmed beyond all measure.) Merciful God!

Tal.—May he be merciful to me for having deprived thee of life—if thou dost not confess.

Miss B.—Help!

Tal.—Utter another word and it shall be thy last. This murder would be pardonable, compared with all the misery and infamy which for years thy malice has heaped upon me. Not all my patience, not all my kindness and generosity, not all the sums which I withheld from my children and lavished upon thee, could ever make thee so humane as to grant me one moment's comfort.—Now expect no compassion—no mercy. —Vengeance, vengeance for all the torments thou hast inflicted upon me!—Hast thou stolen the papers?—Confess, or this moment thou diest.

Miss B.—Mercy! Mercy!—I did take a paper.

Tal.—This instant restore it.

Miss B.—Oh, Heavens! I no longer have it.

Tal.—(Cocks the pistol.) Who has it?

Miss B.—Miss Soltau.

Tal.—How long has she had it?

Miss B.—Only a few minutes. (A knock is heard at the door.) When I found that you would dismiss me without any reward—— (The knock is repeated.)

Tal.—Not another syllable! You are my prisoner.

Bolfeld.—(Without.) Is nobody here?

Miss B.—Yes, brother, yes.

Tal.—(To Miss Bolfeld.) Go into the next room, instantly.

Miss B.—Burst the door open. Help! Help! (Talland puts the pistol in his pocket and opens the door.)

Enter Bolfeld.

Bolfeld.—What has happened here?

Miss B.—He held a pistol to my breast.

Bol.—Damnation! I'll go to a magistrate.

Miss B.—Take me with you, brother.

Tal.—She shall not move from the spot.

Bol.—But I say she shall go with me, and he who attempts to detain her——

Tal.—(In a tone of stupefaction and despair.) True. She may go, and act as she pleases. I am tired of interfering with her conduct.

Miss B.—Now we shall see whose life is in danger. Yours, I rather think, sir. (Exeunt Bolfeld and Miss Bolfeld.)

Enter Ellof, from the other side.

Ellof.—Whither is she going?

Tal.—She is going to publish my infamy. All is inevitably lost. Miss Soltau is already in possession of the will.

Ell.—But don't let this woman go. (Going.)

Tal.—(Detains him.) Leave everything to Heaven.—My hour is come. (Draws the pistol hastily from his pocket and attempts to shoot himself.)

Ell.—(Seizes his arm.) Man!

Tal.—Release me—I can endure no more.—Cruel man, let me put an end to my sufferings. (Endeavors to release himself.) Despair is stronger than friendship.

Ell.—Help! Henry! Henry!

Enter on one side Henry, and on the other Mr. and Mrs. Rathing.

Henry.—For Heaven's sake. (Seizes Talland's right arm and wrests the pistol from his hand.) Dear, worthy sir——

Rathing.—What has happened?

Mrs. Rathing.—Dear father!

Tal.—Oh, that you had a father!—Go, Maria. You are a poor, forsaken orphan.

Mrs. R.—Say not so, dearest father.

Tal.—Mention not that name—and look not thus at me. There is peace and virtue in your looks—I cannot bear them.

Ell.—Compose yourself, friend. Go, Henry. (Exit Henry.)

Tal.—You cannot now assist me. Farewell, Maria—embrace me. (Presses her in his arms, then pushes her gently from him.) And now forget me—forget me, all of you.

Mrs. R.—Oh, may God forget me if I do not love you with the same affection that I always felt for you!

Tal.—That was not sufficient for me. I regarded not the costly blessing, and have brought infamy upon my children. Forgive me, Maria. You are poor—you are deprived of wealth and reputation—I have plundered you. (Takes her hand.) Forgive me.

Mrs. R.—Oh, that I could allay the tempest which rages in this breast! (Lays her hand on his breast.)

Tal.—That you cannot.—No one can—no one shall.—The form—the dying man—his breaking eye—— Do not look at me, Maria—thus he looked at me—thus my hand lay on his breast. (Puts Mrs. Rathing's hand aside.) When I pledged

to him—— Away! Away!—His lips are closed—but every figure which I see proclaims his dying will.

Rath.—I conjure you by all that is dear to you——

Tal.—Here it is hidden. (Beating his breast.) Here—here—deep below his will is hidden—it has been hidden fourteen years—air—air—air—my heart will break—give me air.

Mrs. R.—Father! Father!

Rath.—For Heaven's sake——

Ell.—'Rouse yourself.

Tal.—The angel of the Almighty has opened the tribunal.—The world is summoned—I am condemned—my children declared infamous—through me.—Curse me not.—Grant me—— (Sinks on his knees before his daughter.) Grant me thy pity—I beseech thee. (Falls back in a swoon. They catch him in their arms.)

ACT V.

SCENE.—The same.

Enter Lewis and Wehrman.

Wehrman.—What means this sudden alteration in the house? No one is to be seen.

Lewis.—I cannot understand it.

Weh.—Indeed. But I can—and have long understood it.—Who could have thought that a man with so bad a conscience would be the first to place others in a disgraceful light? But for your father's conduct I should now have been at the top of preferment. For years I have used every possible effort that I might be able to gain public satisfaction for the public disgrace he brought upon me. The wished-for moment is arrived, and I will not let it pass without availing myself of it.

Lew.—Is this your friendship? Would you try to ruin the father of your friend?

Weh.—He is my enemy, and I am only doing an act of justice. Soltau's fortune must be transferred to the lawful heiress. It is evident that the will by which your father obtained it was a false one.

Lew.—Dare you attempt——

Weh.—I every moment perceive more palpably that the attempt is not daring. As for you—of course there is an end to the connection between you and my sister; but I will, nevertheless, assist you in your pursuits.

Lew.—And if the worst were true, how will you act toward my father?

Weh.—The only means of persuading me not to make his crime public will be to confess to me that he is as guilty as he wished to make me appear in the eyes of the world—but he must throw himself entirely upon my mercy.

Lew.—You are a monster. I despise myself for listening to you.

Weh.—You feel as a son ought to feel, but remember your father's situation makes it necessary that you should beware of using illiberal language to me.

Lew.—My father cannot be what you describe.

Weh.—Come with me to your room and I will communicate the proofs to you.—But, however, you are young, and may, perhaps, gain the affections of this Miss Soltau, by which you will become possessed of the whole fortune and can support your relations.

Lew.—Spare your humiliating counsel and have compassion on my father.

Weh.—I have observed his conduct with a watchful eye so long that I sink under the foolish weakness of feeling pity for him. I promise to conceal his error from the world, but only on condition of being allowed to convince him that it is in my power to retaliate upon him.

Lew.—The son must be silent, but at least avoid the family for the present, and let me speak to you as a friend. (Exeunt.)

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Rathing and Ellof.

Mrs. Rathing.—Alas, I have no hope. My father is lost to the world and us.

Rathing.—Compose yourself, Maria.

Ellof.—I must own, the attack is severe, but this might naturally be expected. That a secret, on which his character

depends, should be brought to light after having been concealed in his own breast for so many years—that his sincere repentance may not be so well known as his crime—all this must affect him deeply. But, thank Heaven, the storm is over. He must now seek repose elsewhere.

Rath.—Undoubtedly. He must see the inhabitants of this place as little as possible.

Ell.—He must prevail upon himself to appear once more among them—and then away! I will accompany him.

Mrs. R.—But what is to be done here? Miss Soltau has the will.

Ell.—Perhaps it is not yet opened.

Mrs. R.—And the Bolfelds! What——

Ell.—With them nothing but money will avail. Go, my dear sir, and send Bolfeld to me.

Rath.—Offer what you please. We wish for no parental inheritance if a father's peace can be purchased with it.

Mrs. R.—Dearest William! (Embraces him.)

Ell.—Right!—Lewis must undertake to silence Wehrman—I'll direct this.—But that he may not form a combination with Bolfeld, send the avaricious bully hither instantly.—You, madame, must attend to your father—but at present let him sleep. I will have an immediate conversation with Miss Soltau, after which I shall be ready for Bolfeld.

Mrs. R.—Heaven reward you, sir, for the interest you feel——

Ell.—Not another word—and not another tear! For the crime which has been committed torrents of tears have already been shed. (Takes their hands.) Courage, my friends! All may yet end well. Go, go. (Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Rathing.) Wehrman! Wehrman!—Alas! There hangs the cloud which threatens to destroy my plans.

Enter Lewis, much agitated.

Lewis.—Where is my father?

Ell.—In his room, but how long he will remain there—or can remain there, I know not.

Lew.—God of Heaven!

Ell.—What will you do for him?

Lew.—Everything that man can do.—Who will advise me——

Ell.—I will.

Lew.—Is it true, then, that the will——

Ell.—It is true.

Lew.—That my father's honor——

Ell.—Young man, I admire your feeling, but recollect that he, who exposed himself to danger for your sake, ought not to be deprived of honor in your eyes.

Lew.—Can you imagine I condemn him?

Ell.—(Takes his hand.) Henceforth I shall not imagine you capable of it.—As for honor, if you choose to gain it by filial exertion, I'll be your instructor.

Lew.—I am astonished that a stranger——

Ell.—Congenial minds are not strangers to each other.

Lew.—Oh, speak, then. What must be done?

Ell.—(Lays his hand on Lewis' breast.) This must tell you.

Lew.—(Resolutely.) Frederica shall have the fortune.

Ell.—Right!

Lew.—But I fear it will be difficult to silence Wehrman.

Ell.—That you must attempt. Your father's distress urges this implacable man to prove his suspicions by force; and such conduct has as great, perhaps a greater, effect on a suffering penitent than absolute proof would have upon a hardened villain.

Lew.—He will conceal the circumstance from the world if my father will confess all to him in private.

Ell.—Such a demand will kill your father.

Lew.—All petitions are in vain.

Ell.—Then only one expedient remains. The laws forbid it, but filial affection, roused to the utmost by despair, justifies it.

Lew.—I understand you, and my sensations anticipated your sentiments; but the fear of doing anything which might

draw the attention of the public to my father deterred me. Now, however, when you urge it—— (Going.)

Ell.—Yet hold!—You are right.—Another way is still open to us. Falsehood must aid where truth cannot prevail. Be ready to maintain everything I propose—everything I say of you.

Lew.—I do not comprehend you.

Ell.—Time is precious. Send Wehrman to me.

Lew.—I place my father's fate in your hands.

Ell.—Some one comes.—Send Wehrman hither. (Exit Lewis.)

Enter Frederica.

Miss Soltau, I am a friend of this family. At my age a man may be supposed to have obtained some knowledge of the world. I wish for your confidence, and time will not permit me to say more than that you shall find me worthy of it.

Frederica.—After having witnessed your conduct, sir, since I came to this house, I willingly grant it—nay, come hither to ask your advice.

Ell.—That you shall have. Providence has placed you in a critical situation. You have received a paper. Was it open when you received it?

Fre.—It was.

Ell.—Have you read it?

Fre.—I have.

Ell.—And how do you mean to act?

Fre.—In such a manner as to injure no one. Oh, instruct my inexperienced youth, and tell me how I can be of any service to Mr. Talland.

Ell.—I perceive you are worthy of the fortune which must fall to you. But hear me. As God shall judge me, Talland had determined that you should have it before he took you into his house.

Fre.—Oh, I willingly believe it. Your word and the kindness with which he sought me are sufficient proofs. I am still more indebted to him than I thought. His children shall not be deprived of all.

Ell.—Good girl!—Bolfeld may, I think, be bribed, but the suspicions of Wehrman——

Enter Lewis.

Lewis.—Mr. Ellof, my father wants you.

Ell.—Will you consent to appear ignorant of all that has happened, and to accept the whole fortune as a present from Talland?

Fre.—I will.

Ell.—We must lose no time. May I rely on this?

Fre.—(Presents her hand to him.) Most firmly.

Ell.—God reward you, and when a young man worthy of you shall obtain this hand, the recollection of your present conduct must make you completely happy. God bless you! (Exit.)

Fre.—(To Lewis, who is going.) Mr. Lewis!

Lew.—Madame!

Fre.—When I last saw you, I begged that our conversation might end. I now entreat your patience.

Lew.—You need but command.

Fre.—Pardon me, if I avail myself of this opportunity to speak on the subject with which your mind must at present be wholly concerned. Your father is justified in my eyes and in the eyes of Heaven, for his contrition has been sincere; willingly, therefore, will I lend my aid to justify him in the eyes of the world. Repeat this to your sister and brother-in-law, to whom I would be happy to say it if I did not wish to make you the messenger of good tidings, who have so often gone to them for a far different purpose.

Lew.—You surprise me——

Fre.—Hear further. My uncle did not forget his friend entirely—nor shall I forget him. Be assured that Mr. Talland may be at ease with respect to his children.

Lew.—Can you, by humiliating generosity——

Fre.—Your father is just—you are just—allow me to be so, too.—I shall rejoice to see you more happy and composed. (Exit.)

Lew.—My admiration for her sense and virtue increases each time that I converse with her, but it is, thank Heaven, admiration unmingled with interested motives.

Enter Bolfeld.

Bolfeld.—Pshaw! Never tell me——

Lew.—What do you want, sir?

Bol.—Not you for a son-in-law, Mr. Light-purse.

Lew.—Scoundrel, I'll kick you out of doors.

Bol.—But not till you have paid me—and paid me handsomely, too. Oh, that I had known this story of the will sooner! You should have offered me a round sum on your knees.

Lew.—If you have any regard for your bones——

Bol.—You ought to thank me for only bawling within doors, for if I were to proclaim what I know in the street, every window of the house would be broken in a trice.

Enter Rathing.

Rathing.—Be quiet, I beseech you, and have compassion on the old man.

Bol.—What! Have compassion on a man who held a pistol to my sister's breast!—At a word—eight thousand dollars I'll have—or the devil himself shall be let loose.

Rath.—But Miss Soltau will obtain the fortune.

Bol.—That's your concern—not mine. The money I will have, and if my sister had not been a great fool we should have had a great deal more long ago.

Rath.—I have already made the utmost offer.

Bol.—What! a few paltry dollars, forsooth! Will you or will you not give me eight thousand?

Rath.—I will not.

Bol.—Then abide by the consequence. (Going.)

Enter Ellof.

Ellof.—(Detains Bolfeld.) Hallo, townsman!

Bol.—Townsman! Who are you?

Ell.—One who proceeds with vigor when he discovers villainous intentions. I know Mr. Bolfeld well. Submit, or dread me.

Bol.—Damnation! What do you want?

Ell.—You shall have a thousand dollars, on condition that you and your sister sign an article, declaring it to be your joint opinion that no second will was ever made. Instantly consent or the nefarious traffic in smuggled goods between you and Reefeld shall be brought to light, and Mr. Bolfeld's dismissal must, of course, ensue. Answer.

Bol.—Smuggled!—Does a runaway fellow presume to accuse me——

Ell.—(Seizes him by the collar.) Scoundrel!——

Bol.—Mercy on me—for Heaven's sake.

Ell.—You have robbed the government of its revenue, and that part of its revenue which you are appointed to receive.

Bol.—Pray, sir, can you produce any proofs of this?

Ell.—I can, villain. The wagoners employed by you are ready to testify it.

Bol.—(Aside.) Damnation!

Ell.—Now, consent instantly or I will proceed to establish your guilt.

Bol.—Mercy on me!—I must first consult my poor sister, and if she has no objection——

Ell.—Begone, then. A thousand dollars—and no more. Begone, I say.

Bol.—I always told the blockhead to bring the affair to a conclusion. Now we must be satisfied with a paltry thousand. —The stupid old fool. (Exit.)

Ell.—That fellow is secured. Reefeld and I lived in the same village, and I was lately apprised of the connection between him and Bolfeld. I was resolved to expose their villainy, but rejoice I have so good a reason for concealing it. We must now disarm Wehrman. Go to your father, Mr. Lewis —receive the money designed for the payment of your debts, and take leave of him.

Lew.—I will not forsake my father.

Rath.—Leave!

Ell.—The carriage is ordered. He must quit this place for a short time.—I own, I wish your wife would accompany him.

Rath.—She can and will.

Ell.—Some one else must accompany him, too, if all be as I wish.

Lew.—I repeat that I will not forsake him.

Ell.—If you will not confirm his melancholy by letting him perceive your own, I can have no objection. Remember, you must support me in everything. Wehrman will come, I presume?

Lew.—Very soon.

Ell.—Go, then—summon your spirits, and return with a cheerful countenance.

Lew.—As cheerful as it can be. (Exit.)

Ell.—Now to business again.—Wehrman can make no complaint respecting a concealed will, if the heiress deny its existence. We must confuse him by a bold stroke. (Espies Frederica.) It is well you come.

Enter Frederica.

Frederica.—It cannot be pleasant to any one that I should any longer remain in this house. (Presents a paper to Ellof.) Here is my grateful acknowledgment of Mr. Talland's bounty.

Ell.—Generous girl! Will you rescue the good man entirely? It is in your power.

Fre.—Most willingly.

Ell.—Will you, to effect this, undertake—what I dare scarcely ask?

Fre.—Anything compatible with my honor.

Ell.—His melancholy situation makes me venture any request by which my friend can be rescued.—My dear girl, consent for a short time to acknowledge yourself engaged to Lewis. The most solemn article shall be given to you, declaring you are free. Confess that you are engaged to him in the presence of Wehrman, and leave this place with us.

At the expiration of a few weeks it may be said that, not finding him the man with whom you can be happy, you have declined his addresses, and that his father, incensed at his conduct, has restored to you the property of your uncle. Thus, for a short time we shall silence the world, and all will, in the meanwhile, be properly adjusted. Do you feel yourself capable of doing so much to save my unhappy friend?

Fre.—(After a pause.) As far as I can at present judge—it will not be easy to me.

Rath.—That I feel.

Fre.—But if you both think that it will produce such happy consequences——

Rath.—It will; it will.

Fre.—I will consent to it, then, on the conditions you have mentioned.

Rath.—(Kisses her hand.) I admire—revere you.

Ell.—The deed by which you are acknowledged to be at liberty you shall receive from me. Now, Wehrman is completely disarmed. Go, dear, generous girl. We expect him every moment. (Exit Frederica.) When he comes, we must, as if by accident, make some allusion to the pretended connection between the young people.

Enter Talland, Lewis and Mrs. Rathing.

Come, my friend—hold up your head. All goes on as we wish. (Talland looks at him.)

Rath.—You may be at ease now, dear sir. (Talland sighs.)

Lewis.—I accompany you on the journey—don't I, my father?

Talland.—Journey! (Reflects awhile.) Yes—I must begin the journey——

Ell.—Right, my good friend.

Tal.—(Takes his daughter's hand.) Do you hear?

Mrs. Rathing.—We are all of one opinion in that respect, dear father.

Ell.—Miss Soltau consents to the declaration that she is engaged to Mr. Lewis.

Lew.—To me!

Ell.—Not another word. Obey, that you may prove your filial affection—but, remember, this is only a pretended engagement——

Lew.—You need not remind me of that.

Ell.—So much the better. All, then, is settled. You must now, my friend, lend us some little assistance by appearing cheerful as we pass through the streets, after which we will allow you a tear, if you feel yourself thereby relieved.

Tal.—(Smiles.) I have shed many tears—and I remember they relieved me.—But how to appear cheerful—I know not. (Looks round.) I feel as if I was many years older. (Sighs.) I am so weary——

Mrs. R.—(Apart to Ellof.) Heavens! What means this?

Ell.—(With composure.) I am sorry for it.

Tal.—Give me a chair—I cannot bear my sorrows and my body. (Seats himself.) The burden is too great—too great.

Ell.—You will soon be better, my good friend. (Talland shakes his head and smiles.) You will, indeed.

Tal.—Not here—not here.—Maria, come hither—seat yourself close to me—close to my heart.

Mrs. R.—(Takes a chair.) Dearest father!

Tal.—I thought I had something more to say to you.—Perhaps it would have been better if I had not seen you—for the sight of you distresses me.

Lew.—(Kneeling before him.) My father!

Tal.—Maria, your hand!—You were always good. Your hand, too, Lewis.—It trembles, my son.—I wanted to tell you that I love you—and you, too, Rathing. This is old—but it is true.

Ell.—You must not give way to this despondency, friend.

Mrs. R.—Oh, cease, you will break my heart.

Tal.—I will no longer distress any one. Oh! (Strikes his breast.) Open a window. (Lewis obeys.) I am so hot—so oppressed—and—— (Beckons to Ellof, who approaches—and to whom he whispers.) Don't let them all flit before me thus.

Ell.—I'll prevent it. (Shakes his head, turns away and wipes his eyes.)

Tal.—Must it be so?—Well, well—it is late—and I must go to the chancellor. (Rises.)

Mrs. R.—Compose yourself, dear father. (Causes him to sit down again.) Compose yourself.

Tal.—Is not that Mr. Wehrman?

Rath.—He is not here, sir.

Tal.—Indeed! (Sighs.) Wehrman is the cause of my being obliged to go away. (A pause.) I was thinking that as I must go away, and we are now together, I might give you some good advice—for who knows when we shall meet again?

Lew.—Your will shall be our law.

Tal.—Much will be said against me now, and after my death—but you must not attend to it. You, Maria, must not weep when you hear my honor called in question—and you, my sons, must not be violent, as good sons might be on such an occasion. Call to mind that you are good children, but that I—was not a good father.

Ell.—For Heaven's sake, cease, I beseech you.

Tal.—(Wipes his eyes.) Now I have been obliged to weep. —Yes.—I must go—I must leave my family, my native land, and the tomb which contains your mother, and which I wished to have contained me, too. (Gazes at all with folded hands.) Old and infirm as I am, I must fly and avoid the sight of every honest man.

Ell.—(Much agitated.) Cease, I say. I command—I insist upon it.

Tal.—(Seems somewhat alarmed, looks at Ellof and then says, with composure:) Yes—I obey—I'll do anything you wish. I have no will—I may not have a will. (In a friendly tone to Ellof.) Shall I go?

Ell.—Yes—your son and daughter will accompany you on the journey.

Lew. and Mrs. R.—Yes, dear father.

Tal.—Don't deceive me, for were I to leave my home without you, it would break my heart.

Lew. and Mrs. R.—We will accompany you, indeed.

Tal.—Well—take my blessing for your filial affection. I may be allowed to bless you—for the greatest criminal is allowed, before his execution——

Mrs. R.—(Kneels.) I receive with gratitude the blessing of the best and most unfortunate of fathers.

Lew.—(Kneels.) The blessing of Heaven.

Tal.—Never become rich—never—never—for I can tell you, in confidence—— (Draws his children to him. Rathing, unperceived by his wife, takes the hand of Ellof and points, with a look of anguish, to his forehead.)

Ell.—Oh, God!

Mrs. R.—(Turns away and throws herself into the arms of her husband.) He is lost.

Tal.—(Seems to be seeking something in his breast.) See—here—there—(puts his hand to his head)—and there—how painful!

Lew.—What thus distresses you?

Tal.—Conscience, conscience. Oh, I am hot—dreadfully hot—and you—you are all in tears. Right! I have robbed you of everything—but forgive me—for although I make you unhappy, I am so, too—and I am still your father. (Throws himself into the arms of his son.)

Enter Wehrman.

Wehrman.—I hear strange news, indeed.

Ell.—Come, madame. We will conduct your father to his room.

Tal.—(Rivets his eyes on Wehrman.) There he is. I am ready. (To the rest.) Farewell!

Weh.—Are you not well?

Tal.—(Releases himself.) I am extremely well. (Presses Wehrman's hand.) I sincerely thank you for having relieved me. (Gives his keys to Rathing.) There! (Kisses his daughter and embraces his son and friend.) Yes—I am released. Celebrate my release without a curse.

Lew.—(To Wehrman.) Oh, leave us.

Tal.—Peace! Listen to me.

Ell.—You are too weak——

Tal.—Mr. Wehrman, you are my friend. I may entrust it to you.

Ell.—(To Wehrman.) Sir, you see his situation. (Seizes Talland by the arm.) Come to your room.

Tal.—No—no—I must first make peace—I will honorably restore all——

Rath.—He has made his daughter-in-law a present of the Soltau estate. (Leading him away.)

Tal.—See—they want to drag me away. Help! (They quit their hold.)

Weh.—Compose yourself, Mr. Talland.

Tal.—(Goes toward Wehrman.) The will was false—totally false.

Lew.—You see his situation, Mr. Wehrman.

Weh.—I go.

Tal.—No. Stay. All is well. I feel better than I was—I feel easier—more cheerful.—Ha! What are those men bearing?—See—there—see—how kindly he looks at me.—Don't you see him—old Soltau?—There, to the right—there he lies.—Silence! Silence!—His eyes are closed. He is asleep.—I'll wake him. (Totters toward a chair.—Lewis supports him.)

Mrs. R.—Oh, my father, my father!

Ell.—His senses are fled.

Lew.—There is your victory.

Weh.—(Agitated.) Oh, I wished not for such a victory.

Tal.—(Kneels before the chair.) Awake! Awake!—I have restored all—I have no more.—Pursue me no longer—awake and forgive me—awake!—Ha!—He opens his eyes—he offers me his hand—he draws me to him. (With a cry of horror.) Oh! How cold you are! (Becomes very weak.) So cold—so cold—oh! (His breath begins to fail, but he attempts to rise.) Let me—— (They support him.) Let me——

Weh.—(To Ellof.) I will maintain that I have seen and heard nothing.—This is too much. (Exit.)

Tal.—So cold—so dark—— (Draws breath with great difficulty.) Now I am well—very well. (Staggers and becomes convulsed.)

Rath.—A chair!

Tal.—(Starts from the arms of those who support him.) Fire! Fire!—Oh! (Falls—his breast heaves high—he expires.)

Mrs. R.—Help! Help! (Rushes out.)

Lew.—God of Heaven! (Kneels and takes his hand.)

Rath.—(With uplifted hands and voice choked with tears.) Oh, conscience, conscience!

Ell.—(Casts a look of agony toward Talland.) My friend! —We shall meet again. (The curtain falls.)

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS

BY

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

(*Translated by Anna Swanwick.*)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

IPHIGENIA.

THOAS, King of the Taurians.

ORESTES.

PYLADES.

ARKAS.

SCENE—A GROVE BEFORE THE TEMPLE OF DIANA

ARGUMENT.

In Goethe's *Iphigenia in Tauris* the heroine appears in the temple of Diana, in the Tauric Chersonese, or, as it is now termed, the Crimea, then inhabited by a barbarous race, which, according to tradition, sacrificed at the altar of the goddess all strangers cast on their shores. Hither come Orestes and Pylades, and are brought into the presence of Iphigenia, who, as priestess, presides over the bloody rites. But instead of a victim, she finds in Orestes a brother, and, as in the drama of Euripides, the chief interest lies in the escape of Iphigenia and Orestes from the Taurian shore. In Goethe's play it is the character of the heroine that awakens our warmest sympathy, and not as in that of Euripides, the generous friendship of Orestes and Pylades.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Iphigenia.

Beneath your leafy gloom, ye waving boughs
Of this old, shady, consecrated grove,
As in the goddess' silent sanctuary,
With the same shudd'ring feeling forth I step,
As when I trod it first, nor ever here
Doth my unquiet spirit feel at home.
Long as the mighty will, to which I bow,

Hath kept me here conceal'd, still, as at first,
I feel myself a stranger. For the sea
Doth sever me, alas! from those I love,
And day by day upon the shore I stand,
My soul still seeking for the land of Greece.
But to my sighs, the hollow-sounding waves
Bring, save their own hoarse murmurs, no reply.
Alas for him! who friendless and alone,
Remote from parents and from brethren dwells;
From him grief snatches every coming joy
Ere it doth reach his lip. His restless thoughts
Revert forever to his father's halls,
Where first to him the radiant sun unclos'd
The gates of heav'n; where closer, day by day,
Brothers and sisters, leagu'd in pastime sweet,
Around each other twin'd the bonds of love.
I will not judge the counsel of the gods;
Yet, truly, woman's lot doth merit pity.
Man rules alike at home and in the field,
Nor is in foreign climes without resource;
Possession gladdens him, him conquest crowns,
And him an honorable death awaits.
How circumscrib'd is woman's destiny!
Obedience to a harsh, imperious lord,
Her duty, and her comfort; sad her fate,
Whom hostile fortune drives to lands remote:
Thus I, by noble Thoas, am detain'd,
Bound with a heavy, though a sacred chain.
Oh! with what shame, Diana, I confess
That with repugnance I perform these rites
For thee, divine protectress! unto whom
I would in freedom dedicate my life.
In thee, Diana, I have always hop'd,
And still I hope in thee, who didst infold
Within the holy shelter of thine arm
The outcast daughter of the mighty king.
Daughter of Jove! hast thou from ruin'd Troy
Led back in triumph to his native land
The mighty man, whom thou didst sore afflict,
His daughter's life in sacrifice demanding—

Hast thou for him, the godlike Agamemnon,
Who to thine altar led his darling child,
Preserv'd his wife, Electra, and his son,
His dearest treasures?—then at length restore
Thy suppliant also to her friends and home,
And save her, as thou once from death didst save,
So now, from living here, a second death.

SCENE II.

Iphigenia, Arkas.

Arkas.—The king hath sent me hither, and commands
To hail Diana's priestess. This the day,
On which for new and wonderful success,
Tauris her goddess thanks. The king and host
Draw near—I come to herald their approach.

Iph.—We are prepared to give them worthy greeting;
Our goddess doth behold with gracious eye
The welcome sacrifice from Thoas' hand.

Ark.—Oh, priestess, that thine eye more mildly beam'd—
Thou much-rever'd one—that I found thy glance,
O consecrated maid, more calm, more bright,
To all a happy omen! Still doth grief,
With gloom mysterious, shroud thy inner mind;
Still, still, through many a year we wait in vain
For one confiding utt'rance from thy breast.
Long as I've known thee in this holy place,
That look of thine hath ever made me shudder;
And, as with iron bands, thy soul remains
Lock'd in the deep recesses of thy breast.

Iph.—As doth become the exile and the orphan.

Ark.—Dost thou then here seem exil'd and an orphan?

Iph.—Can foreign scenes our fatherland replace?

Ark.—Thy fatherland is foreign now to thee.

Iph.—Hence is it that my bleeding heart ne'er heals.
In early youth, when first my soul, in love,
Held father, mother, brethren fondly twin'd,

A group of tender germs, in union sweet,
We sprang in beauty from the parent stem,
And heavenward grew. An unrelenting curse
Then seiz'd and sever'd me from those I lov'd,
And wrench'd with iron grasp the beauteous bands.
It vanish'd then, the fairest charm of youth,
The simple gladness of life's early dawn;
Though sav'd, I was a shadow of myself,
And life's fresh joyance bloom'd in me no more.

Ark.—If thus thou ever dost lament thy fate,
I must accuse thee of ingratitude.

Iph.—Thanks have you ever.

Ark.— Not the honest thanks
Which prompt the heart to offices of love;
The joyous glance, revealing to the host
A grateful spirit, with its lot content.
When thee a deep mysterious destiny
Brought to this sacred fane, long years ago,
To greet thee, as a treasure sent from heaven
With reverence and affection, Thoas came,
Benign and friendly was this shore to thee,
Which had before each stranger's heart appall'd.
For, till thy coming, none e'er trod our realm
But fell, according to an ancient rite,
A bloody victim at Diana's shrine.

Iph.—Freely to breathe alone is not to live.
Say, is it life, within this holy fane,
Like a poor ghost around its sepulchre
To linger out my days? Or call you that
A life of conscious happiness and joy,
When every hour, dream'd listlessly away,
Leads to those dark and melancholy days,
Which the sad troop of the departed spend
In self-forgetfulness on Lethe's shore?
A useless life is but an early death;
This, woman's lot, is eminently mine.

Ark.—I can forgive, though I must needs deplore,
The noble pride which underrates itself.
It robs thee of the happiness of life.

And hast thou, since thy coming here, done naught?
Who cheer'd the gloomy temper of the king?
Who hath with gentle eloquence annull'd,
From year to year, the usage of our sires,
By which, a victim at Diana's shrine,
Each stranger perish'd, thus from certain death
Sending so oft the rescued captive home?
Hath not Diana, harboring no revenge
For this suspension of her bloody rites,
In richest measure heard thy gentle prayer?
On joyous pinions o'er the advancing host,
Doth not triumphant conquest proudly soar?
And feels not every one a happier lot,
Since Thoas, who so long hath guided us
With wisdom and with valor, sway'd by thee,
The joy of mild benignity approves,
Which leads him to relax the rigid claims
Of mute submission? Call thyself useless! Thou,
Thou, from whose being o'er a thousand hearts,
A healing balsam flows? when to a race,
To whom a god consign'd thee, thou dost prove
A fountain of perpetual happiness,
And from this dire inhospitable shore
Dost to the stranger grant a safe return?

Iph.—The little done doth vanish to the mind,
Which forward sees how much remains to do.

Ark.—Him dost thou praise, who underrates his deeds?

Iph.—Who estimates his deeds is justly blam'd.

Ark.—We blame alike, who proudly disregard
Their genuine merit, and who vainly prize
Their spurious worth too highly. Trust me, priestess,
And hearken to the counsel of a man
With honest zeal devoted to thy service:
When Thoas comes to-day to speak with thee,
Lend to his purpos'd words a gracious ear.

Iph.—The well-intention'd counsel troubles me:
His offer studiously I've sought to shun.

Ark.—Thy duty and thy interest calmly weigh.
Since the king lost his son, he trusts but few,

Nor those as formerly. Each noble's son
He views with jealous eye as his successor;
He dreads a solitary, helpless age,
Or rash rebellion, or untimely death.
A Scythian studies not the rules of speech,
And least of all the king. He who is used
To act and command, knows not the art,
From far, with subtle tact, to guide discourse
Through many windings to its destin'd goal.
Do not embarrass him with shy reserve
And studied misconception: graciously,
And with submission, meet the royal wish.

Iph.—Shall I then speed the doom that threatens me?

Ark.—His gracious offer canst thou call a threat?

Iph.—'Tis the most terrible of all to me.

Ark.—For his affection grant him confidence.

Iph.—If he will first redeem my soul from fear.

Ark.—Why dost thou hide from him thy origin?

Iph.—A priestess secrecy doth well become.

Ark.—Naught to our monarch should a secret be;
And, though he doth not seek to fathom thine,
His noble nature feels, ay, deeply feels,
That studiously thou hid'st thyself from him.

Iph.—Displeasure doth he harbor 'gainst me, then?

Ark.—Almost it seems so. True, he speaks not of thee,
But casual words have taught me that the wish
To call thee his hath firmly seiz'd his soul;
Oh, do not leave the monarch to himself!
Lest his displeasure, rip'ning in his breast,
Should work thee woe, so with repentance thou
Too late my faithful counsel shalt recall.

Iph.—How! doth the monarch purpose what no man
Of noble mind, who loves his honest name,
Whose bosom reverence for the gods restrains,
Would ever think of? Will he force employ
To tear me from this consecrated fane?
Then will I call the gods, and chiefly thee,
Diana, goddess resolute, to aid me;

Thyself a virgin, thou'lt a virgin shield,
And succor to thy priestess gladly yield.

Ark.—Be tranquil! Passion, and youth's fiery blood
Impel not Thoas rashly to commit
A deed so lawless. In his present mood,
I fear from him another harsh resolve,
Which (for his soul is steadfast and unmov'd)
He then will execute without delay.
Therefore I pray thee, canst thou grant no more,
At least be grateful—give thy confidence.

Iph.—Oh, tell me what is further known to thee.

Ark.—Learn it from him. I see the king approach;
Thou honor'st him, and thy own heart will prompt thee
To meet him kindly and with confidence.
A noble man by woman's gentle word
May oft be led.

Iph.—(Alone.) I see not how I can
Follow the counsel of my faithful friend.
But willingly the duty I perform
Of giving thanks for benefits receiv'd,
And much I wish that to the king my lips
With truth could utter what would please his ear.

SCENE III.

Iphigenia, Thoas.

Iph.—Her royal gifts the goddess shower on thee!
Imparting conquest, wealth, and high renown,
Dominion, and the welfare of thy house,
With the fulfillment of each pious wish,
That thou, who over numbers rul'st supreme,
Thyself may'st be supreme in happiness!

Thoas.—Contented were I with my people's praise;
My conquests others more than I enjoy.
Oh! be he king or subject, he's most blest,
Who in his home finds happiness and peace.
Thou shar'dst my sorrow, when a hostile sword
Tore from my side my last, my dearest son;

Long as fierce vengeance occupied my heart,
I did not feel my dwelling's dreary void;
But now, returning home, my rage appeas'd,
My foes defeated, and my son aveng'd,
I find there nothing left to comfort me.
The glad obedience, which I used to see
Kindling in every eye, is smothered now
In discontent and gloom; each, pond'ring, weighs
The changes which a future day may bring,
And serves the childless king because compell'd.
To-day I come within this sacred fane,
Which I have often enter'd to implore
And thank the gods for conquest. In my breast
I bear an old and fondly cherish'd wish,
To which methinks thou canst not be a stranger;
Thee, maid, a blessing to myself and realm,
I hope, as bride, to carry to my home.

Iph.—Too great thine offer, king, to one unknown;
Abash'd the fugitive before thee stands,
Who on this shore sought only what thou gav'st,
Safety and peace.

Tho.— Thus still to shroud thyself
From me, as from the lowest, in the veil
Of mystery which wrapp'd thy coming here,
Would in no country be deem'd just or right.
Strangers this shore appall'd; 'twas so ordain'd
Alike by law and stern necessity.
From thee alone—a kindly welcom'd guest,
Who hast enjoy'd each hallow'd privilege,
And spent thy days in freedom unrestrain'd—
From thee I hop'd that confidence to gain
Which every faithful host may justly claim.

Iph.—If I conceal'd, O king, my name, my race,
'Twas fear that prompted me, and not mistrust.
For didst thou know who stands before thee now,
And what accursed head thy arm protects,
A shudd'ring horror would possess thy heart;
And, far from wishing me to share thy throne,
Thou, ere the time appointed, from thy realm

Wouldst banish me perchance, and thrust me forth,
Before a glad reunion with my friends
And period to my wand'rings is ordain'd,
To meet that sorrow, which in every clime,
With cold, inhospitable, fearful hand,
Awaits the outcast, exil'd from his home.

Tho.—Whate'er respecting thee the gods decree,
Whate'er their doom for thee and for thy house,
Since thou hast dwelt among us and enjoy'd
The privilege the pious stranger claims,
To me hath fail'd no blessing sent from heaven;
And to persuade me, that protecting thee
I shield a guilty head, were hard indeed.

Iph.—Thy bounty, not the guest, draws blessings down.

Tho.—The kindness shown the wicked is not blest.
End then thy silence, priestess; not unjust
Is he who doth demand it. In my hands
The goddess placed thee; thou hast been to me
As sacred as to her, and her behest
Shall for the future also be my law.
If thou canst hope in safety to return
Back to thy kindred, I renounce my claims:
But is thy homeward path forever clos'd—
Or doth thy race in hopeless exile rove,
Or lie extinguished by some mighty woe—
Then may I claim thee by more laws than one.
Speak openly, thou know'st I keep my word.

Iph.—Its ancient bands reluctantly my tongue
Doth loose, a long-hid secret to divulge;
For once imparted, it resumes no more
The safe asylum of the inmost heart,
But thenceforth, as the powers above decree,
Doth work its ministry of weal or woe.
Attend! I issue from the Titan's race.

Tho.—A word momentous calmly hast thou spoken.
Him nam'st thou ancestor whom all the world
Knows as a sometime favorite of the gods?
Is it that Tantalus, whom Jove himself
Drew to his council and his social board?

On whose experienc'd words, with wisdom fraught.
As on the language of an oracle,
E'en gods delighted hung?

Iph.— 'Tis even he;
But gods should not hold intercourse with men
As with themselves. Too weak the human race,
Not to grow dizzy on unwonted heights.
Ignoble was he not, and no betrayer;
To be the Thunderer's slave, he was too great;
To be his friend and comrade—but a man.
His crime was human, and their doom severe;
For poets sing, that treachery and pride
Did from Jove's table hurl him headlong down,
To grovel in the depths of Tartarus.
Alas, and his whole race their hate pursues.

Tho.—Bear they their own guilt, or their ancestors'?

Iph.—The Titan's mighty breast and nervous frame
Was his descendant's certain heritage;
But round their brow Jove forg'd a band of brass.
Wisdom and patience, prudence and restraint,
He from their gloomy, fearful eye conceal'd;
In them each passion grew to savage rage,
And headlong rush'd uncheck'd. The Titan's son,
The strong-will'd Pelops, won his beauteous bride,
Hippodamia, child of Œnomaus,
Through treachery and murder; she ere long
Bore him two children, Atreus and Thyestes;
With envy they beheld the growing love
Their father cherish'd for a first-born son
Sprung from another union. Bound by hate,
In secret they contrive their brother's death.
The sire, the crime imputing to his wife,
With savage fury claim'd from her his child,
And she in terror did destroy herself——

Tho.—Thou'rt silent? Pause not in thy narrative!
Do not repent thy confidence—say on!

Iph.—How blest is he who his progenitors
With pride remembers, to the list'ner tells
The story of their greatness, of their deeds,

And, silently rejoicing, sees himself
Link'd to this goodly chain! For the same stock
Bears not the monster and the demigod:
A line, or good or evil, ushers in
The glory or the terror of the world.—
After the death of Pelops, his two sons
Rul'd o'er the city with divided sway.
But such an union could not long endure.
His brother's honor first Thyestes wounds.
In vengeance Atreus drove him from the realm.
Thyestes, planning horrors, long before
Had stealthily procur'd his brother's son,
Whom he in secret nurtur'd as his own.
Revenge and fury in his breast he pour'd,
Then to the royal city sent him forth,
That in his uncle he might slay his sire.
The meditated murder was disclos'd,
And by the king most cruelly aveng'd,
Who slaughter'd, as he thought, his brother's son.
Too late he learn'd whose dying tortures met
His drunken gaze; and seeking to assuage
The insatiate vengeance that possessed his soul,
He plann'd a deed unheard of. He assum'd
A friendly tone, seem'd reconcil'd, appeas'd,
And lured his brother, with his children twain,
Back to his kingdom; these he seiz'd and slew;
Then plac'd the loathsome and abhorrent food
At his first meal before the unconscious sire.
And when Thyestes had his hunger still'd
With his own flesh, a sadness seiz'd his soul;
He for his children ask'd—their steps, their voice
Fancied he heard already at the door;
And Atreus, grinning with malicious joy,
Threw in the members of the slaughter'd boys.—
Shudd'ring, O king, thou dost avert thy face:
So did the sun his radiant visage hide,
And swerve his chariot from the eternal path.
These, monarch, are thy priestess' ancestors,
And many a dreadful fate of mortal doom,
And many a deed of the bewilder'd brain,

Dark night doth cover with her sable wing,
Or shroud in gloomy twilight.

Tho.— Hidden there
Let them abide. A truce to horror now,
And tell me by what miracle thou sprang'st
From race so savage.

Iph.— Atreus' eldest son
Was Agamemnon; he, O king, my sire:
But I may say with truth, that, from a child,
In him the model of a perfect man
I witness'd ever. Clytemnestra bore
To him, myself, the firstling of their love,
Electra then. Peaceful the monarch rul'd,
And to the house of Tantalus was given
A long-withheld repose. A son alone
Was wanting to complete my parents' bliss;
Scarce was this wish fulfill'd, and young Orestes,
The household's darling, with his sisters grew,
When new misfortunes vex'd our ancient house.
To you hath come the rumor of the war,
Which, to avenge the fairest woman's wrongs,
The force united of the Grecian kings
Round Ilion's walls encamp'd. Whether the town
Was humbl'd, and achiev'd their great revenge
I have not heard. My father led the host.
In Aulis vainly for a favoring gale
They waited; for, enrag'd against their chief,
Diana stay'd their progress, and requir'd,
Through Chalcas' voice, the monarch's eldest daughter.
They lur'd me with my mother to the camp,
And at Diana's altar doom'd this head.—
She was appeas'd, she did not wish my blood,
And wrapt me in a soft protecting cloud;
Within this temple from the dream of death
I waken'd first. Yes, I myself am she;
Iphigenia—I who speak to thee
Am Atreus' grandchild, Agamemnon's child,
And great Diana's consecrated priestess.

Tho.—I yield no higher honor or regard
To the king's daughter than the maid unknown;

Once more my first proposal I repeat;
Come, follow me, and share what I possess.

Iph.—How dare I venture such a step, O king?
Hath not the goddess who protected me
Alone a right to my devoted head?
'Twas she who chose for me this sanctuary,
Where she perchance reserves me for my sire,
By my apparent death enough chastis'd,
To be the joy and solace of his age.
Perchance my glad return is near; and how
If I, unmindful of her purposes,
Had here attach'd myself against her will?
I ask'd a signal, did she wish my stay.

Tho.—The signal is that still thou tarriest here.
Seek not evasively such vain pretexts.
Not many words are needed to refuse,
By the refus'd the no alone is heard.

Iph.—Mine are not words meant only to deceive;
I have to thee my inmost heart reveal'd.
And doth no inward voice suggest to thee,
How I with yearning soul must pine to see
My father, mother, and my long-lost home?
Oh, let thy vessels bear me thither, king!
That in the ancient halls, where sorrow still
In accents low doth fondly breathe my name,
Joy, as in welcome of a new-born child,
May round the columns twine the fairest wreath.
Thou wouldst to me and mine new life impart.

Tho.—Then go! the promptings of thy heart obey;
Despise the voice of reason and good counsel.
Be quite the woman, sway'd by each desire,
That bridleless drives her ever to and fro,
When passion rages fiercely in her breast,
No sacred tie withholds her from the wretch
Who would allure her to forsake for him
A husband's or a father's guardian arms;
Extinct within her heart its fiery glow,
The golden tongue of eloquence in vain
With words of truth and power assails her ear.

Iph.—Remember now, O king, thy noble words!
My trust and candor wilt thou thus repay?
Thou seem'dst, methought, prepar'd to hear the truth.

Tho.—For this unlook'd-for answer not prepar'd.
Yet 'twas to be expected; knew I not
That 'twas with woman I had now to deal?

Iph.—Upbraid not thus, O king, our feeble sex!
Though not in dignity to match with yours,
The weapons woman wields are not ignoble.
And trust me, Thoas, in thy happiness
I have a deeper insight than thyself.
Thou thinkest, ignorant alike of both,
A closer union would augment our bliss;
Inspir'd with confidence and honest zeal
Thou strongly urgest me to yield consent;
And here I thank the gods, who give me strength
To shun a doom unratified by them.

Tho.—'Tis not a god, 'tis thine own heart that speaks.

Iph.—'Tis through the heart alone they speak to us.

Tho.—To hear them have I not an equal right?

Iph.—The raging tempest drowns the still, small voice.

Tho.—This voice, no doubt, the priestess hears alone.

Iph.—Before all others should the prince attend it.

Tho.—Thy sacred office, and ancestral right
To Jove's own table, place thee with the gods
In closer union than an earth-born savage.

Iph.—Thus must I now the confidence atone
Thyself extorted from me!

Tho.— I'm a man,
And better 'tis we end this conference.
Hear then my last resolve. Be priestess still
Of the great goddess who selected thee;
And may she pardon me, that I from her,
Unjustly and with secret self-reproach,
Her ancient sacrifice so long withheld.
From olden times no stranger near'd our shore
But fell a victim at her sacred shrine.
But thou, with kind affection (which at times

Seem'd like a gentle daughter's tender love,
At times assum'd to my enraptur'd heart
The modest inclination of a bride),
Didst so enthrall me, as with magic bonds,
That I forgot my duty. Thou didst rock
My senses in a dream: I did not hear
My people's murmurs: now they cry aloud,
Ascribing my poor son's untimely death
To this my guilt. No longer for thy sake
Will I oppose the wishes of the crowd,
Who urgently demand the sacrifice.

Iph.—For mine own sake I ne'er desired it from thee.
Who to the gods ascribe a thirst for blood
Do misconceive their nature, and impute
To them their own inhuman dark desires.
Did not Diana snatch me from the priest,
Preferring my poor service to my death?

Tho.—'Tis not for us, on reason's shifting grounds,
Lightly to guide and construe rites divine.
Perform thy duty; I'll accomplish mine.
Two strangers, whom in caverns of the shore
We found conceal'd, and whose arrival here
Bodes to my realm no good, are in my power.
With them thy goddess may once more resume
Her ancient, pious, long-suspended rites!
I send them here—thy duty not unknown. (Exit.)

Iph.—(Alone.) Gracious protectress! thou hast clouds
To shelter innocence distress'd,
And genial gales from fate's rude grasp,
Safely to waft her o'er the sea,
O'er the wide earth's remotest realms,
Where'er it seemeth good to thee.
Wise art thou—thine all-seeing eye
The future and the past surveys,
And doth on all thy children rest,
E'en as thy pure and guardian light
Keeps o'er the earth its silent watch,
The beauty and the life of night.
O Goddess! keep my hands from blood!

Blessing it never brings, nor peace;
And still in evil hours the form
Of the chance-murder'd man appears
To fill the unwilling murderer's soul
With horrible and gloomy fears.
For fondly the immortals view
Man's widely scatter'd, simple race;
And the poor mortal's transient life
Gladly prolong, that he may raise
Awhile to their eternal heavens
His sympathetic joyous gaze.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Orestes, Pylades.

Orestes.—It is the path of death that now we tread:
At every step my soul grows more serene.
When I implor'd Apollo to remove
The grisly band of Furies from my side,
He seem'd, with hope-inspiring, godlike words,
To promise aid and safety in the fane
Of his lov'd sister, who o'er Tauris rules.
Thus the prophetic word fulfils itself,
That with my life shall terminate my woe.
How easy 'tis for me, whose heart is crush'd,
Whose sense is deaden'd by a hand divine,
Thus to renounce the beauteous light of day!
And must the son of Atreus not entwine
The wreath of conquest round his dying brow—
Must I, as my forefathers, as my sire,
Bleed like a victim—an ignoble death—
So be it! Better at the altar here,
Than in a nook obscure, where kindred hands
Have spread assassination's wily net.
Yield me this brief repose, infernal powers!
Ye, who, like loosen'd hounds, still scent the blood
Which, trickling from my feet, betrays my path.
Leave me! ere long I come to you below.
Nor you, nor I, should view the light of day.

The soft green carpet of the beauteous earth
Is no arena for unhallow'd fiends.
Below I seek you, where an equal fate
Binds all in murky, never-ending night.
Thee only, thee, my Pylades, my friend,
The guiltless partner of my crime and curse,
Thee am I loath, before thy time, to take
To yonder cheerless shore! Thy life or death
Alone awakens in me hope or fear.

Pylades.—Like thee, Orestes, I am not prepar'd
Downward to wander to yon realm of shade.
I purpose still, through the entangl'd paths,
Which seem as they would lead to blackest night,
Again to guide our upward way to life.
Of death I think not; I observe and mark
Whether the gods may not perchance present
Means and fit moment for a joyful flight.
Dreaded or not, the stroke of death must come;
And though the priestess stood with hand uprais'd,
Prepar'd to cut our consecrated locks,
Our safety still should be my only thought:
Uplift thy soul above this weak despair;
Desponding doubts but hasten on our peril.
Apollo pledg'd to us his sacred word,
That in his sister's holy fane for thee
Were comfort, aid, and glad return prepar'd.
The words of heaven are not equivocal,
As in despair the poor oppress'd one thinks.

Ores.—The mystic web of life my mother spread
Around my infant head, and so I grew,
An image of my sire; and my mute look
Was aye a bitter and a keen reproof
To her and base Egisthus. Oh, how oft,
When silently within our gloomy hall
Electra sat, and mused beside the fire,
Have I with anguish'd spirit climb'd her knee,
And watch'd her bitter tears with sad amaze!
Then would she tell me of our noble sire:
How much I long'd to see him—be with him!

Myself at Troy one moment fondly wish'd,
My sire's return, the next. The day arrived——

Pyl.—Oh, of that awful hour let fiends of hell
Hold nightly converse! Of a time more fair
May the remembrance animate our hearts
To fresh heroic deeds. The gods require
On this wide earth the service of the good,
To work their pleasure. Still they count on thee;
For in thy father's train they sent thee not,
When he to Orcus went unwilling down.

Ores.—Would I had seiz'd the border of his robe,
And follow'd him!

Pyl.— They kindly car'd for me
Who here detain'd thee; for if thou hadst died
I know not what had then become of me;
Since I with thee, and for thy sake alone,
Have from my childhood liv'd, and wish to live.

Ores.—Do not remind me of those tranquil days,
When me thy home a safe asylum gave;
With fond solicitude thy noble sire
The half-nipp'd, tender flow'ret gently rear'd;
While thou, a friend and playmate always gay,
Like to a light and brilliant butterfly
Around a dusky flower, didst around me
Still with new life thy merry gambols play,
And breathe thy joyous spirit in my soul,
Until, my cares forgetting, I with thee
Was lur'd to snatch the eager joys of youth.

Pyl.—My very life began when thee I lov'd.

Ores.—Say then thy woes began, and thou speak'st truly.
This is the sharpest sorrow of my lot,
That, like a plague-infected wretch, I bear
Death and destruction hid within my breast;
That, where I tread, e'en on the healthiest spot,
Ere long the blooming faces round betray
The writhing features of a ling'ring death.

Pyl.—Were thy breath venom, I had been the first
To die that death, Orestes. Am I not,
As ever, full of courage and of joy?

And love and courage are the spirit's wings
Wafting to noble actions.

Ores.— Noble actions?
Time was, when fancy painted such before us!
When oft, the game pursuing, on we roam'd
O'er hill and valley; hoping that ere long
With club and weapon arm'd, we so might track
The robber to his den, or monster huge.
And then at twilight, by the glassy sea,
We peaceful sat, reclin'd against each other
The waves came dancing to our very feet,
And all before us lay the wide, wide world.
Then on a sudden one would seize his sword,
And future deeds shone round us like the stars,
Which gemm'd in countless throngs the vault of night.

Pyl.—Endless, my friend, the projects which the soul
Burns to accomplish. We would every deed
At once perform as grandly as it shows
After long ages, when from land to land
The poet's swelling song hath roll'd it on.
It sounds so lovely what our fathers did,
When, in the silent evening shade reclin'd,
We drink it in with music's melting tones;
And what we do is, as their deeds to them,
Toilsome and incomplete!
Thus we pursue what always flies before;
We disregard the path in which we tread,
Scarce see around the footsteps of our sires,
Or heed the trace of their career on earth.
We ever hasten on to chase their shades,
Which godlike, at a distance far remote,
On golden clouds reclin'd, the mountains crown.
The man I prize not who esteems himself
Just as the people's breath may chance to raise him.
But thou, Orestes, to the gods give thanks,
That they have done so much through thee already.

Ores.—When they ordain a man to noble deeds,
To shield from dire calamity his friends,
Extend his empire, or protect its bounds,
Or put to flight its ancient enemies,

Let him be grateful! For to him a god
Imparts the first, the sweetest joy of life.
Me have they doom'd to be a slaughterer,
To be an honor'd mother's murderer,
And shamefully a deed of shame avenging,
Me through their own decree they have o'erwhelm'd.
Trust me, the race of Tantalus is doom'd;
Nor may his last descendant leave the earth,
Or crown'd with honor or unstain'd by crime.

Pyl.—The gods avenge not on the son the deeds
Done by the father. Each, or good or bad,
Of his own actions reaps the due reward.
The parents' blessing, not their curse, descends.

Ores.—Methinks their blessing did not lead us here.

Pyl.—It was at least the mighty gods' decree.

Ores.—Then is it their decree which doth destroy us.

Pyl.—Perform what they command, and wait the event.
Do thou Apollo's sister bear from hence,
That they at Delphi may united dwell,
Rever'd and honor'd by a noble race:
Thee, for this deed, the heav'nly pair will view
With gracious eye, and from the hateful grasp
Of the infernal powers will rescue thee.
E'en now none dares intrude within this grove.

Ores.—So shall I die at least a peaceful death.

Pyl.—Far other are my thoughts, and not unskill'd
Have I the future and the past combin'd
In quiet meditation. Long, perchance,
Hath ripen'd in the counsel of the gods
The great event. Diana wish'd to leave
This savage region foul with human blood:
We were selected for the high emprize;
To us it is assign'd, and strangely thus
We are conducted to the threshold here.

Ores.—My friend, with wondrous skill thou link'st thy wish
With the predestin'd purpose of the gods.

Pyl.—Of what avail is prudence, if it fail
Heedful to mark the purposes of heaven?

A noble man, who much hath sinn'd, some god
Doth summon to a dangerous enterprise,
Which to achieve appears impossible.
The hero conquers, and atoning serves
Mortals and gods, who thenceforth honor him.

Ores.—Am I foredoom'd to action and to life,
Would that a god from my distemper'd brain
Might chase this dizzy fever, which impels
My restless steps along a slipp'ry path,
Stain'd with a mother's blood, to direful death;
And pitying, dry the fountain, whence the blood,
Forever spouting from a mother's wounds,
Eternally defiles me!

Pyl.— Wait in peace!
Thou dost increase the evil, and dost take
The office of the Furies on thyself.
Let me contrive—be still! And when at length
The time for action claims our powers combin'd,
Then will I summon thee, and on we'll stride,
With cautious boldness to achieve the event.

Ores.—I hear Ulysses speak!

Pyl.— Nay, mock me not.
Each must select the hero after whom
To climb the steep and difficult ascent
Of high Olympus. And to me it seems
That him nor stratagem nor art defiles
Who consecrates himself to noble deeds.

Ores.—I most esteem the brave and upright man.

Pyl.—And therefore have I not desir'd thy counsel.
One step is ta'en already: from our guards
I have extorted this intelligence.
A strange and godlike woman now restrains
The execution of that bloody law:
Incense, and prayer, and an unsullied heart,
These are the gifts she offers to the gods.
Her fame is widely spread, and it is thought
That from the race of Amazons she springs,
And hither fled some great calamity.

Ores.—Her gentle sway, it seems, lost all its power

At the approach of one so criminal,
Whom the dire curse enshrouds in gloomy night.
Our doom to seal, the pious thirst for blood
Again unchains the ancient cruel rite:
The monarch's savage will decrees our death;
A woman cannot save when he condemns.

Pyl.—That 'tis a woman is a ground for hope!
A man, the very best, with cruelty
At length may so familiarize his mind,
His character through custom so transform,
That he shall come to make himself a law
Of what at first his very soul abhorr'd.
But woman doth retain the stamp of mind
She first assum'd. On her we may depend
In good or evil with more certainty.
She comes; leave us alone. I dare not tell
At once our names, nor unreserv'd confide
Our fortunes to her. Now retire awhile,
And ere she speaks with thee we'll meet again.

SCENE II.

Iphigenia, Pylades.

Iphigenia.—Whence art thou? Stranger, speak! To me thy bearing
Stamps thee of Grecian, not of Scythian race.
(She unbinds his chains.)
The freedom that I give is dangerous:
The gods avert the doom that threatens you!

Pylades.—Delicious music! dearly welcome tones
Of our own language in a foreign land!
With joy my captive eye once more beholds
The azure mountains of my native coast.
Oh, let this joy that I too am a Greek
Convince thee, priestess! How I need thine aid,
A moment I forget, my spirit wrapt
In contemplation of so fair a vision.
If fate's dread mandate doth not seal thy lips,

From which of our illustrious races, say,
Dost thou thy godlike origin derive?

Iph.—A priestess, by the Goddess' self ordain'd
And consecrated too, doth speak with thee.
Let that suffice: but tell me, who art thou,
And what unbless'd o'erruling destiny
Hath hither led thee with thy friend?

Pyl.— The woe,
Whose hateful presence ever dogs our steps,
I can with ease relate. Oh, would that thou
Couldst with like ease, divine one, shed on us
One ray of cheering hope! We are from Crete,
Adrastus' sons, and I, the youngest born,
Named Cephalus; my eldest brother, he,
Loadamus. Between us two a youth
Of savage temper grew, who oft disturb'd
The joy and concord of our youthful sports.
Long as our father led his powers at Troy,
Passive our mother's mandate we obey'd;
But when, enrich'd with booty, he return'd,
And shortly after died, a contest fierce
For the succession and their father's wealth,
Parted the brothers. I the eldest joined;
He slew the second; and the Furies hence
For kindred murder dog his restless steps.
But to this savage shore the Delphian god
Hath sent us, cheer'd by hope, commanding us
Within his sister's temple to await
The blessed hand of aid. We have been ta'en,
Brought hither, and now stand for sacrifice.
My tale is told.

Iph.— Tell me, is Troy o'erthrown?
Assure me of its fall.

Pyl.— It lies in ruins.
But oh, insure deliverance to us!
Hasten, I pray, the promis'd aid of heav'n.
Pity my brother, say a kindly word;
But I implore thee, spare him when thou speakest.
Too easily his inner mind is torn
By joy, or grief, or cruel memory.

A feverish madness oft doth seize on him,
Yielding his spirit, beautiful and free,
A prey to furies.

Iph.— Great as is thy woe,
Forget it, I conjure thee, for a while,
Till I am satisfied.

Pyl.— The stately town,
Which ten long years withstood the Grecian host,
Now lies in ruins, ne'er to rise again;
Yet many a hero's grave will oft recall
Our sad remembrance to that barbarous shore;
There lies Achilles and his noble friend.

Iph.—And are ye, godlike forms, reduc'd to dust!

Pyl.—Nor Palamede, nor Ajax, e'er again
The daylight of their native land behold.

Iph.—He speaks not of my father, doth not name
Him with the fallen. He may yet survive!
I may behold him! still hope on, my heart!

Pyl.—Yet happy are the thousands who receiv'd
Their bitter death-blow from a hostile hand!
For terror wild, and end most tragical,
Some hostile, angry deity prepar'd,
Instead of triumph, for the home-returning.
Do human voices never reach this shore?
Far as their sound extends, they bear the fame
Of deeds unparallel'd. And is the woe
Which fills Mycene's halls with ceaseless sighs
To thee a secret still?—And know'st thou not
That Clytemnestra, with Ægisthus' aid,
Her royal consort artfully ensnar'd,
And murder'd on the day of his return?—
The monarch's house thou honorest! I perceive
Thy heaving bosom vainly doth contend
With tidings fraught with such unlook'd-for woe.
Art thou the daughter of a friend? or born
Within the circuit of Mycene's walls?
Do not conceal it, or avenge on me
That here the horrid crime I first announc'd.

Iph.—Proceed, and tell me how the deed was done.

Pyl.—The day of his return, as from the bath
Arose the monarch, tranquil and refresh'd,
His robe demanding from his consort's hand,
A tangl'd garment, complicate with folds,
She o'er his shoulders flung and noble head;
And when, as from a net, he vainly strove
To extricate himself, the traitor, base
Ægisthus, smote him, and envelop'd thus
Great Agamemnon sought the shades below.

Iph.—And what reward receiv'd the base accomplice?

Pyl.—A queen and kingdom he possess'd already.

Iph.—Base passion prompted, then, the deed of shame?

Pyl.—And feelings, cherish'd long, of deep revenge.

Iph.—How had the monarch injured Clytemnestra?

Pyl.—By such a dreadful deed, that if on earth
Aught could exculpate murder, it were this.
To Aulis he allur'd her, when the fleet
With unpropitious winds the goddess stay'd;
And there, a victim at Diana's shrine,
The monarch, for the welfare of the Greeks,
Her eldest daughter doom'd. And this, 'tis said,
Planted such deep abhorrence in her heart,
That to Ægisthus she resign'd herself,
And round her husband flung the web of death.

Iph.—(Veiling herself.) It is enough! Thou wilt again behold me.

Pyl.—(Alone.) The fortune of this royal house, it seems,
Doth move her deeply. Whosoe'er she be,
She must herself have known the monarch well;
For our good fortune, from a noble house.
She hath been sold to bondage. Peace, my heart!
And let us steer our course with prudent zeal
Toward the star of hope which gleams upon us.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Iphigenia, Orestes.

Iphigenia.—Unhappy man, I only loose thy bonds
In token of a still severer doom.

The freedom which the sanctuary imparts,
Like the last life-gleam o'er the dying face,
But heralds death. I cannot, dare not say
Your doom is hopeless; for, with murd'rous hand,
Could I inflict the fatal blow myself?
And while I here am priestess of Diana,
None, be he who he may, dare touch your heads.
But the incensed king, should I refuse
Compliance with the rites himself enjoin'd,
Will choose another virgin from my train
As my successor. Then, alas! with naught,
Save ardent wishes, can I succor you,
Much-honor'd countryman! The humblest slave,
Who had but near'd our sacred household hearth,
Is dearly welcome in a foreign land;
How with proportion'd joy and blessing, then,
Shall I receive the man who doth recall
The image of the heroes, whom I learn'd
To honor from my parents, and who cheers
My inmost heart with flatt'ring gleams of hope!

Orestes.—Does prudent forethought prompt thee to conceal
Thy name and race? or may I hope to know
Who, like a heavenly vision, meets me thus?

Iph.—Yes, thou shalt know me. Now conclude the tale
Of which thy brother only told me half:
Relate their end, who coming home from Troy,
On their own threshold met a doom severe
And most unlook'd for. I, though but a child
When first conducted hither, well recall
The timid glance of wonder which I cast
On those heroic forms. When they went forth,
It seem'd as though Olympus from her womb
Had cast the heroes of a by-gone world,
To frighten Ilion; and, above them all,
Great Agamemnon tower'd preëminent!
Oh, tell me! Fell the hero in his home,
Through Clytemnestra's and Ægisthus' wiles?

Ores.—He fell!

Iph.— Unblest Mycene! Thus the sons

Of Tantalus, with barbarous hands, have sown
Curse upon curse; and, as the shaken weed
Scatters around a thousand poison-seeds,
So they assassins ceaseless generate,
Their children's children ruthless to destroy.—
Now tell the remnant of thy brother's tale,
Which horror darkly hid from me before.
How did the last descendant of the race—
The gentle child, to whom the gods assign'd
The office of avenger—how did he
Escape that day of blood? Did equal fate
Around Orestes throw Avernus' net?
Say, was he saved? and is he still alive?
And lives Electra, too?

Ores.— They both survive.

Iph.—Golden Apollo, lend thy choicest beams!
Lay them an offering at the throne of Jove!
For I am poor and dumb.

Ores.— If social bonds
Or ties more close connect thee with this house,
As this joy evinces, rein thy heart;
For insupportable the sudden plunge
From happiness to sorrow's gloomy depth.
As yet thou only know'st the hero's death.

Iph.—And is not this intelligence enough?

Ores.—Half of the horror yet remains untold.

Iph.—Electra and Orestes both survive,
What have I then to fear?

Ores.— And fear'st thou naught
For Clytemnestra?

Iph.— Her, nor hope nor fear
Have power to save.

Ores.— She to the land of hope
Hath bid farewell.

Iph.— Did her repentant hand
Shed her own blood?

Ores.— Not so; yet her own blood
Inflicted death.

Iph.— Speak less ambiguously.
Uncertainty around my anxious head
Her dusky, thousand-folded pinion waves.

Ores.—Have then the powers above selected me
To be the herald of a dreadful deed,
Which, in the drear and soundless realms of night,
I fain would hide forever? 'Gainst my will
Thy gentle voice constrains me; it demands,
And shall receive, a tale of direst woe.
Electra, on the day when fell her sire,
Her brother from impending doom conceal'd;
Him Strophius, his father's relative,
With kindest care receiv'd, and rear'd the child
With his own son, named Pylades, who soon
Around the stranger twin'd the bonds of love.
And as they grew, within their inmost souls
There sprang the burning longing to revenge
The monarch's death. Unlook'd for, and disguis'd,
They reach Mycene, feigning to have brought
The mournful tidings of Orestes' death,
Together with his ashes. Them the queen
Gladly receives. Within the house they enter;
Orestes to Electra shows himself:
She fans the fires of vengeance into flame,
Which in the sacred presence of a mother
Had burn'd more dimly. Silently she leads
Her brother to the spot where fell their sire;
Where lurid blood-marks, on the oft-wash'd floor,
With pallid streaks, anticipate revenge.
With fiery eloquence she pictures forth
Each circumstance of that atrocious deed—
Her own oppress'd and miserable life,
The prosperous traitor's insolent demeanor,
The perils threat'ning Agamemnon's race
From her who had become their stepmother;
Then in his hand the ancient dagger thrusts,
Which often in the house of Tantalus
With savage fury rag'd—and by her son
Is Clytemnestra slain.

Iph.— Immortal powers!

Whose pure and blest existence glides away
'Mid ever-shifting clouds, me have ye kept
So many years secluded from the world,
Retain'd me near yourselves, consign'd to me
The childlike task to feed the sacred fire,
And taught my spirit, like the hallow'd flame,
With never-clouded brightness to aspire
To your pure mansions—but at length to feel
With keener woe the misery of my house?
Oh, tell me of the poor unfortunate!
Speak of Orestes!

Ores.— Would that he were dead!
Forth from his mother's blood her ghost arose,
And to the ancient daughters of the night
Cries: "Let him not escape—the matricide!
Pursue the victim, dedicate to you!"
They hear, and glare around with hollow eyes,
Like greedy eagles. In their murky dens
They stir themselves, and from the corners creep
Their comrades, dire remorse and pallid fear;
Before them fumes a mist of Acheron;
Perplexingly around the murderer's brow
The eternal contemplation of the past
Rolls in its cloudy circles. Once again
The grisly band, commission'd to destroy,
Pollute earth's beautiful and heaven-sown fields,
From which an ancient curse had banish'd them.
Their rapid feet the fugitive pursue;
They only pause to start a wilder fear.

Iph.—Unhappy one; thy lot resembles his,
Thou feel'st what he, poor fugitive, must suffer.

Ores.—What say'st thou? why presume my fate like his?

Iph.—A brother's murder weighs upon thy soul;
Thy younger brother told the mournful tale.

Ores.—I cannot suffer that thy noble soul
Should be deceiv'd by error. Rich in guile,
And practis'd in deceit, a stranger may
A web of falsehood cunningly devise
To snare a stranger; between us be truth.

I am Orestes! and this guilty head
Is stooping to the tomb, and covets death;
It will be welcome now in any shape.
Whoe'er thou art, for thee and for my friend
I wish deliverance; I desire it not.
Thou seem'st to linger here against thy will;
Contrive some means of flight, and leave me here:
My lifeless corpse hurl'd headlong from the rock,
My blood shall mingle with the dashing waves,
And bring a curse upon this barbarous shore!
Return together home to lovely Greece,
With joy a new existence to commence.

(Orestes retires.)

Iph.—At length Fulfilment, fairest child of Jove,
Thou dost descend upon me from on high!
How vast thine image! scarce my straining eye
Can reach thy hands, which, fill'd with golden fruit
And wreaths of blessing, from Olympus' height
Showers treasures down. As by his bounteous gifts
We recognize the monarch (for what seems
To thousands opulence is naught to him),
So ye, ye heavenly powers, are also known
By bounty long withheld, and wisely plann'd.
Ye only know what things are good for us;
Ye view the future's wide-extended realm;
While from our eye a dim or starry veil
The prospect shrouds. Calmly ye hear our prayers,
When we like children sue for greater speed.
Not immature ye pluck heaven's golden fruit;
And woe to him, who with impatient hand,
His date of joy forestalling, gathers death.
Let not this long-awaited happiness,
Which yet my heart hath scarcely realiz'd,
Like to the shadow of departed friends,
Glide vainly by with triple sorrow fraught!

Ores.—(Returning.) Dost thou for Pylades and for thyself
Implore the gods, blend not my name with yours;
Thou wilt not save the wretch whom thou wouldst join,
But wilt participate his curse and woe.

Iph.—My destiny is firmly bound to thine.

Ores.—No, say not so; alone and unattended
Let me descend to Hades. Though thou shouldst
In thine own veil enwrap the guilty one,
Thou couldst not shroud him from his wakeful foes;
And e'en thy sacred presence, heavenly maid,
Drives them aside, but scares them not away.
With brazen impious feet they dare not tread
Within the precincts of this sacred grove:
Yet in the distance, ever and anon,
I hear their horrid laughter, like the howl
Of famish'd wolves, beneath the tree wherein
The traveller hides. Without, encamp'd they lie,
And should I quit this consecrated grove,
Shaking their serpent locks, they would arise,
And, raising clouds of dust on every side,
Ceaseless pursue their miserable prey.

Iph.—Orestes, canst thou hear a friendly word?

Ores.—Reserve it for one favor'd by the gods.

Iph.—To thee they give anew the light of hope.

Ores.—Through clouds and smoke I see the feeble gleam
Of the death-stream which lights me down to hell.

Iph.—Hast thou one sister only, thy Electra?

Ores.—I knew but one: yet her kind destiny,
Which seem'd to us so terrible, betimes
Removed an elder sister from the woe
That dogs the race of Pelops. Cease, oh, cease
Thy questions, maiden, nor thus league thyself
With the Eumenides, who blow away,
With fiendish joy, the ashes from my soul,
Lest the last spark of horror's fiery brand
Should be extinguish'd there. Must then the fire,
Deliberately kindl'd and supplied
With hellish sulphur, never cease to sear
My tortur'd bosom?

Iph.— In the flame I throw
Sweet incense. Let the gentle breath of love,
Low murmuring, cool thy bosom's fiery glow.
Orestes, fondly lov'd—canst thou not hear me?
Hath the terrific Furies' grisly band

Completely dried the life-blood in thy veins?
Creeps there, as from Gorgon's direful head,
A petrifying charm through all thy limbs?
If hollow voices, from a mother's blood,
Call thee to hell, may not a sister's word
With benediction pure ascend to heaven,
And summon thence some gracious power to aid thee?

Ores.—She calls! she calls!—Thou too desir'st my death?
Is there a fury shrouded in thy form?
Who art thou, that thy voice thus horribly
Can harrow up my bosom's inmost depths?

Iph.—Thine inmost heart reveals it. I am she—
Iphigenia—look on me, Orestes!

Ores.—Thou!

Iph.— My own brother!

Ores.— Hence, away, begone!
Touch not these locks, I counsel thee; from me,
As from Creusa's bridal robe, proceeds
An unextinguishable fire. Depart!
Like Hercules, an ignominious death,
Unworthy wretch, lock'd in myself, I'll die.

Iph.—Thou shalt not perish! Would that I might hear
One quiet word from thee! dispel my doubts,
Make sure the bliss I have implor'd so long.
A wheel of joy and sorrow in my heart
Ceaseless revolves. With shy reserve I turn
From one unknown; but unto thee, my brother,
My inmost heart resistlessly impels me.

Ores.—Is this Lyæus' temple? Doth the glow
Of holy rage unbridl'd thus possess
The sacred priestess?

Iph.— Hear me, oh, look up!
See how my heart, which hath been clos'd so long,
Doth open to the bliss of seeing thee,
The dearest treasure that the world contains—
Of falling on thy neck, and folding thee
Within my longing arms, which have till now
Met the embraces of the empty wind.
Do not repulse me—the eternal spring,

Whose crystal waters from Parnassus flow,
Bounds not more gayly on from rock to rock,
Down to the golden vale, than from my heart
The waters of affection freely gush,
And round me form a circling sea of bliss.
Orestes! Oh, my brother!

Ores.— Lovely nymph!
Nor thy caresses, nor thyself I trust;
Diana claims attendants more severe,
And doth avenge her desecrated fane.
Remove thy circling arm! and if thou wilt
Safety and love upon a youth bestow,
Unto my friend, more worthy than myself,
Impart thy gifts; among yon rocks he roves;
Go seek him, guide him hence, and heed not me.

Iph.—Brother, command thyself, and better know
Thy new-found sister, nor misconstrue thus
Her pure and heav'nly joy. Ye gods, remove
From his fix'd eye delusion, lest this hour
Of highest bliss should make us trebly wretched!
Oh, she is here, thine own, thy long-lost sister,
Whom great Diana from the altar snatch'd,
And safely plac'd here in her sacred fane.
A captive thou, prepar'd for sacrifice,
And findest here a sister in the priestess.

Ores.—Accursed race! Now may the sun behold
Your final doom. Is not Electra here?
That she with us may perish, nor her life
For heavier doom and deeper woe reserve.
'Tis well—I follow, priestess! Fratricide
Is an old custom of our ancient house;
And you, ye gods, I thank, that ye resolve
Childless to root me hence. Thee let me counsel
To view too fondly neither sun nor stars.
Come, follow to the gloomy realms below!
As dragons, gender'd in the sulphur pool,
Swallow each other with voracious rage,
So our accursed race destroys itself.
Childless and guiltless come below with me!
There's pity in thy look! Oh, gaze not so—

'Twas with such looks that Clytemnestra sought
An entrance to her son Orestes' heart,
And yet his uprais'd arm her bosom pierc'd.
His mother fell!—Appear, indignant shade!
Within the circle step, ye fiends of hell,
Be present at the welcome spectacle,
The last, most horrible, that ye prepare!
Nor hate, nor vengeance, whets the poignard now,
A sister is constrain'd to deal the blow.
Weep not! Thy guiltless soul is free from crime.
From earliest infancy I naught have lov'd,
As thee I could have lov'd, my sister. Come,
The weapon raise, spare not, this bosom rend,
And make an outlet for its boiling streams!

(He sinks exhausted.)

Iph.—Alone I cannot bear this bliss and woe.
Where art thou, Pylades? Thine aid I need.

(Iphigenia retires.)

SCENE II.

Orestes.

Orestes.—(Recovering from his swoon and standing up.) Give yet another! reach from Lethe's stream
The last reviving draught of cool refreshment!
Soon shall its waters in my bosom still
Life's fitful fever; and my spirit then
Adown oblivion's stream shall glide to you,
Ye spirits, shrouded in eternal mist.
With tranquil pleasure in your deep repose
A weary son of earth may lave his soul!—
What whisp'ring sounds pervade the dreary grove?
What hollow murmurs haunt its twilight gloom?—
They gather round to view the stranger guest!
Who are yon troop in high communion met,
Like an assembl'd family of princes?
They mingle peacefully, of every age,
And either sex, yet are their godlike forms
Cast in a kindred mold. 'Tis they, 'tis they,
The fathers of my race! With Atreus,

In friendly converse glides Thyestes' shade,
And children playfully around them sport.
Is there no enmity among you now?
And is revenge extinguish'd with the sun?
I then am welcome, and may hope to join
Your solemn company. My fathers, hail!
Orestes, last descendant of your race,
Salutes you. What ye sow'd, that hath he reap'd;
Laden with curses he descends to you.
But burdens here are lighter far to bear.
Receive him, oh, receive him in your circle!
Thee, Atreus, I revere, and thee, Thyestes:
Here all are free from enmity and hate.—
Show me my father, whom I only once
In life beheld.—Art thou my father, thou,
My mother leading thus familiarly?
Dares Clytemnestra reach her hand to thee;
Then may Orestes also draw near her,
And say, behold thy son!—My ancestors,
Behold your son, and bid him welcome here.
Among the sons of ancient Tantalus,
A kind salute on earth was murder's watchword,
And all their joys commence beyond the grave.
Ye welcome me! Ye bid me join your circle!
Oh, lead me to my honor'd ancestor!
Where is the aged hero? that I may
Behold the dear, the venerable head,
Of him, who with the gods in council sat.
You seem to shudder and to turn away?
What may this mean? Suffers the godlike man?
Alas! the mighty gods, with ruthless hate,
To his heroic breast, with brazen chains,
Have cruel pangs indissolubly bound.

SCENE III.

Orestes, Iphigenia, Pylades.

Orestes.—How! are ye come already? Sister, welcome.
Electra still is missing; some kind god

With gentle arrow send her quickly hither.
Thee, my poor friend, I must compassionate!
Come with me, come to Pluto's gloomy throne,
There to salute our hosts like stranger guests.

Iphigenia.—Celestial pair, who from the realms above
By night and day shed down the beauteous light
To cheer mankind, but who may not illume
Departed spirits, save a mortal pair!
A brother and a sister's anguish pity!
For thou, Diana, lov'st thy gentle brother
Beyond what earth and heaven can offer thee;
And dost, with quiet yearning, ever turn
Thy virgin face to his eternal light.
Let not my only brother, found so late,
Rave in the darkness of insanity!
And is thy will, when thou didst here conceal me,
At length fulfill'd—wouldst thou to me through him,
To him through me, thy gracious aid extend—
Oh, free him from the fetters of this curse,
Lest vainly pass the precious hours of safety.

Pylades.—Dost thou not know us, and this sacred grove,
And this blest light, which shines not on the dead?
Dost thou not feel thy sister and thy friend,
Who hold thee living in their firm embrace?
Grasp us! we are not shadows. Mark my words!
Collect thyself—each moment now is precious,
And our return hangs on a slender thread,
Which, as it seems, some gracious fate doth spin.

Ores.—(To Iphigenia.) My sister, let me for the first time taste,
With open heart, pure joy within thine arms!
Ye gods, who charge the heavy clouds with dread,
And sternly gracious send the long-sought rain
With thunder and the rush of mighty winds,
A horrid deluge on the trembling earth;
Yet dissipate at length man's dread suspense,
Exchanging timid wonder's anxious gaze
For grateful looks and joyous songs of praise,
When in each sparkling drop which gems the leaves,
Apollo, thousand-fold, reflects his beam,

And Iris colors with a magic hand
The dusky texture of the parting clouds;
Oh, let me also in my sister's arms,
And on the bosom of my friend, enjoy
With grateful thanks the bliss ye now bestow.
My heart assures me that your curses cease.
The dread Eumenides at length retire,
The brazen gates of Tartarus I hear
Behind them closing with a thund'ring clang.
A quick'ning odor from the earth ascends,
Inviting me to chase, upon its plains,
The joys of life and deeds of high emprize.

Pyl.—Lose not the moments which are limited!
The favoring gale, which swells our parting sail,
Must to Olympus waft our perfect joy.
Quick counsel and resolve the time demands.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Iphigenia.

Iphigenia.—When the powers on high decree
For a feeble child of earth
Dire perplexity and woe,
And his spirit doom to pass
With tumult wild from joy to grief,
And back again from grief to joy,
In fearful alternation;
They in mercy then provide,
In the precincts of his home,
Or upon the distant shore,
That to him may never fail
Ready help in hours of need,
A tranquil, faithful friend.
Oh, bless, ye heavenly powers, our Pylades,
And every project that his mind may form!
In combat his the vigorous arm of youth,
And in the counsel his the eye of age.
His soul is tranquil; in his inner mind

He guards a sacred, undisturb'd repose,
And from its silent depths a rich supply
Of aid and counsel draws for the distress'd.
He tore me from my brother, upon whom,
With fond amaze, I gaz'd and gaz'd again;
I could not realize my happiness,
Nor loose him from my arms, and heeded not
The danger's near approach that threatens us.
To execute their project of escape,
They hasten to the sea, where in a bay
Their comrades in the vessel lie conceal'd
And wait a signal. Me they have supplied
With artful answers, should the monarch send
To urge the sacrifice. Alas! I see
I must consent to follow like a child.
I have not learn'd deception nor the art
To gain with crafty wiles my purposes.
Detested falsehood! it doth not relieve
The breast like words of truth: it comforts not,
But is a torment in the forger's heart,
And, like an arrow which a god directs,
Flies back and wounds the archer. Through my heart
One fear doth chase another; perhaps with rage,
Again on the unconsecrated shore,
The Furies' grisly band my brother seize.
Perchance they are surpris'd? Methinks I hear
The tread of armed men. A messenger
Is coming from the king, with hasty steps.
How throbs my heart, how troubl'd is my soul,
Now that I see the countenance of one,
Whom with a word untrue I must encounter!

Iphigenia, Arkas.

Arkas.—Priestess, with speed conclude the sacrifice!
Impatiently the king and people wait.

Iphigenia.—I had perform'd my duty and thy will,
Had not unforeseen impediment
The execution of my purpose thwarted.

Ark.—What is it that obstructs the king's commands?

Iph.—Chance, which from mortals will not brook control.

Ark.—Possess me with the reason, that with speed
I may inform the king, who hath decreed
The death of both.

Iph.— The gods have not decreed it.
The elder of these men doth bear the guilt
Of kindred murder; on his steps attend
The dread Eumenides. They seiz'd their prey
Within the inner fane, polluting thus
The holy sanctuary. I hasten now,
Together with my virgin-train, to bathe
Diana's image in the sea, and there
With solemn rites its purity restore.
Let none presume our silent march to follow!

Ark.—This hindrance to the monarch I'll announce:
Do not commence the rite till he permit.

Iph.—The priestess interferes alone in this.

Ark.—An incident so strange the king should know.

Iph.—Here, nor his counsel nor command avails.

Ark.—Oft are the great consulted out of form.

Iph.—Do not insist on what I must refuse.

Ark.—A needful and a just demand refuse not.

Iph.—I yield, if thou delay not.

Ark.— I with speed
Will bear these tidings to the camp, and soon
Acquaint thee, priestess, with the king's reply.
There is a message I would gladly bear him;
'Twould quickly banish all perplexity:
Thou didst not heed thy faithful friend's advice.

Iph.—I willingly have done whate'er I could.

Ark.—E'en now 'tis not too late to change thy mind.

Iph.—To do so is, alas! beyond our power.

Ark.—What thou wouldst shun, thou deem'st impossible.

Iph.—Thy wish doth make thee deem it possible.

Ark.—Wilt thou so calmly venture everything?

Iph.—My fate I have committed to the gods.

Ark.—The gods are wont to save by human means.

Iph.—By their appointment everything is done.

Ark.—Believe me, all doth now depend on thee.
The irritated temper of the king
Alone condemns these men to bitter death.
The soldiers from the cruel sacrifice
And bloody service long have been disused;
Nay, many, whom their adverse fortunes cast
In foreign regions, there themselves have felt
How godlike to the exil'd wanderer
The friendly countenance of man appears.
Do not deprive us of thy gentle aid!
With ease thou canst thy sacred task fulfill:
For nowhere doth benignity, which comes
In human form from heaven, so quickly gain
An empire o'er the heart, as where a race,
Gloomy and savage, full of life and power,
Without external guidance, and oppress'd
With vague forebodings, bear life's heavy load.

Iph.—Shake not my spirit, which thou canst not bend
According to thy will.

Ark.— While there is time,
Nor labor nor persuasion shall be spar'd.

Iph.—Thy labor but occasions pain to me;
Both are in vain; therefore, I pray, depart.

Ark.—I summon pain to aid me, 'tis a friend
Who counsels wisely.

Iph.— Though it shakes my soul,
It doth not banish thence my strong repugnance.

Ark.—Can then a gentle soul repugnance feel
For benefits bestow'd by one so noble?

Iph.—Yes, when the donor, for those benefits,
Instead of gratitude, demands myself.

Ark.—Who no affection feels doth never want
Excuses. To the king I'll now relate
All that has happen'd. Oh, that in thy soul
Thou wouldst revolve his noble conduct, priestess,
Since thy arrival to the present day!

SCENE III.

Iphigenia.

Iphigenia.—(Alone.) These words at an unseasonable hour
Produce a strong revulsion in my breast;
I am alarm'd!—For as the rushing tide
In rapid currents eddies o'er the rocks
Which lie among the sand upon the shore,
E'en so a stream of joy o'erwhelm'd my soul.
I grasp'd what had appear'd impossible.
It was as though another gentle cloud
Around me lay, to raise me from the earth,
And rock my spirit in the same sweet sleep
Which the kind goddess shed around my brow,
What time her circling arm from danger snatch'd me.
My brother forcibly engross'd my heart;
I listen'd only to his friend's advice;
My soul rush'd eagerly to rescue them,
And as the mariner with joy surveys
The lessening breakers of a desert isle,
So Tauris lay behind me. But the voice
Of faithful Arkas wakes me from my dream,
Reminding me that those whom I forsake
Are also men. Deceit doth now become
Doubly detested. O my soul, be still!
Beginn'st thou now to tremble and to doubt?
Thy lonely shelter on the firm-set earth
Must thou abandon? and, embark'd once more,
At random drift upon tumultuous waves,
A stranger to thyself and to the world?

SCENE IV.

Iphigenia, Pylades.

Pylades.—Where is she? that my words with speed may tell
The joyful tidings of our near escape!

Iphigenia.—Oppress'd with gloomy care, I much require
The certain comfort thou dost promise me.

Pyl.—Thy brother is restor'd! The rocky paths
Of this unconsecrated shore we trod
In friendly converse, while behind us lay,
Unmark'd by us, the consecrated grove;
And ever with increasing glory shone
The fire of youth around his noble brow.
Courage and hope his glowing eye inspir'd;
And his free heart exulted with the joy
Of saving thee, his sister, and his friend.

Iph.—The gods shower blessings on thee, Pylades!
And from those lips which breathe such welcome news,
Be the sad note of anguish never heard!

Pyl.—I bring yet more—for fortune, like a prince,
Comes not alone, but well accompanied.
Our friends and comrades we have also found.
Within a bay they had conceal'd the ship,
And mournful sat expectant. They beheld
Thy brother, and a joyous shout uprais'd,
Imploring him to haste the parting hour.
Each hand impatient long'd to grasp the oar,
While from the shore a gently murmuring breeze,
Perceiv'd by all, unfurl'd its wing auspicious.
Let us then hasten; guide me to the fane,
That I may tread the sanctuary, and seize
With sacred awe the object of our hopes.
I can unaided on my shoulder bear
Diana's image: how I long to feel
The precious burden!

(While speaking the last words, he approaches the temple, without perceiving that he is not followed by Iphigenia; at length he turns round.)

Why thus ling'ring stand?
Why art thou silent? wherefore thus confus'd?
Doth some new obstacle oppose our bliss?
Inform me, hast thou to the king announc'd
The prudent message we agreed upon?

Iph.—I have, dear Pylades; yet wilt thou chide.
Thy very aspect is a mute reproach.
The royal messenger arriv'd, and I,

According to thy counsel, fram'd my speech.
He seem'd surpris'd, and earnestly besought,
That to the monarch I should first announce
The rite unusual, and attend his will.
I now await the messenger's return.

Pyl.—Danger again doth hover o'er our heads!
O priestess, why neglect to shroud thyself
Within the veil of sacerdotal rites?

Iph.—I never have employed them as a veil.

Pyl.—Pure soul! thy scruples will destroy alike
Thyself and us. Why did I not foresee
Such an emergency, and tutor thee
This counsel also wisely to elude?

Iph.—Chide only me, for mine alone the blame;
Yet other answer could I not return
To him, who strongly and with reason urg'd
What my own heart acknowledg'd to be right.

Pyl.—The danger thickens; but let us be firm,
Nor with incautious haste betray ourselves;
Calmly await the messenger's return,
And then stand fast, whatever his reply:
For the appointment of such sacred rites
Doth to the priestess, not the king belong.
Should he demand the stranger to behold,
Who is by madness heavily oppress'd,
Evasively pretend, that in the fane,
Securely guarded, thou retain'st us both.
Thus you secure us time to fly with speed,
Bearing the sacred treasure from this race,
Unworthy its possession. Phœbus sends
Auspicious omens, and fulfills his word,
Ere we the first conditions have perform'd.
Free is Orestes, from the curse absolv'd!
Oh, with the freed one, to the rocky isle
Where dwells the god, waft us, propitious gales!
Thence to Mycene, that she may revive;
That from the ashes of the extinguish'd hearth,
The household gods may joyously arise,
And beauteous fire illumine their abode!

Thy hand from golden censers first shall strew
The fragrant incense. O'er that threshold thou
Shalt life and blessing once again dispense,
The curse atone, and all thy kindred grace
With the fresh bloom of renovated life.

Iph.—As doth the flower revolve to meet the sun,
Once more my spirit to sweet comfort turns,
Struck by thy words' invigorating ray.
How dear the counsel of a present friend,
Lacking whose godlike power, the lonely one
In silence droops! for, lock'd within his breast,
Slowly are ripen'd purpose and resolve,
Which friendship's genial warmth had soon matur'd.

Pyl.—Farewell! I haste to reassure our friends,
Who anxiously await us; then with speed
I will return, and, hid within the brake,
Attend thy signal.—Wherefore, all at once,
Doth anxious thought o'ercloud thy brow serene?

Iph.—Forgive me! As light clouds athwart the sun,
So cares and fears float darkling o'er my soul.

Pyl.—Oh, banish fear! With danger it hath form'd
A close alliance—they are constant friends.

Iph.—It is an honest scruple, which forbids
That I should cunningly deceive the king,
And plunder him who was my second sire.

Pyl.—Him thou dost fly, who would have slain thy brother.

Iph.—To me, at least, he hath been ever kind.

Pyl.—What fate commands is not ingratitude.

Iph.—Alas! it still remains ingratitude;
Necessity alone can justify it.

Pyl.—Thee, before gods and men it justifies.

Iph.—But my own heart is still unsatisfied.

Pyl.—Scruples too rigid are a cloak for pride.

Iph.—I cannot argue, I can only feel.

Pyl.—Conscious of right, thou shouldst respect thyself.

Iph.—Then only doth the heart know perfect ease,
When not a stain pollutes it.

Pyl.— In this fane
Pure hast thou kept thy heart. Life teaches us
To be less strict with others and ourselves;
Thou'lt learn the lesson too. So wonderful
Is human nature, and its varied ties
Are so involv'd and complicate, that none
May hope to keep his inmost spirit pure,
And walk without perplexity through life.
Nor are we call'd upon to judge ourselves;
With circumspection to pursue his path,
Is the immediate duty of a man.
For seldom can he rightly estimate,
Or his past conduct or his present deeds.

Iph.—Almost thou dost persuade me to consent.

Pyl.—Needs there persuasion when no choice is granted?
To save thyself, thy brother, and a friend,
One path presents itself, and canst thou ask
If we shall follow it?

Iph.— Still let me pause,
For such injustice thou couldst not thyself
Calmly return for benefits receiv'd.

Pyl.—If we should perish, bitter self-reproach,
Forerunner of despair, will be thy portion.
It seems thou art not used to suffer much,
When, to escape so great calamity,
Thou canst refuse to utter one false word.

Iph.—Oh, that I bore within a manly heart!
Which, when it hath conceiv'd a bold resolve,
'Gainst every other voice doth close itself.

Pyl.—In vain thou dost refuse; with iron hand
Necessity commands; her stern decree
Is law supreme, to which the gods themselves
Must yield submission. In dread silence rules
The uncounsell'd sister of eternal fate.
What she appoints thee to endure, endure;
What to perform, perform. The rest thou know'st.
Ere long I will return, and then receive
The seal of safety from thy sacred hand.

SCENE V.

Iphigenia.

Iphigenia.—(Alone.) I must obey him, for I see my friends
Beset with peril. Yet my own sad fate
Doth with increasing anguish move my heart.
May I no longer feed the silent hope
Which in my solitude I fondly cherish'd?
Shall the dire curse eternally endure?
And shall our fated race ne'er rise again
With blessings crown'd?—All mortal things decay!
The noblest powers, the purest joys of life
At length subside: then wherefore not the curse?
And have I vainly hop'd that, guarded here,
Secluded from the fortunes of my race,
I, with pure heart and hands, some future day
Might cleanse the deep defilement of our house?
Scarce was my brother in my circling arms
From raging madness suddenly restor'd,
Scarce had the ship, long pray'd for, near'd the strand,
Once more to waft me to my native shores,
When unrelenting fate, with iron hand,
A double crime enjoins; commanding me
To steal the image, sacred and rever'd,
Confided to my care, and him deceive
To whom I owe my life and destiny.
Let not abhorrence spring within my heart!
Nor the old Titan's hate, toward you, ye gods,
Infix its vulture talons in my breast!
Save me, and save your image in my soul!
An ancient song comes back upon mine ear—
I had forgotten it, and willingly—
The Parcæ's song, which horribly they sang,
What time, hurl'd headlong from his golden seat,
Fell Tantalus. They with their noble friend
Keen anguish suffer'd; savage was their breast
And horrible their song. In days gone by,
When we were children, oft our ancient nurse
Would sing it to us, and I mark'd it well.

O, fear the immortals,
Ye children of men!
Eternal dominion
They hold in their hands,
And o'er their wide empire
Wield absolute sway.

Whom they have exalted,
Let him fear them most!
Around golden tables,
On cliffs and clouds resting
The seats are prepar'd.

If contest ariseth,
The guests are hurl'd headlong,
Disgrac'd and dishonor'd,
And, fetter'd in darkness,
Await with vain longing,
A juster decree.

But in feasts everlasting,
Around the gold tables
Still dwell the immortals.
From mountain to mountain
They stride; while ascending
From fathomless chasms,
The breath of the Titans,
Half stifl'd with anguish,
Like volumes of incense
Fumes up to the skies.

From races ill-fated,
Their aspect joy-bringing,
Oft turn the celestials,
And shun in the children
To gaze on the features
Once lov'd and still speaking
Of their mighty sire.

Thus sternly the Fates sang;
Immur'd in his dungeon,

The banish'd one listens,
The song of the Parcæ,
His children's doom ponders,
And boweth his head.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Thoas, Arkas.

Arkas.—I own I am perplex'd, and scarcely know
'Gainst whom to point the shaft of my suspicion,
Whether the priestess aids the captives' flight,
Or they themselves clandestinely contrive it.
'Tis rumored that the ship which brought them here
Is lurking somewhere in a bay conceal'd.
This stranger's madness, these new lustral rites,
The specious pretext for delay, excite
Mistrust, and call aloud for vigilance.

Thoas.—Summon the priestess to attend me here!
Then go with speed, and strictly search the shore,
From yon projecting land to Dian's grove:
Forbear to violate its sacred depths;
A watchful ambush set, attack and seize,
According to your wont, whome'er you find.

(Arkas retires.)

SCENE II.

Thoas.

Thoas.—(Alone.) Fierce anger rages in my riven breast,
First against her, whom I esteem'd so pure;
Then 'gainst myself, whose foolish lenity
Hath fashion'd her for treason. Man is soon
Inur'd to slavery, and quickly learns
Submission, when of freedom quite depriv'd.
If she had fallen in the savage hands
Of my rude sires, and had their holy rage
Forborne to slay her, grateful for her life,
She would have recogniz'd her destiny,

Have shed before the shrine the stranger's blood,
And duty nam'd what was necessity.
Now my forbearance in her breast allures
Audacious wishes. Vainly I had hop'd
To bind her to me; rather she contrives
To shape an independent destiny.
She won my heart through flattery; and now
That I oppose her, seeks to gain her ends
By fraud and cunning, and my kindness deems
A worthless and prescriptive property.

SCENE III.

Iphigenia, Thoas.

Iphigenia.—Me hast thou summon'd? wherefore art thou here?

Thoas.—Wherefore delay the sacrifice? inform me.

Iph.—I have acquainted Arkas with the reasons.

Tho.—From thee I wish to hear them more at large.

Iph.—The goddess for reflection grants thee time.

Tho.—To thee this time seems also opportune.

Iph.—If to this cruel deed thy heart is steel'd,
Thou shouldst not come! A king who meditates
A deed inhuman, may find slaves enow,
Willing for hire to bear one-half the curse,
And leave the monarch's presence undefil'd.
Enwrapt in gloomy clouds he forges death,
Whose flaming arrow on his victim's head
His hirelings hurl; while he above the storm
Remains untroubl'd, an impassive god.

Tho.—A wild song, priestess, issued from thy lips.

Iph.—No priestess, king! but Agamemnon's daughter;
While yet unknown, thou didst respect my words:
A princess now—and think'st thou to command me?
From youth I have been tutor'd to obey,
My parents first, and then the deity;
And thus obeying, ever hath my soul
Known sweetest freedom. But nor then nor now

Have I been taught compliance with the voice
And savage mandates of a man.

Tho.— Not I,
An ancient law doth claim obedience from thee.

Iph.—Our passions eagerly catch hold of laws
Which they can wield as weapons. But to me
Another law, one far more ancient, speaks,
And doth command me to withstand thee, king!
That law declaring sacred every stranger.

Tho.—These men, methinks, lie very near thy heart,
When sympathy with them can lead thee thus
To violate discretion's primal law,
That those in power should never be provok'd.

Iph.—Speaking or silent, thou canst always know
What is, and ever must be, in my heart.
Doth not remembrance of a common doom,
To soft compassion melt the hardest heart?
How much more mine! in them I see myself.
I trembling kneel'd before the altar once,
And solemnly the shade of early death
Environ'd me. Aloft the knife was rais'd
To pierce my bosom, throbbing with warm life;
A dizzy horror overwhelm'd my soul;
My eyes grew dim—I found myself in safety.
Are we not bound to render the distress'd
The gracious kindness from the gods receiv'd?
Thou know'st we are, and yet wilt thou compel me?

Tho.—Obey thine office, priestess, not the king.

Iph.—Cease! nor thus seek to cloak the savage force
Which triumphs o'er a woman's feebleness.
Though woman, I am born as free as man.
Did Agamemnon's son before thee stand,
And thou requiredst what became him not,
His arm and trusty weapon would defend
His bosom's freedom. I have only words;
But it becomes a noble-minded man
To treat with due respect the words of woman.

Tho.—I more respect them than a brother's sword.

Iph.—Uncertain ever is the chance of arms,
No prudent warrior doth despise his foe;
Nor yet defenseless 'gainst severity
Hath nature left the weak; she gives him craft
And wily cunning; artful he delays,
Evades, eludes, and finally escapes.
Such arms are justified by violence.

Tho.—But circumspection countervails deceit.

Iph.—Which a pure spirit doth abhor to use.

Tho.—Do not incautiously condemn thyself.

Iph.—Oh, couldst thou see the struggle of my soul,
Courageously to ward the first attack
Of an unhappy doom, which threatens me!
Do I then stand before thee weaponless?
Prayer, lovely prayer, fair branch in woman's hand,
More potent far than instruments of war,
Thou dost thrust back. What now remains for me
Wherewith my inborn freedom to defend?
Must I implore a miracle from heaven?
Is there no power within my spirit's depths?

Tho.—Extravagant thy interest in the fate
Of these two strangers. Tell me who they are,
For whom thy heart is thus so deeply mov'd.

Iph.—They are—they seem at least—I think them Greeks.

Tho.—Thy countrymen; no doubt they have renew'd
The pleasing picture of return.

Iph.—(After a pause.) Doth man
Lay undisputed claim to noble deeds?
Doth he alone to his heroic breast
Clasp the impossible? What call we great?
What deeds, though oft narrated, still uplift
With shudd'ring horror the narrator's soul,
But those which, with improbable success,
The valiant have attempted? Shall the man
Who all alone steals on his foes by night,
And raging like an unexpected fire,
Destroys the slumbering host, and press'd at length
By rous'd opponents or his foemen's steeds,
Retreats with booty—be alone extoll'd?

Or he who, scorning safety, boldly roams
Through woods and dreary wilds, to scour the land
Of thieves and robbers? Is naught left for us?
Must gentle woman quite forego her nature,
Force against force employ—like Amazons,
Usurp the sword from man, and bloodily
Revenge oppression? In my heart I feel
The stirrings of a noble enterprise;
But if I fail—severe reproach, alas!
And bitter misery will be my doom.
Thus on my knees I supplicate the gods.
Oh, are ye truthful, as men say ye are,
Now prove it by your countenance and aid;
Honor the truth in me! Attend, O king!
A secret plot is laid; 'tis vain to ask
Touching the captives; they are gone, and seek
Their comrades who await them on the shore.
The eldest—he whom madness lately seiz'd,
And who is now recover'd—is Orestes,
My brother, and the other Pylades,
His early friend and faithful confidant.
From Delphi, Phœbus sent them to this shore
With a divine command to steal away
The image of Diana, and to him
Bear back the sister, promising for this
Redemption to the blood-stain'd matricide.
I have deliver'd now into thy hands
The remnants of the house of Tantalus.
Destroy us—if thou canst.

Tho.— And dost thou think
The savage Scythian will attend the voice
Of truth and of humanity, unheard
By the Greek Atreus?

Iph.— 'Tis heard by all,
Whate'er may be their clime, within whose breast
Flows pure and free the gushing stream of life.—
What silent purpose broods within thy soul?
Is it destruction? Let me perish first!
For now, deliv'rance hopeless, I perceive
The dreadful peril into which I have

With rash precipitancy plung'd my friends.
Alas! I soon shall see them bound before me!
How to my brother shall I say farewell?
I, the unhappy author of his death.
Ne'er can I gaze again in his dear eyes!

Tho.—The traitors have contriv'd a cunning web,
And cast it round thee, who, secluded long,
Giv'st willing credence to thine own desires.

Iph.—No, no! I'd pledge my life these men are true.
And shouldst thou find them otherwise, O king,
Then let them perish both, and cast me forth,
That on some rock-girt island's dreary shore
I may atone my folly. Are they true,
And is this man indeed my dear Orestes,
My brother, long implor'd—release us both,
And o'er us stretch the kind protecting arm,
Which long hath shelter'd me. My noble sire
Fell through his consort's guilt—she by her son;
On him alone the hope of Atreus' race
Doth now repose. Oh, with pure heart and hands
Let me depart to expiate our house.
Yes, thou wilt keep thy promise; thou didst swear,
That were a safe return provided me,
I should be free to go. The hour is come.
A king doth never grant like common men,
Merely to gain a respite from petition;
Nor promise what he hopes will ne'er be claim'd.
Then first he feels his dignity complete
When he can make the long-expecting happy.

Tho.—As fire opposes water, and doth seek
With hissing rage to overcome its foe,
So doth my anger strive against thy words.

Iph.—Let mercy, like the consecrated flame
Of silent sacrifice, encircl'd round
With songs of gratitude, and joy, and praise,
Above the tumult gently rise to heaven.

Tho.—How often hath this voice assuag'd my soul!

Iph.—Extend thy hand to me in sign of peace.

Tho.—Large thy demand within so short a time.

Iph.—Beneficence doth no reflection need.

Tho.—'Tis needed oft, for evil springs from good.

Iph.—'Tis doubt which good doth oft to evil turn.
Consider not: act as thy feelings prompt thee.

SCENE IV.

Orestes (armed), Iphigenia, Thoas.

Orestes.—(Addressing his followers.) Redouble your exertions! hold them back!
Few moments will suffice; retain your ground,
And keep a passage open to the ship
For me and for my sister.
(To Iphigenia, without perceiving Thoas.)
Come with speed!
We are betray'd—brief time remains for flight.

Thoas.—None in my presence with impunity
His naked weapon wears.

Iphigenia.— Do not profane
Diana's sanctuary with rage and blood.
Command your people to forbear awhile,
And listen to the priestess, to the sister.

Ores.—Say, who is he that threatens us?

Iph.— In him
Revere the king, who was my second father.
Forgive me, brother, that my childlike heart
Hath plac'd our fate thus wholly in his hands.
I have betray'd your meditated flight,
And thus from treachery redeem'd my soul.

Ores.—Will he permit our peaceable return?

Iph.—Thy gleaming sword forbids me to reply.

Ores.—(Sheathing his sword.) Then speak! thou seest I listen to thy words.

SCENE V.

Orestes, Iphigenia, Thoas. Enter Pylades, soon after him Arkas, both with drawn swords.

Pylades.—Do not delay! our friends are putting forth
Their final strength, and yielding step by step,
Are slowly driven backward to the sea.—
A conference of princes find I here?
Is this the sacred person of the king?

Arkas.—Calmly, as doth become thee, thou dost stand,
O king, surrounded by thine enemies.
Soon their temerity shall be chastis'd;
Their yielding followers fly—their ship is ours.
Speak but the word, and it is wrapt in flames.

Thoas.—Go, and command my people to forbear!
Let none annoy the foe while we confer.

(Arkas retires.)

Orestes.—I willingly consent. Go, Pylades!
Collect the remnant of our friends, and wait
The appointed issue of our enterprise.

(Pylades retires.)

SCENE VI.

Iphigenia, Thoas, Orestes.

Iphigenia.—Relieve my cares ere ye begin to speak.
I fear contention, if thou wilt not hear
The voice of equity, O king—if thou
Wilt not, my brother, curb thy headstrong youth.

Thoas.—I, as becomes the elder, check my rage.
Now answer me: how dost thou prove thyself
The priestess' brother, Agamemnon's son?

Orestes.—Behold the sword with which the hero slew
The valiant Trojans. From his murderer
I took the weapon, and implor'd the gods
To grant me Agamemnon's mighty arm,
Success and valor, with a death more noble.

Select one of the leaders of thy host,
And place the best as my opponent here.
Where'er on earth the sons of heroes dwell,
This boon is to the stranger ne'er refus'd.

Tho.—This privilege hath ancient custom here
To strangers ne'er accorded.

Ores.— Then from us
Commence the novel custom! A whole race
In imitation soon will consecrate
Its monarch's noble action into law.
Nor let me only for our liberty—
Let me, a stranger, for all strangers fight.
If I should fall, my doom be also theirs;
But if kind fortune crown me with success,
Let none e'er tread this shore, and fail to meet
The beaming eye of sympathy and love,
Or unconsol'd depart!

Tho.— Thou dost not seem
Unworthy of thy boasted ancestry.
Great is the number of the valiant men
Who wait upon me; but I will myself,
Although advanc'd in years, oppose the foe,
And am prepar'd to try the chance of arms.

Iph.—No, no! such bloody proofs are not requir'd.
Unhand thy weapon, king! my lot consider;
Rash combat oft immortalizes man;
If he should fall, he is renown'd in song;
But after ages reckon not the tears
Which ceaseless the forsaken woman sheds;
And poets tell not of the thousand nights
Consum'd in weeping, and the dreary days,
Wherein her anguish'd soul, a prey to grief,
Doth vainly yearn to call her lov'd one back.
Fear warn'd me to beware lest robber's wiles
Might lure me from this sanctuary, and then
Betray me into bondage. Anxiously
I question'd them, each circumstance explor'd,
Demanded signs, and now my heart's assur'd.
See here, the mark as of three stars impress'd

On his right hand, which on his natal day
Were by the priest declar'd to indicate
Some dreadful deed by him to be perform'd.
And then this scar, which doth his eyebrow cleave,
Redoubles my conviction. When a child,
Electra, rash and inconsiderate,
Such was her nature, loos'd him from her arms.
He fell against a tripos. Oh, 'tis he!—
Shall I adduce the likeness to his sire,
Or the deep rapture of my inmost heart,
In further token of assurance, king?

Tho.—E'en though thy words had banish'd every doubt,
And I had curb'd the anger in my breast,
Still must our arms decide. I see no peace.
Their purpose, as thou didst thyself confess,
Was to deprive me of Diana's image.
And think ye that I look contented on?
The Greeks are wont to cast a longing eye
Upon the treasures of barbarians,
A golden fleece, good steeds, or daughters fair;
But force and guile not always have avail'd
To lead them, with their booty, safely home.

Ores.—The image shall not be a cause of strife!
We now perceive the error which the god,
Our journey here commanding, like a veil,
Threw o'er our minds. His counsel I implor'd,
To free me from the Furies' grisly band.
He answer'd, "Back to Greece the sister bring,
Who in the sanctuary on Tauris' shore
Unwillingly abides; so ends the curse!"
To Phœbus' sister we applied the words,
And he referred to thee! The bonds severe,
Which held thee from us, holy one, are rent,
And thou art ours once more. At thy blest touch,
I felt myself restor'd. Within thine arms,
Madness once more around me coil'd its folds,
Crushing the marrow in my frame, and then
Forever, like a serpent, fled to hell.
Through thee, the daylight gladdens me anew.
The counsel of the goddess now shines forth

In all its beauty and beneficence.
Like to a sacred image, unto which
An oracle immutably hath bound
A city's welfare, thee Diana took,
Protectress of our house, and guarded here
Within this holy stillness, to become
A blessing to thy brother and thy race.
Now when each passage to escape seems clos'd,
And safety hopeless, thou dost give us all.
O king, incline thine heart to thoughts of peace!
Let her fulfill her mission, and complete
The consecration of our father's house,
Me to their purified abode restore,
And place upon my brow the ancient crown!
Requite the blessing which her presence brought thee,
And let me now my nearer right enjoy!
Cunning and force, the proudest boast of man,
Fade in the lustre of her perfect truth;
Nor unrequited will a noble mind
Leave confidence, so childlike and so pure.

Iph.—Think on thy promise; let thy heart be mov'd
By what a true and honest tongue hath spoken!
Look on us, king! an opportunity
For such a noble deed not oft occurs.
Refuse thou canst not—give thy quick consent

Tho.—Then go!

Iph.— Not so, my king! I cannot part
Without thy blessing, or in anger from thee.
Banish us not! the sacred right of guests
Still let us claim: so not eternally
Shall we be sever'd. Honor'd and belov'd
As mine own father was, art thou by me:
And this impression in my soul remains.
Should e'en the meanest peasant of thy land
Bring to my ear the tones I heard from thee,
Or should I on the humblest see thy garb,
I will with joy receive him as a god,
Prepare his couch myself, beside our hearth
Invite him to a seat, and only ask
Touching thy fate and thee. Oh, may the gods

To thee the merited reward impart
Of all thy kindness and benignity!
Farewell! Oh, do not turn away, but give
One kindly word of parting in return!
So shall the wind more gently swell our sails,
And from our eyes with soften'd anguish flow
The tears of separation. Fare thee well!
And graciously extend to me thy hand,
In pledge of ancient friendship.

Tho.—**(Extending his hand.)** **Fare thee well.**

The *Iphigenia in Tauris* has been termed by Schlegel "an echo of Greek song," an epithet that is perfectly appropriate, and as elegant as it is appropriate; for without any servile imitation of Euripides, this beautiful and interesting drama reproduces, in its finished verses and its softened characters, the graceful and colossal figures of the antique. Says the translator, as to the heroine: "While contemplating her, we feel as if some exquisite statue of Grecian art had become animated by a living soul, and moved and breathed before us. Though exhibiting the severe simplicity which characterizes the creations of antiquity, she is far removed from all coldness and austerity; and her character, though cast in a classic mold, is free from the harsh and vindictive spirit which darkens the heroism of an age when religion lent her sanction to hatred and revenge."

Worthy of note is the subtlety with which Iphigenia imposes on the credulity of Thoas, the barbarian monarch, though Goethe describes him as a barbarian only in the sense in which the Greeks applied the word

to all who were not Greeks. She persuades him not only to sanction her project, but to assist in her design, and the ingenuity displayed by the priestess of Diana in escaping with her brother, together with her powerful appeal to the better nature of the king, forms perhaps the most interesting feature in the play. Some offense, indeed, is given by Iphigenia's unscrupulous violation of the truth, and the more so that we recognize in the crafty priestess the innocent victim who so strongly awakened our sympathies in the noble drama of *Iphigenia in Aulis*.

OBSTINACY

(EIGENSINN)

OF

R. BENEDIX.

(*Translated by W. H. H. Chambers.*)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

AUSDORF.

KATHARINA, his Wife.

ALFRED.

EMMA, his Wife.

HENRY, } *Alfred's Servants*
LIZZIE }

Obstinacy.

ARGUMENT.

Henry, one of Alfred's servants, is engaged to Lizzie, another servant. One morning when they have just finished laying the covers for breakfast, Henry, delighted that the task is finished, exclaims: "Thank God, the table is set," and asks Lizzie to say it likewise. On the ground that the request is silly, she refuses to say the words, and upon Henry's insistence they begin to quarrel. Alfred overhears the dispute and a little later relates the circumstance to Emma, his bride of three months, remarking that such a quarrel would be impossible between them, since she would undoubtedly grant any request of his, no matter how silly it might be. As Emma seems to question this statement, he finally asks her to repeat the words, and upon her refusal they, too, fall into a quarrel. About this time her father, Ausdorf and his wife, arrive. Alfred explains the incident to them, whereupon Ausdorf advises Alfred to be indulgent and assures him that the bride, like her mother, will be broken in after awhile and fulfill his every wish. The mother objects to this, and to prove it true Ausdorf asks his wife to repeat the phrase,

and, as she also refuses, they in turn lapse into a quarrel. Finally, however, a method of reconciliation is found; all three women repeat: "Thank God, the table is set," and peace is restored.

SCENE I.

Henry and Lizzie.

Lizzie.—(Behind the scenes.) Henry, Henry, open the door.

Henry.—Come, I'll help you.

(Lizzie enters; he kisses her.)

Liz.—Oh, Henry! suppose someone should see us.

Hen.—Who the mischief could see us?

Liz.—Why, our master may come in at any moment.

Hen.—Ah! Lizzie, a kiss taken in passing; caught, as it were, on the fly, always tastes sweetest.

Liz.—But suppose our master——

Hen.—Well, suppose he had really seen it; what's the difference?

Liz.—I'd die of shame.

Hen.—Why so? He kisses his wife, doesn't he; his bride of three months——?

Liz.—Of course, his wife. If you were my husband——

Hen.—Well, how long will it be before——?

Liz.—Who can tell——?

Hen.—Longer at all events than suits you.

Liz.—What a speech that is! We'd better attend to setting the table.

SCENE II.

Henry, Lizzie and Alfred (who remains unnoticed in the doorway).

Lizzie.—The father-in-law and his wife are coming to breakfast.

Henry.—And how perfectly delighted they are over the young folks' happiness.—Hem, a father-in-law is something I cannot, in truth, furnish you.

Liz.—Oh, never mind; neither can I.

Hen.—To my mind we two are quite sufficient in ourselves. Thank goodness the table is set!

Liz.—Yes.

Hen.—What's that?

Liz.—Nothing; I merely said yes.

Hen.—That won't do; you must say it, too.

Liz.—What?

Hen.—Thank goodness, the table is set!

Liz.—For what reason?

Hen.—Because it's the proper thing to do.

Liz.—Nonsense!

Hen.—When we've finished something, 'tis then proper to say: Thank goodness, or praise be to God, or thank God the thing is done.

Liz.—What folly!

Hen.—'Tis neither folly nor nonsense. When God had finished creating the world and had seen that all was good, then He, too, said: Thank God the world is done! And for this reason 'tis a pious custom to say when we've——

Liz.—Pshaw! get out with your tomfoolery.

Hen.—Lizzie, it isn't tomfoolery. You mustn't be such an infidel. Come here and say as I did: Thank God the table is set!

Liz.—No.

Hen.—As a favor to me?

Liz.—I will not.

Hen.—You will not?

Liz.—No.

Hen.—When I beg you to do something you say you will not?

Liz.—Yes, that's just what I say; and, when I say I won't, I won't, either. Not if you beg me ten times.

Hen.—What's that? I may beg ten times and you'll always answer no!

Liz.—Yes, whenever you propose such silly things.

Hen.—It's not silly at all; but that isn't the question, anyway; you should say it if for no other reason than the fact that I ask you.

Liz.—I won't do it.

Hen.—Lizzie!

Liz.—Henry!

Hen.—Now you must say it.

Liz.—I must?

Hen.—Yes; I insist.

Liz.—You're surely dreaming; or, did you get out of bed this morning left foot first?

Hen.—Don't try to make a joke of this matter; I'm in dead earnest. You shall say: Thank God the table is set.

Liz.—I shall say that?

Hen.—Yes.

Liz.—I shall? I must?

Hen.—You must and shall.

Liz.—Well, now, I positively will not.

Hen.—Lizzie, I entreat you.

Liz.—I won't do it.

Hen.—For the last time I beg——

Liz.—I won't do it, I tell you, I won't; not even if you stand on your head to beg.

Hen.—We'll see about that.

Liz.—Yes, we will see.

Hen.—Then you won't grant my request? You refuse obstinately?

Liz.—Yes.

Hen.—And you won't change your mind or be less stubborn?

Liz.—No.

Hen.—But you shall. (He takes hold of her arm.)

Liz.—Ouch!

Hen.—Say it.

Liz.—No; ouch! ouch!

Hen.—Thank God the table is set.

Liz.—No, no. You hateful man, to pinch me so!—and I won't say it, either.

Hen.—Very well; then it's all over between us.

(Releases her arm.)

Liz.—Well, go.

Hen.—You give me up so easily?

Liz.—If you will be a fool.

Hen.—But you might so easily say the little phrase.

Liz.—But I won't—I won't—I won't.

Hen.—Well, then, go to the——

Liz.—We'll speak about it some other time.

Hen.—Lizzie: Thank God the table is set.

Liz.—No.

Hen.—Obstinacy, thy name is woman.—Entreaty, threats, force, all in vain.* I really believe I might kill you and yet you wouldn't say it.

Alfred.—Well, let her live for the present, at least, Henry, whether she says it or no.

Hen.—Ah! master, you heard——?

Alf.—A portion of your quarrel—yes, the girl is certainly very stubborn.

Hen.—Oh, but she's so good otherwise—I don't know what's got into her head to-day.

Alf.—Well, as a matter of fact, who can ever tell what a woman has got in her head. Be that as it may, now go and get a bottle of Madeira; my father-in-law is very fond of a glass or two at breakfast.

Hen.—Well, she must say it; nevertheless.

(Henry and Lizzie leave.)

Alf.—(Alone.) I wonder if she hasn't finished dressing yet—still, she rang sometime ago. Ah! here she is.

SCENE III.

Alfred and Emma.

Emma.—Good morning, dear.

Alfred.—Good morning, my darling Emma.

Emma.—How did you sleep?

Alf.—Splendidly; the happy always sleep well.

Emma.—And you are happy?

Alf.—Can you ask such a question? Are you not my wife?

Emma.—Oh, you flatter! Really, it must stop. We've been married now quite three months, and it's time you began to act like a real husband and stop playing the lover.

Alf.—And should you like that?

Emma.—Well, you know everybody tells me that men, once married, change, and I must get used to it, I suppose. And then, too, you know the longer you put off the alteration, the longer you pamper and spoil me, the more difficult I shall find it to become used to the altered conditions.

Alf.—I shall never alter in the least, my dear wife; you shall never be able to detect any difference between the man that is and the man that was.

Emma.—Nor shall I ever give you any opportunity to change, either.

Alf.—I know that you are the best wife on the face of the globe. Why, you fulfill all my requests before I even have time to give them expression.

Emma.—And don't you do exactly the same thing?

Alf.—How can I resist your eyes when they beam so lovingly upon me and—crave a kiss?

Emma.—Gently, my dear; my eyes never crave kisses; at the very most they merely permit them.

Alf.—Well, permit then——

Emma.—Darling Alfred!

Alf.—My sweet little wife!

Emma.—My parents are a long time coming; I thought they'd be here long before now.

Alf.—Do you miss them?

Emma.—I hope that question wasn't asked deliberately.

Alf.—No, no; it simply slipped out—(Laughing.) That reminds me that I just——

Emma.—Just what? It must have been something very funny.

Alf.—Listened to a highly comic scene.

Emma.—Listened? For shame, husband!

Alf.—Oh, quite accidentally. As I was coming out of my room a little while ago my attention was drawn to some loud and lively talk. I stood still. Henry and Lizzie had just finished laying the covers for breakfast when Henry, perfectly well content, said: Thank God the table is set, and asked Lizzie to say it also, on the ground that everyone must do so when a task is complete.

Emma.—What a notion!

Alf.—Lizzie refused, Henry insisted, and they both fell into a regular quarrel. Henry attempted to compel her, but she remained obstinate and would not say it.

Emma.—Really, I'm sure one might well ask, which in this case was most obstinate, Henry or Lizzie?

Alf.—But he begged her to say it.

Emma.—It was a silly request.

Alf.—But such a trifling one as not to justify, in the least, her stubborn refusal.

Emma.—Just as little, his stubborn insistence. I don't think Lizzie was wrong.

Alf.—Well, don's let us quarrel about it. Such a thing couldn't happen to us, anyway.

Emma.—(Looks at him somewhat doubtfully.)

Alf.—Should I ask you to do anything of the sort, you'd do it.

Emma.—Ahem, ahem!

Alf.—I'm convinced that you'd do it.

Emma.—But what if I wouldn't?

Alf.—What if you wouldn't? The situation isn't conceivable; I'll bet on that.

Emma.—Don't bet.

Alf.—Let's try it, anyway.

Emma.—No, no!

Alf.—I entreat you, dear Emma, say just once: Thank God the table is set.

Emma.—Go along with you; don't be childish.

Alf.—Please say it.

Emma.—What a request!

Alf.—Please, sweet little wife, say just once: Thank God the table is set.

Emma.—No, I won't say it.

Alf.—Please, please.

Emma.—No, no.

Alf.—You won't say it?

Emma.—No.

Alf.—And you can refuse me a request?

Emma.—But it would be so childish to say it.

Alf.—It makes no difference whether it be childish or not. 'Tis simply a question of granting my request.

Emma.—But you do wrong to ask such a thing.

Alf.—That may be, but you do wrong to refuse.

Emma.—I do wrong? This is the first time you ever said anything like that to me.

Alf.—It is also the first time you ever refused to grant my requests.

Emma.—And the first time you ever made such a childish and inconsiderate request.

Alf.—Childish? inconsiderate? Such words to come from your lips? Is that the language of love?

Emma.—Can love demand such a piece of folly?

Alf.—Oh, I didn't demand; I only requested.

Emma.—Indeed—and if you should demand?

Alf.—Then——

Emma.—And if you should demand?

Alf.—Then assuredly you would not refuse.

Emma.—And that is just the very time I should refuse.

Alf.—What?

Emma.—You would demand such a thing of me? You would humiliate me? The request I might, perhaps, have granted; the demand I certainly shall not.

Alf.—Heavens! how boisterous and decided you are toward me! Is this the proper tone for a wife to use with her husband?

Emma.—And is such a piece of folly the proper thing for a husband to require of his wife?

SCENE IV.

Alfred, Emma, Lizzie and Henry.

Emma.—I forgot my handkerchief.

(Henry and Lizzie leave.)

Alfred.—Emma, don't drive a trifle, begun in mere jest, to extremes.

Emma.—Am I doing that? You're the one who is changing a jest into something serious.

Alf.—Have you reconsidered the matter? Will you give in—show yourself less obstinate?

Emma.—What! obstinate? Now you know I can't bear that word. I'm not obstinate in this case, not the least little bit, but you are since you so stubbornly insist upon such a piece of folly.

Alf.—But Emma, can't you understand that I don't care anything at all about this piece of folly, as you term it, but only that you should not refuse me any request.

Emma.—Well, my request is to drop the subject.

Alf.—But as I asked you first, my request should be first considered. I shouldn't have believed it possible that you could say no to me. I can't tolerate the thought.

Emma.—Indeed, I must never say no? Always only yes, yes, yes. See, you're just like all the men. You don't want any loving companion or equal; you want your wife to be a slave.

Alf.—What exaggeration!

Emma.—No exaggeration whatever; the enslaving process thus begins with a demand for blind obedience. But I will never allow myself to be made a slave; never, at any time. I'll defend my rights 'till I've drawn my last breath. I'll never submit, neither to threats nor to abuse.

Alf.—And Holy Writ says: Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, for the husband is head of the wife.

Emma.—See; I told you I was right. You would be the lord and master, I should be the slave; you would command, I should obey. Oh, I acknowledge your lordship, as is proper, and will obey all your sensible commands; but your foolish ones—never.

Alf.—These are not expressions that would be used to anyone for whom a person had the slightest esteem.

Emma.—Nor would such things be exacted of a wife for whom a person had the slightest esteem.

Alf.—But in jest——

Emma.—Oh, you've made downright earnest of it. Only a quarter of an hour ago you told me: I shall never alter in the least, my dear wife, and already you have become the cold, unfeeling husband, who sees in his wife only a serf.

Alf.—Well, I hope you're not going to cry; you know tears irritate me.

Emma.—How can I help it if your violence forces them from me.

Alf.—Heavens! what a monster I've become! My violence forces my wife to tears! Poor, pitiable wife whom ill-luck fetters to such a man!

Emma.—That's right, now add sarcasm to your cruelty. If anyone had told me that an hour ago, I couldn't have believed it. I got up so joyfully; I felt so happy, and now——

Alf.—You're the most miserable wife on the face of the globe! Don't hesitate, say so frankly.

Emma.—(Cries and makes no answer.)

Alf.—Well, by Jove! if she isn't absolutely crying! What would her parents think if they should come now?—Emma—Emma—my dear—let's make up.

Emma.—Make up?

Alf.—It's pure folly for us to spoil such a beautiful morning this way.

Emma.—You perceive that?

Alf.—No one ever had less grounds to be at variance than we.

Emma.—And yet you were so harsh to me.

Alf.—Well, I'll meet you more than half way. Here's my hand; let's make up.

Emma.—You naughty man to torture me so!

Alf.—And now, as a favor, say the little phrase for me.

Emma.—What, still?

Alf.—Won't you?

Emma.—But, Alfred——

Alf.—Now I met you more than half way, offered you my hand, and now it's your turn to give in.

Emma.—Then you insist upon it? You want to start our dispute over again, from the very beginning?

Alf.—Well, end the dispute—say the few words and I'll be entirely satisfied.

Emma.—No, and once again, no.

Alf.—No?

Emma.—No.

Alf.—That's fine, very fine! You see that you can afford me pleasure by this trifle and yet you refuse it. My request may be a piece of folly, but, nevertheless, it is my request—which you do not grant. It may be obstinacy in me to require this of you, but love should accommodate itself to and submit to obstinacy by giving in—yet you fail to do it. I don't care a snap for the foolish words, except as an evidence of your love, but this evidence I value highly—this also you refuse to give. I have entreated, demanded, exhausted all the

methods of making you listen to reason—yet you remain stubborn. And you pretend to love me? You, who cannot even once master your obstinacy sufficiently to do me a trifling favor! Pshaw, never tell me again that you love me!

Emma.—You reproach me with obstinacy? And with what right? You admit yourself that it is a piece of folly to require these silly words of me, and yet you insist upon this folly? It would degrade me, were I knowingly to consent to an irrational act, and yet you resolutely insist upon this degradation? Is that love? You plainly see that your demand pains me, but that doesn't move your feelings in the least. You yet insist on having your way. Your harshness compels my tears—they even fail to touch you. My whole being is aroused to resistance by your foolish demand, but you still stubbornly insist upon having your way. Well, now, who is the really obstinate one? Who really lacks love?

SCENE V.

Alfred, Emma and Henry.

Henry.—The lady and gentleman are coming.

Alfred.—Hide your tears. What would they think of you?

Emma.—For aught I care, they may know everything that has happened; I'm not to blame.

Alf.—Pay attention to your duties as mistress of a household who must always show a pleasant face to her guests.

SCENE VI.

Alfred, Emma, Ausdorf, Katharina, Henry and Lizzie.

Ausdorf.—Good morning, children, good morning. Well, how are you?

Alfred.—Welcome, welcome!

Emma.—Welcome, dearest father and mother!

Katharina.—Ah! my dear child, I haven't seen you for ever so long; you give us but little of your company, these days.

Emma.—Dearest mother——

Kath.—Oh, you needn't explain, my dear; I understand that a young wife has more to do than think about her mother.

Aus.—That's the way the world wags, wife. She shall leave her father and mother, so it reads in Holy Writ—but Emma, nevertheless, thinks about us sometimes, don't you, my dear?

Emma.—Always, father, always.

Alf.—Hadn't we better sit down?

(Henry and Lizzie leave.)

Aus.—I'm quite willing, my son; it's rather a good stretch to your house, and I arrive with tired legs and a hearty appetite. Ha! ha! wife, I see you've seated yourself between these young people; that's a clever idea of yours, for should they sit beside each other, they'd be of no earthly account to their guests. Now, let's clink glasses, you young people, to many days like this! What, you don't touch glasses? Why, my son, you look embarrassed and the young wife has a tear in her eye. Has there been a matrimonial scene?

Kath.—How can you ask such a rude question? Let the young people settle their own affairs.

Alf.—Merely a trifle, a jest—not worth mentioning. My dear Emma is rather too sensitive.

Emma.—That, too? Now I'm to be reproached with sensitiveness, besides!

Alf.—You might at least, in the presence of our guests——

Kath.—Calm yourself, Emma; such things do happen.

Emma.—I feel I am doing wrong not to control myself—I have tried to; have wrestled with my feelings, but I'm too deeply injured.

Kath.—Why, son-in-law——

Aus.—Hush, wife, don't meddle with the children's affairs.

Alf.—Judging from Emma's expressions, it might appear that I had done her some unheard of injury. You shall decide for yourselves. I'll tell you the whole circumstance.

Aus.—Don't do it, my son; we don't want to get mixed up in your family disputes.

Alf.—No, no; it's exactly with you that I must justify myself.

Aus.—It isn't necessary.

Alf.—You might believe——

Aus.—We believe nothing.

Kath.—(To her husband.) Leave him alone; perhaps it may lead to an understanding. Speak freely, my son.

Alf.—This morning I heard Henry ask Lizzie to say: Thank God the table is set, and because she refused they fell into a hot dispute. Laughing, I related the circumstance to my wife and flatteringly remarked that she would not be so obstinate; then, purely in jest I begged her to say the words. She refused, however, with such resolute obstinacy, such extraordinary stubbornness, that we finally fell into downright dispute.

Emma.—There, you hear it yourselves: obstinacy, stubbornness, sensitiveness, he reproaches me with all. You can certify that I was never the least bit obstinate.

Aus.—Well, now, my dear——

Kath.—Now, husband, don't do Emma an injustice; she never was obstinate. Calm yourself, my dear, we are not going to come between you; you'll soon be reconciled to each other.

Emma.—Alas! he still insists that I should say the words.

Kath.—What, my son, you still insist upon it?

Alf.—Please let's leave the thing undecided.

Aus.—Yes, that's what I say; please don't spoil my breakfast. You're a little simpleton, Emma, and you, my son, must be indulgent and take no notice of a little obstinacy; she'll get broken in after awhile, like my good wife here. Why, she don't know what opposition is; she grants all my requests, and if I should ask her to say: Thank God the table is set, she'd do it immediately.

Kath.—No I shouldn't.

Aus.—What?

Kath.—You wouldn't ask.

Aus.—But if I should?

Kath.—Then I shouldn't do it.

Aus.—Ah! wife, you're not in earnest?

Kath.—Decidedly so.

Aus.—You would refuse to grant my request?

Kath.—Yes.

Alf.—Pray, let's change the subject.

Aus.—No, this is something that never happened to me before; I must have it settled. Dear Katharina, say just once: Thank God the table is set.

Kath.—Let me alone.

Aus.—Please say it——

Kath.—No.

Aus.—When I see the table ready, it's an almost daily occurrence with me to say, with a grateful heart: Thank God the table is set. Now you say it once, also.

Kath.—No.

Emma.—Mother dear!

Aus.—Katharina!

Kath.—No.

Aus.—Katrina!

Kath.—No, no.

Aus.—Kitty!

Kath.—I won't do it.

Aus.—This has gone beyond a joke with me. Will you set your daughter such a bad example by your obstinacy?

Alf.—But I beg——

Kath.—There we have the old experience: Men all pull together when the enslaving of women is the object. The father takes sides against his own daughter.

Aus.—I side with no one but myself. What has happened between my daughter and her husband is none of my business. My present business is with you, since I have asked you to say these words.

Kath.—How can you ask your wife to say such folly?

Aus.—Folly or not, that isn't the question. This request is the touchstone of obedience, nothing else. Just as the celebrated hat set up by Geszler for the Swiss to salute was merely a touchstone of obedience.

Kath.—Quite right; and because that hat-command was likewise ridiculous, foolish and humiliating, the Swiss rebelled against their tyrant.

Emma.—And we don't submit any more than the Swiss.

Kath.—And we can rise in insurrection against our husbands.

Emma.—We are wives, but not slaves.

Kath.—In Turkey the wives may be slaves, but we live in a Christian land.

Emma.—Our husbands evidently desire to introduce the Turkish customs here, since their behavior is quite Turkish.

Kath.—But thank God we are not slaves; and that we know how to defend our rights.

Emma.—Blind obedience is a slavish virtue.

Kath.—We first inquire whether the command be just, before we obey.

Emma.—And such foolish commands we never obey, never, never.

Kath.—Never, never, never.

Aus.—(To Alfred.) We've got into a pretty scrape with the whole female sex pouring broadsides into us.

Alf.—(To Ausdorf.) What shall we do?

Aus.—(To Alfred.) You can do whatever you like; this thing threatens to spoil my breakfast, and if I don't breakfast in peace I can't enjoy my dinner.

Alf.—(To Ausdorf.) But we can't give in, can we?

Aus.—(To Alfred.) My dear fellow, this is a dispute in which no man can gain anything; I permitted myself to be dragged into it and became somewhat vexed, but my good temper is returning. Our wives are not so very far wrong since after all there is just as much obstinacy in stubborn insistence as in stubborn resistance.

Emma.—(To Katharina.) Had I dreamed that the thing would have gone as far as this I should have accepted it from the very beginning as a joke and let him have his way—but now I can't.

Kath.—(To Emma.) Oh, on no account; you would become the subject of his tyranny for ever.

Emma.—(To Katharina.) He shall see that I have a resolute will.

Kath.—(To Emma.) That's right; we won't weaken a particle, my husband shall marvel at the results; he'll plead a long time before I'll be good to him again.

Emma.—(To Katharina.) You'll stand by me, dearest mother?

Kath.—(To Emma.) Depend upon it.

Aus.—(To Alfred.) The cleverest always gives in——

Alf.—(To Ausdorf.) I would gladly; but honor——

Aus.—(To Alfred.) Bah! that's what men call it. To yield is painful, so they willingly give it a high-sounding name—honor. Let's treat it all as a joke and make up.

Alf.—(To Ausdorf.) Yes, that's it, a joke—I want to end the matter.

Aus.—Listen, my dears, your confederation is too powerful for me. I want to first strengthen myself with a good breakfast for a continuation of the battle. Thank God the table is set, one has only to help one's self.

Emma.—Mother dear, ought we not also——?

Kath.—Yes, yes; don't let us deprive ourselves of breakfast on account of this folly.

Alf.—My dear little wife, we want to put an end to this war and conclude a treaty of peace. I acknowledge that I was the prime mover in our dispute. In expiation of my fault, I present you with one of these two shawls.

Emma.—Alfred, I don't know——

Alf.—Choose.

Emma.—At this moment——

Alf.—Choose, my dear, choose. The one on the right? Well, that is very becoming. I have now met you three-quarters way——?

Emma.—Thank God the table is set.

Aus.—Good! my children, you did that well.

Alf.—Peace is declared.

Emma.—For ever.

Alf.—Nothing of that sort shall ever happen again.

Emma.—Never.

Aus.—That's right; let's clink on that.

Kath.—Husband.

Aus.—Ahem?

Kath.—Just look!

Aus.—Well?

Kath.—There's another shawl yet.

Aus.—Indeed?

Kath.—Don't you want to do a little expiating too?

Aus.—With the shawl? That's too expensive for me.

Kath.—But think——

Aus.—I hope you'll do it cheaper, my better-half. Such a young husband cannot endure the dissatisfaction of his wife, and so he is willing to make considerable sacrifice in expiation—however, once, as old as I am, he'll do it no longer, either.

Kath.—Fie, how horrible!

Emma.—Alfred, I hope that will not be——

Enter Henry and Lizzie.

Alf.—Well, Henry, have you made up with Lizzie?

Henry.—Alas, she still won't——

Alf.—O Lizzie, how obstinate!

Lizzie.—But master——

Emma.—You must give in, Lizzie; you must say the words.

Liz.—You know——

Emma.—We know everything.

Aus.—Yes, Lizzie, you began the whole trouble.

Kath.—Yes, indeed, and thereby spoiled our entire morning. As a punishment you must repeat the phrase publicly; so out with it: Thank God the table is set.

All.—(Laughing.) Well!

Kath.—Well?

Aus.—Now you've really said them, too.

Kath.—Then that ends it.

Alf.—Well, Lizzie, you're the only one remaining.

Liz.—I cannot.

Emma.—I promise to see that your wedding takes place in three weeks.

Liz.—Wedding? Ah, thank God!

All.—(Laughing.) Well!

Liz.—Well?

All.—Continue, continue.

Liz.—How?

Hen.—Now say the rest.

Liz.—Oh! that?

All.—Go on, go on.

Liz.—The table is set.

All.—Bravo, bravo.

Roderich Benedix was unquestionably one of the most popular writers of comedy during the first half of the nineteenth century, ranking next after Kotzebue, as Robertson estimates him in his *History of German Literature*, though assuredly this is no very great compliment. "His plays," says Robertson, "combine a homely provincialism with undoubted powers of characterization and command of stage effect, but they possess little or no literary interest, except, perhaps, as modern equivalents of the Saxon comedy of the eighteenth century." This is damning with somewhat feeble praise,

and hardly does justice to the author of *Der Stoerenfried* and *Bemoostes Haupt.* His dramatic works fill twenty-seven volumes, and not a few of them still hold the German stage. Yet neither he nor Kotzebue can compare for a moment with the great masters, as Schiller and Lessing, nor even with those of the second class, as Iffland and Grillparzer. Nevertheless, he was a man of far more than mediocre ability, as will be admitted by those who have taken the trouble to peruse the comedy given above.

EGOTIST AND PSEUDO-CRITIC

HERR GOTTLIEB MERKS
(DER EGOIST UND KRITIKUS)

OR

AUGUST V. KOTZEBUE.

(*Translated by W. H. H. Chambers.*)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HERR GOTTLIEB MERKS, Critic.

CORALINE, an Actress.

FOPPMAN an Author.

JULIE, a poor Girl.

KILIAN, a Copyist.

FRITZ HOLDER, an aspiring Poet.

KRAUSE, Bookseller and Publisher.

Some servants and persons that do not speak.

Egotist and Pseudo-Critic.

ARGUMENT.

Herr Gottlieb Merks, an extremely egotistical author, has led astray and then abandoned Julie, who has been succeeded in his affections by a mediocre actress named Katrina. Coraline, another and more talented actress, whom he has never seen, proposes to play a part that Katrina had hoped to play. For this reason she is severely attacked by Merks in his newspaper, as also is Foppman, a rival author and a stranger to Merks. Julie, driven to despair, attempts suicide, but is rescued by Kilian, who takes her to his home, and later, while endeavoring to induce Merks to make compensation, is driven away with insults. Foppman, Coraline, Kilian and some others who have also been insolently treated by Merks, determine to execute a plan conceived by Foppman, and designed to bring Merks into ridicule and provide for Julie at his expense. They pass off Coraline as a Persian princess who has travelled all the way from her native land to meet the distinguished author. His vanity causes him to fall readily into the trap. He becomes deeply smitten, accepts the Mohammedan faith, and goes through a pretended ceremony with no small discomfort to himself. After he has af-

forded them much merriment and handed over a valuable ring and some money, they unmask, and the play closes with their jeers and scornful laughter at his threats.

ACT I.

Scene: Herr Gottlieb Merks' room. Merks is sitting at his writing table, which is covered with books and papers. In the rear, near the door, stands a printer's devil waiting for copy.

Merks.—The last number simply glimmered and glowed, as it were, in token of the approaching storm—now comes the lightning-stroke and thunder. We'll wean, little by little, these would-be famous actresses from travelling round. And particularly this Coraline, who dares to undertake the title-rôle in which my charming Katrina alone should appear. (Strikes the table with his fist.) Yes, she shall be first, and first remain. And this I'll iterate and reiterate to the public until they stop laughing at it. Therefore, hands off, Coraline. Should she, nevertheless, dare to step upon the boards, not only shall she find the pen sharp, but the tongue as well. (To the youth.) Here, my boy, take this copy to the printer; it must be run off to-night.

Now, let's see what the mails have brought us. (He opens several letters and packages.) A romance in two volumes—not even bound—and a short, curt note. (Places the package aside.) 'Twill be damned with faint praise. (Opens another.) An Annual to the Muses—nicely bound—many fine engravings—rather expensive. (Lays it aside.) Will be strongly commended to the public. (Opens another.) Poetry—in morocco—and a ducat besides. (Puts it with the others.) Most excellent poetry! (Opens letters.) A contribution to my newspaper—anonymous—no compliments—will not be published. Also another and quite a note with it. (He reads some passages.) Honored sir—your celebrity—your genius—your learning—a modest Muse implores your protection and patronage.—Very good! Just let me see what sort of stuff the modest Muse writes.—Wretched, abominably wretched! But in considera-

tion of her confidence and trust—one mustn't stifle budding genius—it shall be published. (Opens another.) Ah! here's a contribution from a popular, yet somewhat self-conceited author. (Runs over it hastily.) I'll lay it aside, or perhaps 'twould be better to correct it a little, and put in here and there a question-mark in parenthesis, whereby both the public and he may learn that there are people who doubt his statements and revise his matter. Above all, I shall not permit anyone to imagine that he can please the public without my consent.

Enter the Publisher Krause.

Krause.—I come in very low spirits to see you.

Merks.—Who are you?

Krause.—I'm the bookseller and publisher, Krause, a man to whom it is becoming more and more difficult to properly care for his numerous children. It has pleased you to carp and cavil at my latest publication—really, a good book—to such an extent that I fear the entire, and rather large edition, will be left on my hands.

Merks.—You surely do not come here to take me to task for that? It pleased me to base my criticism upon my own opinion, and that is something no one can constrain.

Krause.—No one, indeed, but yourself; nor should I permit myself one word on this subject, had you really criticised the work in accordance with your opinion.

Merks.—Can you prove the contrary?

Krause.—To be sure. When the book first appeared you expressed to my friend, councillor Baumann, a very favorable opinion.

Merks.—Yes, at that time.

Krause.—Of a man like you, I dare not presume to think that he would express an opinion without thorough examination; nor can I imagine that he would repudiate an opinion based on such examination.

Merks.—Why not? I have, before now, praised many an author as long as he remained my friend, and lashed him when he became mine enemy.

Krause.—I wonder at the frankness of your speech.

Merks.—'Tis my manner—it impresses.

Krause.—But surely, I never was your enemy.

Merks.—Now listen, my dear Herr Krause; a word in confidence. Didn't you send a copy of your work to the editor of a certain journal?

Krause.—Yes.

Merks.—And none to me. Why none to me?

Krause.—Because my relations with him are intimate and friendly.

Merks.—And not with me. There you have it. Why should you wonder? Just look, everywhere here on this table are lying books which were sent me by the publishers, accompanied with polite letters—sometimes, indeed, laden with ready money. You will find it quite natural that such works enjoy a certain preference.

Krause.—I have always believed that the preference given was due to the book itself.

Merks.—That is at it happens. We must all live. Four times a year I send my reviewer's copies to auction. That brings quite a sum, and one hand washes the other.

Krause.—'Tis true when one does dirty work, the hands must needs be washed.

Merks.—Sir, do you venture to——

Krause.—Don't take umbrage. I clearly perceive that I am but a sorry publisher. I understand quite as little how to beg for editorial notices as how to palm off on the public favorable reviews written by myself.

Merks.—Then you are, indeed, a sorry publisher.

Krause.—I have always been of the opinion that a critic in whose reviews the public have confidence should not deceive his readers.

Merks.—My dear Herr Krause, who reads reviews with an idea of choosing their reading accordingly?

Krause.—Then why are they published?

Merks.—Simply because there are people who take delight in malicious attacks. The great horde as gladly see an author stigmatized as a criminal hung.

Krause.—Great heavens! Then whom should be most despised—the public or the critic?

Merks.—Well, take your choice. If you have nothing more to say, kindly excuse me; I have still three reviews to write this morning, and I have not as yet read a single page of the books.

Krause.—And if I should have our entire conversation printed?

Merks.—Then I should simply say that you had lied from one end to the other.

Krause.—Because no one has been near us?

Merks.—Exactly.

Krause.—(Shrugging his shoulders.) Good God! Thou permittest thy sun to shine upon such men! Truly 'tis not right. (He leaves.)

Merks.—(Alone.) An amusing business man! He would be a publisher and does not even understand how to find praise for his books. The worse they are the more they must be puffed. 'Tis an old trick of the trade, but the race of fools that permit themselves to be deceived thereby never dies out.

Reënter Krause.

Krause.—I had almost forgotten something important. This manuscript has been brought to me to be published. Some humorous lines containing a narration of a little event that happened to you some days ago.

Merks.—What event?

Krause.—Well, 'tis said that your newspaper caused you to be noticed by some military gentlemen, and that in a public place some fingers became too intimate with your nose.

Merks.—Bagatelle!

Krause.—'Tis all told here with great gusto. I don't care to have anything to do with the lines, so I'll hand them over to you.

Merks.—You do yourself an injustice; if they're really witty they may make considerable money for you.

Krause.—I'm very willing, indeed anxious, to make money; but it's not indifferent to me how I make it. (He leaves.)

Merks.—(Alone.) The fellow is a fool. Did he for one moment believe that 'twould cause a single gray hair to grow in my head if he published it? The genuine critic snaps his fingers at censure and contempt, for he wears a coat of mail like a rhinoceros.

Enter Fritz Holder.

Holder.—Have I the honor to address the learned Herr Merks?

Merks.—That's my name.

Hol.—You can see that I'm young; perhaps you can also see that I'm poor. My parents are along in years and I'm their only support. For a long time I've been seeking a small office. A little while ago I hoped to obtain a patron by an occasional poem. The man is a friend of the Muses and patronizes budding talent. My hopes would probably have reached fruition, but unfortunately my brochure fell into your hands, and it pleased you to ridicule it so severely that my hopes were all dashed to the ground.

Merks.—I had very good reasons.

Hol.—Now tell me, on your honor, was my poem so very bad?

Merks.—Not at all; in fact, there were even here and there sparks of genius.

Hol.—Then why didn't you say so?

Merks.—Because in it you paid homage to a certain clique that I despise.

Hol.—And for this reason you jestingly, in cold blood, destroyed the hopes of a poor young man?

Merks.—Pshaw! what do I know of your hopes. The critic deals with art and pays no attention to the private purpose of the artisan.

Hol.—And thus the man dares to answer me who, with easy candor, confesses that he fulfills his functions with so little consideration—who acknowledges that purely on account of party spite he has stamped upon these sparks of genius——

Merks.—My dear sir, your talk wearies me. Go; write me down; the public shall judge between us.

Hol.—He who enjoys the advantage of entertaining the public four or five times a week with his wit is sure to be adjudged right, since he has the last word. No, I shall not write you down. You do me justice in one of your earliest issues and thus right my wrong.

Merks.—I? Retract? Heaven forbid! Like Pilate, I say: What I have written I have written.

Hol.—Have the thanks and love of men no charm for you?

Merks.—I love myself, and that furnishes me sufficient employment.

Hol.—'Tis sad that heart and genius are so seldom combined.

Merks.—The heart, my young friend, is something that every clever man carries in his mouth, but never in his bosom.

Hol.—Alas!

Merks.—To master men is the aim of genius; and fear, the best tool. Him that fears me I can use quite as much as if he loved me, and what he may think of my heart matters not to me.

Hol.—Farewell.

Merks.—Yet a word. You appear to be a young man of real talent, and I can, with reason, show that I have a good heart. Write down a certain school that you have seemed to favor and I promise to change that unfavorable review of which you complain into one most favorable.

Hol.—What! After you have published the sharpest censure?

Merks.—Have you never heard that charming anecdote of the cardinal, who, after proving most clearly the existence of God, offered on the spot to prove as clearly the contrary?

Hol.—Excellent!

Merks.—Each deals, speaks and writes according to his convenience; to-day, this—to-morrow, something else. Why, then, should only the critic be unchangeable, like a fixed star?

Hol.—Pray, Herr Merks, take it not unkindly, but I must speak out. You drive a wretched trade. May my blighted happiness never burden your conscience! (He leaves.)

Merks.—(Alone.) No danger of that. But just write another book and I promise you I'll bear your words in mind. The benighted Philistine mind constantly feeds on foreign food. It cannot comprehend the genius who is sufficient unto himself, who draws his web, like the spider, from himself alone, and foreign wisdom never mixes in his mental food. His own mirror, he never misses a friend, except when some scheme requires him. Wherever I've been I've constantly chosen my own circle, of which I alone have been the centre, and each radius unites with and gets its being from me alone. Yet has my heart never been bound within this circle when otherwise it suited my purpose, nor has gratitude ever held me back; for no principle is a spring of action to the wise except he finds his benefit and happiness therein. The world may go to wreck around him, for aught he cares, if only it is permitted him to stand comfortably on his clod. I am a friend—so long as friendship proves useful and pleasing. I praise—him that admires and eulogizes me. I am also virtuous—when it wins me honor. I'll bravely protest and fight for the under dog—when I am sure to stand thereby in all the blaze of chivalry. 'Tis then the credulous world calls me the avenger of mankind. I laugh in my sleeve—a sufficient hero unto myself.

Enter Kilian.

Kilian.—Highly honored sir, if you will kindly permit me to mention the matter, I have the honor to be, so to speak, a colleague of yours.

Merks.—Indeed? and your name is?

Kil.—The writer Kilian. In truth, only a copyist, but nevertheless, in a sense, an author.

Merks.—(Sarcastically.) To be sure!

Kil.—In the course of my life I have written many a thousand sheets of foolscap for the lawyers, and I am accustomed to say that while my writings do not, I admit, reach the book stores, neither do they come to an ignominious end, but are carefully preserved in archives.

Merks.—Well, what can I do for you, my worthy colleague?

Kil.—Show that you have the heart of a Christian.

Merks.—Many thanks for the confidence you repose in me.

Kil.—No, I cannot say that I have any confidence in you, but I rely upon God's word: Seek and ye shall find.

Merks.—Without further exordium may I ask——?

Kil.—The petition cannot be granted, since I have a quasi-exordium, or statement of facts *in petto.*

Merks.—I beg you to be brief at least.

Kil.—As brief as I can. At seven o'clock in the evening, on the twenty-first of November, after sitting in a cramped position at my writing table for ten hours, I came down my five flights of stairs to the street in order to——

Merks.—(Impatiently.) Get a little fresh air.

Kil.—No; fresh air, thank God! is never lacking in my room, since I am well supplied by both the north and west wind, and each storm is accustomed to speak first to me. No, I came down simply to stretch my legs, for I am becoming old and stiff and my legs had occupied for some hours an extremely limited space.

Merks.—Go on, go on.

Kil.—The moon was shining with a rather faint light as I walked comfortably along the canal—for I live in Lumpen street near the canal—when I met——

Merks.—The policeman, I suppose.

Kil.—No, not the policeman; his appearance at this place belongs to a later period. I met a young woman with a baby in her arms, and as she passed me I thought I heard her sigh and sob several times.

Merks.—Ah! the romance now begins to be interesting.

Kil.—No romance, learned sir; it really happened. Curiosity is no failing of mine; besides, I've no time for it, yet I know not what whispered to me: Watch the woman.

Merks.—Well, you watched her?

Kil.—I stepped back into the shadow of a lamp-post, for in Lumpen street the lamps are seldom lighted and I saw the young woman go to that part of the canal where the washerwomen usually go. She kept walking backward and forward along the canal, and I could now distinctly hear her sigh.

What does she mean to do, I wondered. It isn't possible that she means to—and even as I stood watching her, she, with the child in her arms, jumped into the water.

Merks.—Ah!

Kil.—I ran to the rescue, and without thinking that the art of swimming is not one of my accomplishments, sprang into the canal, which, thank God! only reached my armpits. God's mercy enabled me to bring both mother and child safely to shore; and, apart from a dangerous fever which laid me on my back for six weeks, I felt no evil effects from my bath.

Merks.—But the woman?

Kil.—The fever did not come on until the next day, so I had time to take the young woman to my home, and through Christian exhortation to bring her to repent her evil deed.

Merks.—And for what reason——

Kil.—She unbosomed herself to me. She is the daughter of an honest, middle-class citizen and was led astray by an eminent but unscrupulous man and then left to starve. With that poor little helpless creature in her arms, she sought service, but in vain. She saw her child pining away and in utter despair jumped into the canal. I have now told you the story in a few words.

Merks.—Well, what have I got to do with it?

Kil.—Like the Prophet Nathan, I can only say: Thou art the man.

Merks.—Indeed; now I perceive what you're driving at. Is the young woman still gadding about?

Kil.—She is not gadding about, as you phrase it, but lives beneath my roof and shares what God provides us.

Merks.—Well, you ought to marry her.

Kil.—That I should do by all means were I not already married and the happy, but poor, father of five children; on this account, though against my will I asked her, but once only, if she knew of no other place of refuge. Only with God, she answered, for the man whose duty it is to marry and care for me, shamefully thrust me from his door.

Merks.—(Angrily.) I have given her much more now than she deserves.

Kil.—After that answer I said no more, but managed by copying four more sheets daily to furnish what she required. I have nothing but praise for her industry, her grateful spirit and her modesty toward men. These good qualities have become so well known that a mechanic now seeks her hand in marriage and the only hindrance is the lack of a few hundred thalers to furnish the new home. Go, my daughter, said I, to Herr Merks; he will furnish the means.

Merks.—Indeed!

Kil.—Then she said: No, he won't.

Merks.—She was right.

Kil.—Then said I: Go and try. But she replied: I'd rather die. Then I said: Well, I'll go myself, and so in God's name, here I am.

Merks.—I'm very sorry; you might, during this time, have copied another sheet.

Kil.—Yes, two, at least.

Merks.—And you've troubled yourself entirely in vain.

Kil.—God will not permit——

Merks.—I know that the law permits.

Kil.—Oh, I know that also.

Merks.—And I've seen more——

Kil.—That may be before the *judex ordinarius*. But there is besides a *judex* here in our breast——

Merks.—My friend, or rather colleague, kindly permit me to remark that each knows best what he should or should not do.

Kil.—He should know, indeed, but does not always.

Merks.—Well, short and good, I'll give nothing.

Kil.—But that's short and bad.

Merks.—No more of your sorry jokes, or I'll throw you down stairs.

Kil.—Don't trouble yourself; I'll leave at once and gladly shake your dust from off my shoes.

Merks.—A very good thing to do.

Kil.—And I'll say to the young woman: There is yet a third

judex up yonder, and when Herr Merks is cited to appear before him, he must put in an appearance whether he will or no, and in spite of all his protests; 'till then, God be with you. (He leaves.)

Merks.—(Alone.) Old gossip! that which no longer remains in direct relation with me or no longer procures me any enjoyment in life is, and shall remain, indifferent. Who knocks? Come in.

Enter Foppman (in a Persian costume).

Foppman.—The stars should bow and pay homage to the most celebrated of all Germans.

Merks.—Who are you, sir? Are you masquerading?

Fopp.—In nowise. I am, indeed, a German, and proud of it, because you, *mein Herr*, are German. Nevertheless, I wear this foreign costume because it is my right. I studied medicine, and some years ago, while with a certain emissary *per varios casus*, found myself cast adrift in Persia. There I had the luck to become household physician to the prince of Erzeroum and at the same time was intrusted with teaching the German language to his daughter, the princess, a beautiful, intelligent and interesting girl. She found the study to her taste, and no expense was spared in gathering together and importing into Persia twenty camel loads of the best German literature, that she read or had read to her. Her tender, sensitive feelings were sometimes wrought to so high a pitch that she was forced through pure delight and rapture to close her eyes. She enjoyed all, praised many but treasured only one. Her favorite author was and is Herr Gottlieb Merks.

Merks.—(Highly pleased.) Truly, quite an honor.

Fopp.—Just as Alexander the Great ever carried about with him in a costly casket the works of Aristotle, so does the princess of Erzeroum ever carry yours in a cedar casket adorned with pearls.

Merks.—That's very flattering.

Fopp.—Oft have I heard her say, with a sigh: Why does not fate permit me to see the great man? The charming princess little dreamed that the fulfillment of her heart's desire lay so near.

Merks.—How so?

Fopp.—Since my most gracious patron is pleased to listen, I'll continue. The prince, her father, became dangerously ill. At the time I had just learned that in Germany the temple of Æsculapius had become a Bacchus-temple, since the most dangerous diseases were treated simply with the juice of the grape. I immediately began to administer to my distinguished patient several gallons of Schiras wine daily, whereupon, at the end of a week, he sank into a gentle and eternal sleep. The Princess Zoraide, a near relative of the mighty Sophi of Persia, inherited her father's domain, and as she henceforth could do as she pleased, she was unable to withstand the temptation of a trip to Germany in order to come face to face with the author whose works she had so long treasured.

Merks.—What! the Princess Zoraide of Erzeroum is really in Germany?

Fopp.—She has just arrived.

Merks.—On my account?

Fopp.—She longs to see no other person or thing. I wished to show her the menagerie in Schoenbrunn. I even offered to show her the devil at whom Martin Luther threw the ink-well, but she refused them all. Herr Gottlieb Merks is the only object of her heart's desire.

Merks.—I am overwhelmed with honor. And do you act as her interpreter?

Fopp.—Merely the interpreter of her sentiments, for the German tongue has been so thoroughly mastered by her royal highness that you could scarce detect the Persian accent.

Merks.—So much the better. I will pay her a ceremonious call.

Fopp.—A fitting invitation is the aim of my visit. At the same time the princess delegated to me the honor of handing you, as the custom obtains in Persia, this gift. (Presents him an agraffe richly set with stones.)

Merks.—(Highly surprised.) I cannot hope to—such a costly gift——

Fopp.—It is merely, if I am not mistaken, a forerunner of

many greater marks of favor on the part of her royal highness. I know so well the charming Zoraide—a trifle too enthusiastic, her veins full of hot Oriental blood—that I should not be surprised in the least to see you, my patron, before long decorated with the order of the Sun, and indeed honor you as my master.

Merks.—As a matter of fact, doctor, if modesty were not a virtue that I am inclined to overdo, I really fear you might turn my head. The princess is beautiful, you say?

Fopp.—Very beautiful.

Merks.—And these diamonds testify that she is rich.

Fopp.—As a sovereign princess.

Merks.—I hasten to prostrate myself at her feet. Where is she?

Fopp.—We are stopping at the Blue Fox.

Merks.—Kindly assure the charming Princess Zoraide that I am devoured by desire to kiss the hem of her robe.

Fopp.—This embassy will win for me some handsome presents. (He makes several deep bows and leaves.)

Merks.—(Alone.) What great, fine things may happen to the man who knows how to use his head and pen! This agraffe appears to be of priceless worth—to-morrow I'll have a jeweler appraise it. Now, however, I shall not deny the ardent desire of the princess. (He steps before a mirror.) What will she say of my figure?—a trifle undersized and rather too thick, but powerful, rich in muscle. And the features?—the flashing eyes—the shrewd glance—the satirical mouth—the well-rounded cheeks—so doubtless, I have appeared in her sweet dreams. Ought I to dress more carefully?—yet, no; why should I?

An early negligence becomes a genius. With cool and easy grace he comes upon the scene and curtly bows. Then he looks boldly round, and with lofty self-confidence, mixed with a dash of pride, shows that he appreciates only inner worth. Unbidden, he chooses an easy chair, and stretching himself out comfortably, strikes his chin. He listens to the chatter upon this and that—books, music, theatres, and when he opens his mouth his words are oracles. He thunders forth words of criticism and scornfully laughs down his contradictors.

Filled with wonder, the chorus loudly praise him, for his pen is feared and they tremble at his tongue. Therefore, tinsel finery is superfluous to a genius whose celebrity precedes him and whose adornment is fame.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A room in the Blue Fox Inn. Enter Coraline and Foppman.

Coraline.—Well, my dear Foppman, what may we hope?

Foppman.—The triumph of our vengeance.

Coral.—Really? Then he was as credulous as Molière's *Monsieur Jourdain?* He bids fair to become a second *Mamamouchi?*

Fopp.—Yes, upon my word, charming Coraline.

Coral.—Such a clever, crafty and witty man?

Fopp.—The vanity of an author, and especially of a criticaster such as he, resembles the sweet intoxication of that beggar who imagined that he was sultan. The most absurd scheme is taken for gospel truth by this kind of man, provided his own well-loved person is given a distinguished part therein. The silly conceit and foolish fancies he so despises and ridicules in others find warm and ready acceptance in his own swelled head. One may write the grossest flatteries, or indeed say them to his face, and on the ground that they are his, due for distinguished service, he will justify and receive them with enthusiasm. For flattery alone he has a Lebanon-cedar measuring rod that reaches to the clouds. He doubts everything except his genius, and 'twould not be a difficult task to persuade him that both leaning towers in Bologna bend simply to pay him homage.

Coral.—He believes the rhinestones in his agraffe to be genuine diamonds?

Fopp.—As genuine as his fame.

Coral.—And doesn't doubt for an instant that a Persian princess is lodging at the Blue Fox solely on his account?

Fopp.—He is to appear immediately that he may kiss the hem of Zoraide's robe.

Coral.—Splendid! But did you succeed in learning why he attacks tooth and nail in his newspaper, an actress whom he has never seen, who has never given him the least cause for offense, and this, too, before she has as yet appeared here upon the boards?

Fopp.—It happens very naturally. Herr Gottlieb Merks is smitten with a young but very mediocre actress, who, without the slightest suspicion on his part, is playing him for a fool. He never tires of praising her to the public, but because no one sees, or indeed, can see her in the light he does, and because his unbounded eulogies incites the public to laughter only, he pours out his venom at frequent intervals upon the heads of the unthankful public and every one that stands in his heroine's pathway. He surmises that you, my charming Coraline, will throw that mediocre creature entirely in the shade; consequently he desires to forestall that event, and this accounts for his insolent rudeness.

Coral.—But why did he so constantly and severely attack your last work, which was so well received by the public?

Fopp.—That happened very naturally also. We are not personally acquainted, although we have corresponded with each other for a long time. As long as he found me useful, and I was numbered among his admirers, so long had he words of praise only for me. But now I have met with two misfortunes: first, I dared to differ with him; and, second, I dared to please the public without his express permission. A species of lofty scorn glows in his breast and drives the venom to his finger-tips, from whence it streams into his pen. Nor is it hindered by the fact that I have shown him friendship and done him good service. 'Tis enough to cause an egotist to hate me.

Coral.—Shame upon such an odious man!

Fopp.—For heaven's sake! don't do him the honor to take him seriously. Such sinners are best punished by ridicule and laughter.

Coral.—You're right. Is everything ready?

Fopp.—Yes, everything. I have succeeded in interesting some others, whom he has maliciously insulted, in our scheme, and they will help to play our burlesque. I have borrowed

from the property-room all that we require, and each rôle will be played *con amore*. I even succeeded in persuading the brave and honest Kilian to take a part in our mummery; the maiden, however, was so little disposed to the scheme that we almost had to drag her here, and your eloquence is now required to remove her remaining scruples.

Coral.—Where is she?

Fopp.—In the anteroom, where she awaits your call.

Coral.—Oh, quick, call her. Her adventures make her interesting.

Fopp.—You persuade her while I stand guard, that we may not be surprised by our principal personage. I have posted the porter and other people about the place and a number of our Persians are now ready. They will almost die a-laughing when they see each other. (He opens the door.) Come right in, miss. (He leaves.)

Enter Julie.

Coral.—(Aside.) What a beautiful girl. (Aloud.) Come nearer, my dear. Don't be bashful. We have both been badly used by a good-for-nothing fellow, and to-day we'll join hands to revenge ourselves.

Julie.—Ah, madam, that is not Christian.

Coral.—No, but it's human.

Julie.—Heaven, without our aid, will justly punish.

Coral.—But suppose we are the chosen instruments?

Julie.—Oh, no!

Coral.—Yours is an easy part.

Julie.—I cannot make-believe.

Coral.—You won't have to speak.

Julie.—He'll recognize me at once.

Coral.—Persian ladies are always veiled.

Julie.—Please do without me.

Coral.—My dear child, our well-planned scheme can only half succeed if you do not take a part.

Julie.—I have forgiven, and wish him no harm.

Coral.—Really, we only expect to laugh at him and see that a measure of justice is done you.

Julie.—I cannot laugh at him, nor do I seek for human justice.

Coral.—My child, such magnanimity is praiseworthy as regards yourself, but have you no duty toward another being?

Julie.—Alas!

Coral.—What, if by doing as I wish, you may assure food and shelter to a helpless creature?

Julie.—You touch a tender cord.

Coral.—And if you could secure by this trifling sacrifice that honest man who wishes to reconcile you with your fate?

Julie.—Ah! if I could do that——

Coral.—Trust me for it.

Julie.—But I'll spoil everything.

Coral.—Oh, no you won't. All I ask of you is to be present. You needn't say a word.

Julie.—Well, then I consent.

Coral.—You'll not regret it.

Fopp.—(Showing his head in the door.) He's coming.

Coral.—Come quickly into my bedroom. Happily, we're both about the same size.

SCENE II.

A room in the Blue Fox Inn. Holder and Krause, in Persian costumes, are each holding one of Merks' arms and leading him with slow, measured steps, to the middle of the stage, where they leave him; each then goes to a corner of the foreground, where they turn toward him, place their arms at their sides, and stare fixedly at him.

Merks.—(Aside.) I'm quite unfamiliar with these Persian customs. (To Krause.) May I have the honor to pay my respects to her royal highness, the Princess of Erzeroum?

Krause.—(Extends both his arms, strikes his hands together, bows deeply, raises first one foot and then the other to the tip of Merks' nose, and leaves.)

Merks.—What a curious custom! (To Holder.) My friend,

I desire to pay my humble respects to her royal highness the Princess Zoraide.

Holder.—(Repeats Krause's performance and leaves.)

Merks.—They leave me alone. What does that mean?

Enter Foppman.

Foppman.—Pray pardon me, my patron, for not being on hand when you came. Our retinue is not familiar with the German tongue, and you, possibly, on the other hand, are not very conversant with Persian.

Merks.—I, of course, read and write nearly all tongues, but lack practice in speaking.

Fopp.—You will easily acquire fluency if you will only determine to visit our beautiful Persia.

Merks.—Why not, if advantage, honor and pleasure are all to be obtained thereby?

Fopp.—A stream of golden sands, a forest of laurel wreaths and a sea of bliss.

Merks.—You make use, I perceive, of the Oriental style.

Fopp.—I promise none too much. I know what I know. Strictly *sub rosa:* When I arrived here after visiting you, I found her royal highness, the Princess of Erzeroum, in a state bordering on frenzy due entirely to her curiosity regarding you. Not only must I repeat each and every word that fell from your learned lips, but must also make full and accurate report of your honor's well-known figure and graceful, calm manner.

Merks.—Who knows what a deceptive image she may have formed of me?

Fopp.—To be sure; since she believed herself to be honoring an old man in the learned Gottlieb Merks. And as she little dreamed to find such wisdom and well-earned fame in a young man, how astonished she was to learn that the object of her admiration was still in the heyday of youth!

Merks.—Oh! not the heyday; I'm rushing on toward forty.

Fopp.—Is it possible? One might judge that from your writings, but never from your face and figure.

Merks.—And what did the Princess say?

Fopp.—Well, she said—nothing; she sighed—cast down her eyes—threw herself upon a couch—glanced at me with a blush—and then suddenly drew her veil to hide her confusion.

Merks.—(Highly pleased.) It appears that Persian ladies make use of the same language as Europeans.

Fopp.—After a while she said: Alas! doctor, I fear I was very foolish to leave my native land.

Merks.—(Laughing.) Why so?

Fopp.—This I also asked, with deep respect. Can you ask such a question? she replied. The reefs of the Caspian sea are less dangerous than your charming description.

Merks.—(Good-naturedly, shaking his finger at him.) Who bade you be false to truth?

Fopp.—Truth alone guided my pencil.

Merks.—You might have spared her modesty and mine. Yet hasten to introduce me to the Princess, that the flattering error may not become too deeply rooted.

Fopp.—You will not object to submit yourself to Oriental custom?

Merks.—Which?

Fopp.—To bend the knee when her royal highness appears.

Merks.—You said, did you not, that the Princess is beautiful?

Fopp.—Wondrously beautiful.

Merks.—Well, who would not gladly bend his knee to such a beautiful lady?

Fopp.—There she is.

Enter Coraline, heavily veiled, in a rich Persian costume.

Merks.—(On his knees.) The happy mortal that your royal highness has condescended to receive, lies at your feet.

Coraline.—Arise. I speak German bad, else should I give you some charming compliments.

Merks.—(Aside.) Already the dulcet tones of that voice make my breast thrill with rapture!

Coral.—You are a great man—greater than our poet Saadi.

Merks.—It were easy to surpass him, were I permitted to sing your charms.

Coral.—I not beautiful—ah! would that I were it.

Merks.—Why is this envious veil allowed to hide these heavenly features?

Coral.—You not flatter must. I want speak of Germany—of poetry—I want to learn—big voyage I make to see you—you know everything—you say everything fine.

Merks.—Whatever I may know, I run a great risk at this moment to entirely forget.

Coral.—I love German—love romance—you me tell which beautiful.

Merks.—That is very difficult; they are few and far between. Apart from my own, I know of none that combines fiery fantasy with clever plot and dazzling wit with flowery speech.

Coral.—But plays?

Merks.—Good for nothing, all of them. Personally, I write none. Yet I hope by caustic criticism to raise, little by little, this branch of art.

Coral.—But poetry?

Merks.—Leaves much to be desired. Mine may well be the best, at all events. My verses are at least light, smoothly flowing and elevated.

Coral.—But history?

Merks.—In that branch the Germans are utter failures—with the single exception of some attempts of mine that I have published as a sample, but which until the present time have been unattained by others.

Coral.—But philosophy?

Merks.—Makes much noise in our midst—yet true philosophy modestly conceals itself in my writings.

Coral.—But criticism?

Merks.—Ah! in that branch I flatter myself to have produced some superior work.—Yet I must deplore that I alone am distinguished in this art.

Coral.—See you, doctor? I well said: He alone in Germany, great man.

Fopp.—I never dared to contradict it.

Coral.—I so moved—so pleased. I know not how to express myself. You take this ring.

Fopp.—Most gracious princess, the costliest stone in your father's treasure!

Coral.—You keep peace. Not enough costly for Gottlieb Merks.

Merks.—Your royal highness, I am struck dumb. (Aside.) What a magnificent solitaire!

Coral.—Each line of your writing is more worth.

Merks.—Ah! this ring is certainly very precious, yet, if I may dare to beg a favor that has still greater value in my eyes——

Coral.—Dare, dare.

Merks.—If I may be permitted to raise that hateful veil which deprives me from viewing the beauty of a goddess.

Coral.—You ask too much. In Persia I cannot dare to unveil before a brother.

Merks.—We are in Germany, most gracious princess.

Coral.—But the Prophet——

Merks.—The Prophet shall not learn a word about it.

Coral.—I can you nothing deny. (She unveils herself and looks at him languishingly.)

Merks.—Ha! what do I see! Has Venus arisen? Is Hebe reincarnated. (Aside.) By heavens! more beautiful than my Katrina!

Coral.—One shouldn't trust words of poets.

Merks.—Not words, but feelings, since the bewitched poet stands speechless before such beauty.

Coral.—Oh, Merks!

Merks.—Since his eyes glow; his lips tremble.

Coral.—Oh, Gottlieb Merks!

Merks.—Since even respect itself cannot prevent him from throwing himself at the feet of the goddess. (He does so.)

Coral.—Oh, learned sir!

Merks.—I acknowledge my subjugation; my freedom is gone forever.

Coral.—You would carry my chains?

Merks.—Until death.

Coral.—What becomes of me!—I forget my dominion, Erzeroum, and also the mighty Sophi of Persia, my cousin.

Merks.—Love forgets everything.

Coral.—Love!—Gottlieb Merks!

Merks.—It changes gods into swans and princesses into shepherd's lasses.

Coral.—My head swims—my princely blood boils—I totter —I fall. (She sinks into his arms.)

Merks.—Into my arms!

Coral.—(Tears herself loose.) Oh, what have I done!—am I crazy? Great Prophet! how can I save me from this dangerous man? Doctor, follow me, give me pills—I'm very sick. (She leaves.)

Fopp.—(Following her.) Pray remain, 'tis nothing serious.

Merks.—(Alone.) I know without his assurance that 'tis nothing serious. Such fainting fits are cured neither by pills nor prophets—a rapid triumph, as usual.—I must follow it up. —Her princely pride must wrestle in my arms and be laid low by passion.—Yet, still more audacious hopes beckon—Entire Persia looms up large upon the horizon.

Enter Foppman.

Fopp.—Alas! what have you done, my worthy Herr Merks?

Merks.—Oh, such things happen to me occasionally.

Fopp.—She's bathed in tears.

Merks.—I'll dry them.

Fopp.—She is in despair.

Merks.—Entirely superfluous.

Fopp.—She swears she cannot live without you.

Merks.—Then she shall live with me.

Fopp.—Thoughtlessly, she cries: I shall share my throne with him.

Merks.—That may be.

Fopp.—But alas!

Merks.—Well, why this alas?

Fopp.—Alas! alas!

Merks.—Is she somewhat afraid of the Sophi of Persia?

Fopp.—Not that. He is an old man, in his second childhood; she can do with him what she will.

Merks.—So much the better.

Fopp.—But alas!

Merks.—Is she in any way engaged to some prince?

Fopp.—Not that. She has shown, until now, an insurmountable aversion to love and marriage.

Merks.—So much the better.

Fopp.—But alas!

Merks.—Oh, the devil! What do you mean by this perpetual alas?

Fopp.—Her royal highness Princess Zoraide is a pious lady who zealously submits to the teaching of the Prophet, and you, my most worthy Herr Merks, are alas! an infidel dog.

Merks.—Oh, if it's nothing more than that we'll get around it easily.

Fopp.—What! you can make up your mind to——

Merks.—Why not?

Fopp.—Wear the turban?

Merks.—Why not?

Fopp.—(Impetuously embracing him.) You great man! Now I catch a glimpse of the magnificent depths of your unprejudiced mind.—Well, I'll no longer conceal that the passionately enamored princess, accustomed to having her royal desires fulfilled at once, delegated to me the delicate task of sounding you on this point. For she cried out in agony: I would rather die than marry a Christian.

Merks.—She shall not die. Kindly tell her that I am quite willing to believe anything she desires.

Coral.—(In another room.) Ha! ha! ha!

Merks.—What was that?

Fopp.—She overheard us, and is laughing hysterically from pure delight.

Merks.—May I go to her?

Fopp.—Not yet, my lord. She has sworn by Ali's grave to see her lover a Mussulman or never to see him again.

Merks.—Well, I'm already a Mussulman.

Fopp.—First a trifling ceremony is necessary.

Merks.—Can't we skip it?

Fopp.—(Shrugging his shoulders.) No. We have in our retinue an old orthodox priest who is also father confessor to her royal highness. He'll attend to it.

Merks.—Can you assure me that I'll get through all right?

Fopp.—I'll give you the benefit of all my skill.

Merks.—Well, a throne is worth the sacrifice.

Fopp.—The ceremony is, in truth, somewhat vexatious.

Merks.—Kings and kaisers must also often endure them. But hasten, for I am burning with desire to make the princess happy.

Fopp.—A moment's patience. (He leaves.)

Merks.—(Alone.) Bonneval was a celebrated man that donned the turban to become pasha of simply a couple of horse-tails. This is a matter of princely domain. I should be indeed a fool if I were to hesitate a second. The Sophi of Persia will be my uncle, and who knows what may happen if we can put his sons out of the way?

Enter Kilian disguised as a Persian priest. Behind him enter Fritz Holder, Krause, two servants and Foppman. Holder carries a silver bowl containing water, Krause an aspergill, one of the servants an oil flagon, the other a censer, and Foppman a bright wand. Kilian places himself in front of Merks, the others on either side.

Kilian.—Moxa biribi moxa.

All.—(Deeply bowing.) Mulle, mulle, mulle.

Kil.—(Taking the censer.) Serdiwalla umidelda fernambuki. (He holds the censer under Merks' nose.)

Fopp.—Now he exorcises the evil spirits.

Kil.—Ali! Ali! port o port.

All.—Mulle, mulle, mulle.

Kil.—(Takes the wand and gives the neophite three hard blows across the shoulders.) Minx—pinx—tatta minx.

Fopp.—Now he drives out the devil.

Merks.—(Shaking his shoulders.) That is a fatal exorcism.

Kil.—Mari foni ultra feri.

All.—Mulle, mulle, mulle.

Kil.—(Takes the aspergill, dips it in the water, and liberally sprinkles Merks' face.) Minkel—pinkel—tatta pinkel.

Fopp.—That's the essence of consecration.

Merks.—(Sputtering.) Well, it don't taste good.

Fopp.—It's principally salt water.

Kil.—Ali! Ali! plasma murre.

All.—(Jumping up and down.) Pie—pie—p——

Kil.—(Takes the oil flagon, dips his finger in it, and makes some black marks on Merks' face.) Torr—pax—plum—silex.

Fopp.—Now he has anointed you.

Merks.—Will he soon have finished?

Fopp.—Immediately.

Kil.—(Rocking first on one foot and then on the other, he sings:) Lidum ladum pimpi schnursi.

All.—(Doing the same.) Moxa moxa biribi.

(The servants take Merks by the arms. Kilian waddles ahead, the others follow in procession.)

Kil.—(Walking.) Lidum ladum pimpi schnursi.

All.—Moxa moxa biribi. (The procession leaves.)

SCENE III.

In the adjoining room. Coraline and Julie, awaiting their turns in the sham ceremony.

Coraline.—(Calling Foppman.) For heaven's sake, my dear Foppman, I beg you don't carry the joke too far.

Enter Foppman.

Foppman.—Just a trifle more, and our revenge will be complete.

Coral.—I'm already satisfied.

Fopp.—No pardon. (He leaves.)

Coral.—Well, my dear child, you are trembling; yes, really trembling as though it were a tragedy we are playing.

Julie.—I told you before that I am not fit to take part.

Coral.—And is it very painful to you?

Julie.—Rather.

Coral.—Oh, how chicken-hearted! My dear child, all men are monsters; but beyond all others, those cursed egotists who can see, can love and can worship no one but themselves in all the wide, wide world. To them nothing is holy save their ego; they are ever ready to sacrifice innocence to their sensuality and a good name to their vanity. They insolently jeer at all real merit, but like harpies surround the talented only to besmut them. Beware of such demons in human form; their enmity may cause you many bitter hours, but their friendship is much more dangerous, for they will sacrifice you at the lightest call of self-interest or vanity. They stand like the ill-famed upas-tree, and poison all in their vicinity.

Julie.—I hear some one coming.

Coral.—Draw your veil quickly. (They both leave.)

SCENE IV.

Another room in the Blue Fox Inn. The procession enters as formed in Scene II, with Herr Gottlieb Merks in the centre. His face bears a most painful expression. Krause carries a turban, Holder a caftan, one servant a sabre, and the other a long tobacco pipe; Foppman comes last. Kilian, at the head, murmurs prayers from the Koran.

Merks.—I must acknowledge, my dear doctor, that this ceremony has injured me somewhat.

Foppman.—A mere trifle! Whatever your dignity may have suffered during this ceremony, your future fame will more than atone for.

Kilian.—Ali merlino cedrino bambino.

Holder.—(Puts the caftan on Merks, bowing low.) Pintschura salmasi kalock.

Merks.—Your humble servant.

Kil.—Ali doldschetto marketto barretto.

Krause.—(Puts the turban on Merks' head.) Melfonte zamora krutshuk.

Merks.—Many thanks.

Kil.—Ali perlundi schnuppendi korlandi.

A Servant.—(Buckles the sword on Merks.) Illos panna fumli fli.

Merks.—Thanks again.

Kil.—Ali maldosso paffosso schnurrlosso.

The Other Servant.—(Presents Merks with a pipe.) Puffa piffa.

Merks.—Kindly receive my thanks—is it done at last?

Fopp.—All but the congratulations.

Merks.—I'll dispense with them.

Fopp.—Ah! but you don't know our old priest. He'll not spare you one iota.

Kil.—(Raises both hands and sings as he waddles around Merks.) Mili bona tango menas—schnurr schnurrwickli buck.

(As Merks is leaning forward receiving Kilian's congratulations, Krause, backing up to him, gives him a violent push, and sends him flying across the room. When Merks recovers himself he finds Krause gravely bowing to him, and as he returns the bow, Krause's performance is repeated by Holder and afterward by the others, including Kilian. Foppman, who comes last, instead of bowing, throws his arms about Merks.)

Fopp.—Now, my dear sir, all is happily ended.

Merks.—I almost lost patience.

Fopp.—The gates of Paradise open.

Enter Julie dressed in Coraline's clothes, and Coraline dressed as a Persian maid. Both are heavily veiled. Julie leans on Coraline.

Merks.—Most gracious princess, may the great Prophet ordain that I, in this new costume, find favor in your eyes.

Julie.—Ah!

Kil.—Sarabanda mallorma parsi brumalla.

Fopp.—He is granting the princess permission to become betrothed to you.

Kil.—Agga peksda wizzi raip.

Fopp.—But first the dowry and morning-gift must be exchanged between you.

Merks.—The dowry?

Fopp.—Yes; you see the gentlemen of the bedchamber are getting the dowry ready in yonder anteroom, and you will return richly laden, I warrant. (The servants go into the anteroom.)

Merks.—But the morning-gift?

Fopp.—That is expected from the bridegroom.

Merks.—(Low.) My friend, I am ashamed to acknowledge it, yet I have nothing to offer save my heart, my head and my fame.

Fopp.—More than enough. Still, out of respect to our retinue, all of whom are genuine old-school Persians, I sincerely trust that you will submit to this last formality.

Merks.—I would most gladly, but——

Fopp.—Have you nothing about you? No gold, or trifle of value?

Merks.—This ring which I received for a dedication and some forty or fifty ducats in this purse is all that I have with me.

Fopp.—'Tis sufficient. It's only a question of a trifling formality in remembrance of a Persian custom.

(While the servants are bringing in a large casket covered with a rug, Foppman offers the ring and purse to Julie. She refuses to accept them.)

Merks.—Alas! doctor, the princess scorns my humble morning-gift.

Fopp.—Oh, no! not that; but I have made an error. They should be placed in the hands of the priest, who will make a proper use of them at the right time. (He hands both to Kilian.)

Merks.—Are all difficulties now overcome? May I at last boldly raise this veil?

Fopp.—You may.

(As Merks approaches Julie her veil is thrown back by Coraline.)

Merks.—What is this?

Julie.—Do you no longer know me?

Merks.—What does this mean?

Coral.—(Throws back her veil and makes a deep bow.) I am the actress Coraline. Whenever in the future you may desire to severely attack me, you can at least assure your readers that you have seen a specimen of my art.

Merks.—(Looking angrily around.) I hope it is not——

Fopp.—(Takes off his turban with a deep bow.) I am the author Foppman. In your reviews you denied that I had any power of invention; at least this invention is mine.

Merks.—And you have dared to——

Kil.—(Taking off his beard.) I am the writer Kilian, Herr colleague.

Holder.—(Pulling off his turban.) I, Fritz Holder.

Krause.—(Doing the same.) And I, the publisher Krause.

Coral.—This Persian is my servant Hans.

Fopp.—And this one, my Christopher.

Merks.—You have been playing a comedy at my expense?

Fopp.—Only a burlesque.

Merks.—Where is my gold? my ring?

Kil.—The young woman retains both justly.

Merks.—Oh, I have the agraffe and the solitaire.

Coral.—Only rhinestones.

Merks.—I'll call the police.

Fopp.—They cannot restore what you've lost.

Merks.—(Tearing off his turban.) I'll prosecute you.

Coral.—We'll have all the laugh on our side.

Merks.—(Throwing away the pipe.) I'll get my revenge.

All.—Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Merks.—(Pulling at the sword.) What prevents me on the spot from——

(He sees that instead of a blade the sword handle has the tail of a fox affixed.)

All.—Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Fopp.—The sword from the Danube-nymph.

Merks.—(Angrily throwing it away.) You shall pay dearly for this.

All.—Mulle, mulle, mulle.

Merks.—(Pulling off the caftan.) I'll annihilate you in every issue of my newspaper.

All.—Mulle, mulle, mulle.

Merks.—(To Coraline.) You shall be hissed off the stage.

All.—Mulle, mulle, mulle.

Merks.—(To Foppman.) And you stoned.

All.—(Jumping up and down.) Pie—p.

Merks.—Tremble! tremble! in dread of my dire vengeance. (Goes off in a rage.)

Kil.—(Singing.) Lidum ladum pimpi schnursi.

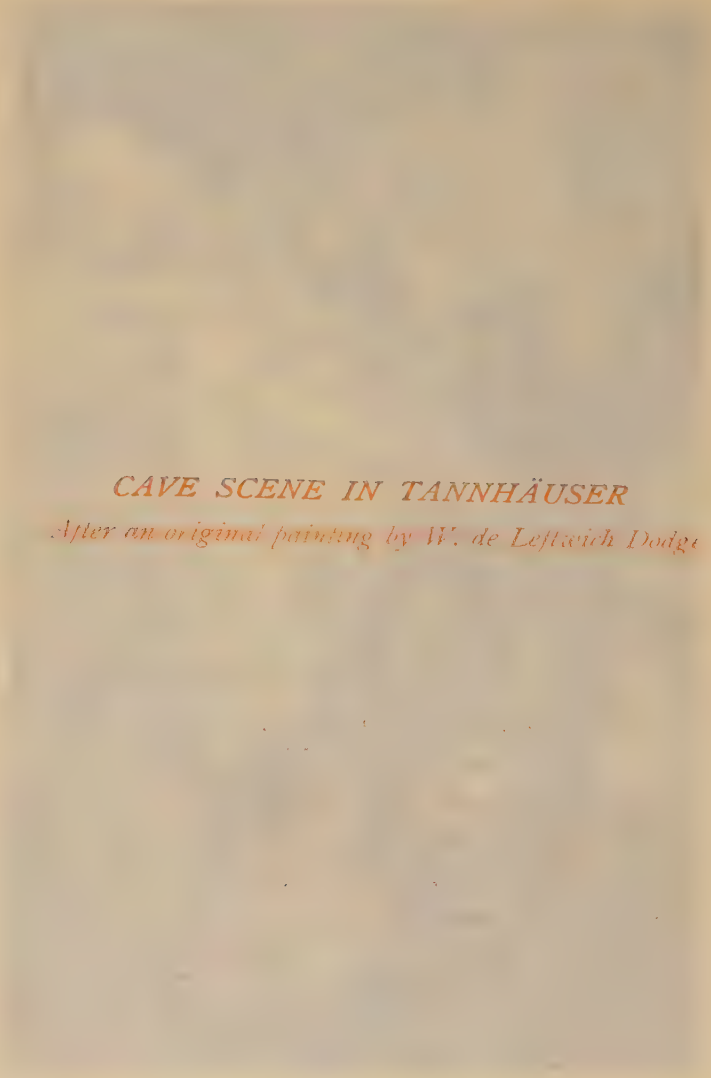
All.—(Singing.) Moxa moxa biribi.

Notwithstanding its lively dialogue and amusing situations, it will be noticed that the *Egotist*, like other of Kotzebue's plays, is somewhat tenuous in structure. But this was to be expected from a man who inflicted on the world forty-four volumes of dramas, to say nothing of his history of the German empire, his work on the ancient history of Prussia, his *Reminiscences of Paris*, his *Reminiscences of Rome and Naples*, and his countless newspaper and magazine articles. Moreover, Kotzebue held office under the German or Russian governments during the best years of his life, and could give only his leisure time to literary work. Consid-

ering that he wrote so much, he could not be expected to produce what would endure. If he had given us about one-tenth in specific gravity of his enormous out put, he would doubtless have made his writings ten times as interesting. Nevertheless, he does not deserve the sweeping denunciation that Carlyle pronounced on him, and holds at least a respectable place in the drama of the Fatherland. Of late his best plays have come into favor, after their temporary oblivion, and among them is the *Egotist.*

Thou kindled in my soul,
The altar flame shall burn for thee alone.
And yet for earth I'm yearning;
'Tis freedom I must win, or die,
For liberty I can everything defy;
Oh, queen, beloved goddess, let me fly!

TANNHÄUSER.—WAGNER.



CAVE SCENE IN TANNHÄUSER

After an original painting by W. de Leftwich Dodge

German Drama

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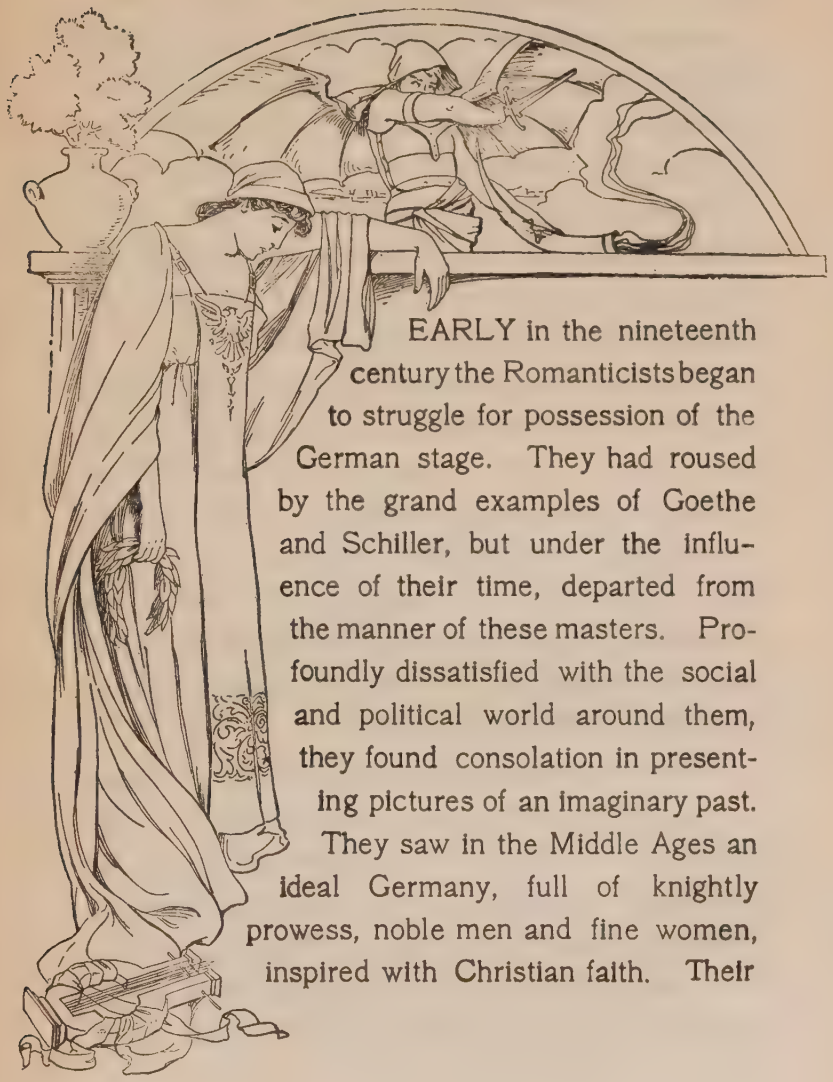
Prologue



EARLY in the nineteenth century the Romanticists began to struggle for possession of the German stage. They had roused by the grand examples of Goethe and Schiller, but under the influence of their time, departed from the manner of these masters. Profoundly dissatisfied with the social and political world around them, they found consolation in presenting pictures of an imaginary past. They saw in the Middle Ages an ideal Germany, full of knightly prowess, noble men and fine women, inspired with Christian faith. Their

most prominent representative, Ludwig Tieck, dramatized ancient popular tales, reflecting the romance of mediæval poesy, tinged with religious mysticism. Tieck also joined with August W. Schlegel, the historian of the drama, in giving to Germans an adequate translation of Shakespeare, which has gone far to render that people as thoroughly devoted to the English dramatist as those who speak his own language.

From the Romantic drama sprang the sombre offshoot of the Fate-tragedy, originated by Zacharias Werner, and propagated by the Austrian Grillparzer and other imitators. Strange to say, it has long been popular. The Romanticists had amused themselves by satirizing the comedies of Kotzebue, but were themselves destined to be held up to ridicule by another Austrian, Count von Platen-Hallermünde.

Most successful among the historical dramatists were Gustav Freytag, Karl Gutzkow and Paul Heyse, who attained still wider popularity as novelists. Gutzkow's *Uriel Acosta* is perhaps the best dramatic presentation of the modern Jew.

Towards the close of the past century Realism appeared on the German stage. Almost simul-

taneously were presented in the Berlin theatre Suderman's *Heimat* (Home, but called in its English version *Magda*, from its principal character) and Hauptmann's *Die Weber* (The Weavers). The former is one of those thrilling domestic dramas which the genius of Ibsen has rendered familiar to the whole world. The latter is a life-like portrayal of a workmen's strike, ending in bloodshed and ruin. These great dramatists have since achieved other triumphs, Hauptmann rising to lofty idealism, while Suderman adheres strictly to realistic scenes.

Several German cities vie with each other as centres of dramatic exhibition. This happy rivalry tends to promote a catholic taste in the drama, to maintain a high standard of excellence in acting, and to afford the foreign visitor a picturesque entertainment. We give a brief sketch of the theatre at Dresden as an instructive example.

This volume closes with a brief summary of the kindred drama of Holland, giving deserved prominence to Joost van den Vondel, who in his *Lucifer* furnished the model for Milton's Satan. Vondel wrote also a patriotic play, which, after a

lapse of nearly three centuries, is still annually performed at Amsterdam. Other Dutch dramatists flourished at the same time, but, strange to say, after this promising start there has been no permanently national drama among that worthy, liberty-loving people.

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German Drama.

PART III.

I.

Tieck, Gutzkow and Körner.

Tieck.

Ludwig Tieck, the most conspicuous figure of the German Romantic school of literature, was born at Berlin on the 31st of May, 1773. His father, a rope-maker, was dry, sarcastic and matter-of-fact; his mother, gentle and pious, with a leaning to mysticism. Tieck partook of both characteristics, so that half his work and half his genius seem a skeptical commentary on the other half. He emancipated himself from the prosaic influence of his father's house by a passionate study of Shakespeare. After a brilliant career in school he repaired, in 1792, to the university at Halle, and, returning to Berlin in 1794, devoted himself to authorship, in which he had already made experiments. Of his further history the critics and news-hunters of the day complain that they have little information, a deficiency

which may partly arise from the fact that, although from the first admired by the patricians of his native literature, he stood in no high favor among the reading plebs. Moreover, as he never followed any profession except that of authorship, it is altogether probable that of his walk and conversation there was little to be said. He married the daughter of Pastor Alberti, and though nothing is alleged against his wife, his household does not seem to have been entirely comfortable, due, in part, to straitness of means. During his later years he was subject to rheumatic gout, whereby his literary activity was greatly impeded.

First Works.

The Romantic school of Germany, which may be compared with the Lake school of England, was now extremely popular, and Tieck was deeply sensitive to its influence. He was strongly fascinated by two of its aspects in particular—the reaction in favor of German mediæval art and the revived interest in fairy tales and folk-lore in general. His literary life began at Berlin, in his twenty-second year, with the publication of three novels, following each other in quick succession—*Abdallah, William Lovell* and *Peter Leberrecht.* These works found small patronage at their first appearance, and are still regarded as immature products of his genius, the opening of a cloudy as well as a fervid dawn, betokening a day of strong heat, and, perhaps, at last, of serene brightness. A gloomy tragic spirit reigns through all of them, the image of a high, passionate

mind, scorning the base and false, rather than accomplishing the good and true, in rapt earnestness interrogating fate, and receiving no answer but the echo of its own questions reverberated from the dead walls of its vast and lone imprisonment.

The Volksmährchen.

In this stage of spiritual progress, where so many otherwise gifted minds at length painfully content themselves to take up their permanent abode, where hapless Byron perished at the instant when his deliverance seemed at hand, it was not Tieck's ill fortune to continue too long. His popular tales, published in 1797 as an appendage to his last novel, under the title of *Peter Leberrechts Volksmährchen,* already indicate that he had worked his way through these baleful shades into a calmer and sunnier elevation, from which, and happily without looking at the world through a painted glass of any sort, he had begun to see that there were things to be believed, as well as things to be denied, things to be loved and forwarded, as well as things to be hated and trodden under foot. The active and positive of goodness were displacing the barren and tormenting negative; and worthy feelings were now to be translated into their only proper language, worthy actions. In Tieck's mind, all goodness, all that was noble or excellent in nature, seems to have combined itself under the image of poetic beauty, to the service and defense of which he ever afterward unweariedly devoted his gifts and his time. The *Volksmährchen* are of the most

varied nature, sombre, pathetic, fantastic, satirical, but all pervaded with a warm, genial soul, which accommodates itself with equal aptitude to the gravest or gayest form. A soft abundance, a simple and kindly but often solemn majesty is in them; wondrous shapes, full of meaning, move over the scene, true modern denizens of the old Fairyland; low tones of plaintiveness or awe flit around us; or a starry splendor twinkles down from the immeasurable depths of night.

Puss in Boots.

It is by this work, as revised and perfected long afterward, that Tieck was introduced to the notice of his countrymen. The *Volksmährchen* was reviewed by August Wilhelm Schlegel, and its author, for the first time, brought under the eye of the world as a man of rich endowments, and in a fair way of turning them to proper account. To the body of the world, however, this piece of news was surprising rather than delightful; for Tieck's merits were not of the kind to split the ears of the groundlings, and his manner of showing them was ill calculated to conciliate a kindly hearing. Schiller and Goethe were at this time silent, or occupied with history and philosophy; Tieck belonged not to the existing poetic guild; and, far from soliciting admission, he had not scrupled, though in the most pleasant fashion, to inform the craftsmen that their great Diana was a dumb idol and their silver shrines an unprofitable thing. Among these *Volksmährchen*, one of the most prominent is a dramatized version of *Puss in*

Boots, under the grotesque mask of which he had laughed with his whole heart, in a true Aristophanic vein, at the actual aspect of literature, and without mingling his satire with personalities or any other false ingredient, he rained like a quiet shower of volcanic ashes on the cant of illumination, the cant of sensibility, the cant of criticism, and the many other cants of that shallow time, till the gum-flower products of the poetic garden hung draggled and black under their unkindly coating. In other countries and at other times the drama of *Puss in Boots* may not have excited much attention; yet even to a stranger there is not wanting a feast of broad, joyous humor in this strange phantasmagoria, where pit and stage, and man and animal, and earth and air, are jumbled in confusion worse confounded, and the copious, kindly, ruddy light of true mirth overshines and warms the whole.

Literary Friends.

This *Puss in Boots* was, indeed, the keynote which for several years determined the tone of Tieck's literary enterprises. The same spirit lives in his *World Turned Topsy-turvy*, a drama of similar structure, which accompanied the former; in his tale of *Zerbino*, or the *Tour in Search of Taste*, which soon followed it; and in numerous parodies and lighter pieces which he gave to the world in his *Poetic Journal*, the second volume of which contains his *Letters on Shakespeare*, inculcating the same doctrine, in a graver shape. About this time, after a short residence in Hamburg, where

he had married, he removed his abode to Jena, a change which confirmed him in his literary tendencies and facilitated the attainment of their object. It was here that he became acquainted with the two Schlegels, and, at the same time, with their friend Novalis, whose posthumous works it was, ere long, the melancholy task of Tieck and the younger Schlegel to publish under their superintendence. With Wackenroder of Berlin, a person of kindred mind with Novalis, and kindred fortune, too, having died very early, Tieck was already acquainted and united; for they had coöperated in an elegant and impressive work on pictorial art.

A Literary Revolution.

These young men sympathized completely in their critical ideas with Tieck, and each was laboring in his own sphere to disseminate them and reduce them to practice. Their endeavors, it would seem, were prosperous; for in colloquial literary history, this gifted cinquefoil—often it is only the trefoil of Tieck and the two Schlegels—have the credit, or at first the blame, of founding a new school of poetry, by which the old school, first fired upon in *Puss in Boots,* and ever afterward assailed without intermission, by eloquence and ridicule, argument and entreaty, was at length displaced and hunted out of being; or, like Partridge the astrologer, reduced to a life which could be proved to be no life.

Of this new school, which was the subject of much unwise talk, and of much not very wise writing, no suit-

able description can here be offered, far less any just estimate. One thing may be remarked, that the epithet school seems to describe the case with little propriety. That after the beginning of the nineteenth century a great change took place in German literature is plain enough without commentators; but that it was effected by three young men living in the little town of Jena is not by any means so plain. The critical principles of Tieck and the Schlegels had already been set forth, in the form both of precept and prohibition, and with all the aids of philosophic depths and epigrammatic emphasis, by the united minds of Schiller and Goethe, in the *Horen* and *Xenien*. The development and practical application of the doctrine is all that pertains to these reputed founders of the sect. But neither can the change be said to have originated with Schiller and Goethe, for it is a change originating not in individuals, but in universal circumstances, and belongs not to Germany, but to Europe. In England, for instance, who had not raised his voice with a double vigor in praise of Shakespeare and nature, and in vituperation of French taste and French philosophy? Who had not heard of the glories of the old English literature; the wealth of Queen Elizabeth's age; the penury of Queen Anne's, and the inquiry whether Pope was really a poet? A similar temper was breaking out even in France itself, hermetically sealed as that country seemed to be against all foreign influences; and doubts were beginning to be entertained, and even expressed, about Corneille and the three unities.

It seems to be substantially the same thing which

occurred in Germany, and was attributed to Tieck and his associates; only that the revolution which in England was proceeding, and in France commencing, appeared in Germany to be completed. Its results were there embodied in elaborate laws, and profound systems were promulgated and accepted; whereas in England the outcome was a literary anarchy; for the pandects of Blair and Bossuet were obsolete or abrogated, but no new code supplied their place, and author and critic each sang or said that which was right in his own eyes. For the principles of German poetics, the reader may be referred to the treatises of Kant, Schiller, Richter, the Schlegels and their many copyists and expositors; with the promise that his labor will be hard, but rewarded by a plenteous harvest of results, which, whether they be doubted, denied or believed, he will find no trivial subject for his contemplation.

The doctrines of taste, which Tieck embraced every opportunity of enforcing as a critic, he did not fail diligently to exemplify in practice; as a long and rapid series of poetical performances lies before the world to attest. Of these, *Genoveva,* a play founded on the legend of that saint, appears to be regarded as his masterpiece by the best judges, though *Franz Sternebalds Wanderungen,* the fictitious history of a student of painting, was more relished by others; and, as one critic declared, equalled *Wilhelm Meister;* the peaceful clearness of which, however, it nowise attained, but only, with visible effort, strove to imitate. In this last work he was assisted by Wackenroder. At an earlier period he had come forth as a translator, with a new

version of *Don Quixote,* which was certainly a masterpiece, as also were his renditions of Ben Jonson's *Volpone* and *Silent Woman.* He now appeared as a commentator, with a work entitled *Minstrelsy of the Suabian Era,* published at Berlin in 1803, with an able preface, explaining the relation of these poets to Petrarca and the Troubadours. In 1804 he sent out his *Kaiser Octavianus,* a story which, though not very successful, was praised by his countrymen in no very intelligible terms, as a fair revival of the old Mährchen. In this, however, the poet moves freely, and has completed the cycle of the romance.

Tieck's frequent change of abode bespeaks less tranquillity in his domestic than happily existed in his intellectual affairs. From Jena he seems to have again removed to Berlin; then to a country residence near Frankfort on the Oder, which, in its turn, he quitted for a journey into Italy. In this classic country he found new facilities for two of his favorite pursuits; he employed himself, it is said, to good purpose in the study of ancient and modern art, to which, while in Rome, he added the examination of many old German manuscripts preserved in the Vatican library. From his labors in this latter department and elsewhere, his countrymen obtained, in addition to the *Minstrelsy,* an *Old German Theatre,* in two volumes, with the promise of more.

The effect of Italian scenery, plastic art and new impressions in general was to wean Tieck from much of the mysticism in which he had hitherto indulged, and to direct him to the criticisms of life. The transition

to his new manner is indicated by the additions to his former tales and dramas, which, after several years spent in sickness and wandering, he published in 1812. *The Elves* and *The Goblet* and *The Philtre* are tales distinguished by brilliant coloring and elaborate art. *Fortunatus*, a drama in two parts, added in 1816, wants the spirit of its predecessors, but is pervaded by a quiet, sarcastic humor exceedingly enjoyable. Plays and stories were set in a framework of æsthetic conversation, and the entire collection was entitled *Phantasus*. By this publication Tieck settled accounts with the Romantic school, and could no more be regarded as its leader.

Later Works.

Tieck returned to Germany in 1806, and for several years his power of original composition seems to have failed him. He devoted himself especially to antiquarian and dramatic studies. In pursuance of the latter he visited England, saw Kemble and Kean on the stage, and renewed acquaintance with Coleridge, whom he had known in Italy. The period of reflection gradually worked itself into a period of productiveness, beginning with his charming novelette of *The Pictures*, translated by Thirwall. It was followed by a series of similar works, extending over nearly twenty years, very unequal in value, but in their best examples belonging to a high class of art. Their great peculiarity is the blending of the narrative with disquisition and comment, so thoughtful and ingenious that, interesting as the action commonly is, the interruption is not resented.

They have usually a strongly-marked ironical element, as though the writer were only half in earnest, a self-criticism of which a great creative genius would have been incapable, but which bestows unusual piquancy on productions of the second order. *The Pictures* is a fine instance of the masterly conduct of a story, and contains a very original figure, the shrewd, sottish, graceless old painter Eulenbock, who, with talent enough to make a name and a fortune, gains a precarious livelihood by forging old masters. *The Betrothal,* also translated by Thirwall, is a severe satire on hypocritical pietism. Among the best of the other novelettes in this style may be mentioned *The Travellers,* one of the most perfect specimens of the author's irony; *Luck Brings Brains,* a fine story of the power of a weak character to rise to its opportunities when elevated by a sense of responsibility; and *The Superfluities of Life,* an anecdote delightfully told. Worthy of mention, also, are *The Scarecrow,* the motive of which was borrowed by Hawthorne in *Mother Rigby's Pipe; A Poet's Life* and *A Poet's Death,* of which Shakespeare and Camoens are respectively the heroes; and, above all, the *Witches' Sabbath,* a tale unparalleled in literature for its delineation of heart-breaking, hopeless misery.

Translation of Shakespeare.

These novels were all written at Dresden, where Tieck had settled in 1819. He enjoyed special favor at court, took an active part in the direction of the royal theatre, and gained a new description of celebrity by

his semi-public readings from dramatic poets in the court circle. According to the unanimous testimony of his hearers, he was the finest dramatic reader of his age. His daughter, Dorothea, who united her father's literary talent to her grandmother's mystic piety, was of great assistance to him in the translation of Shakespeare, which passes under his name. Schlegel had translated seventeen plays; Tieck had undertaken to translate the remainder, and it has been generally supposed that he had done so; but as a fact the translation was almost entirely executed by Dorothea and Count Wolf Baudissin, Tieck contributing hardly anything but his advice and his name. The truth slips out quite innocently in the pages of his biographer Köpke, and is also told by Gustav Freytag. Rudolf Köpke may be considered as the standard authority on the biography of Tieck, and his work is the more valuable in that it is chiefly the result of personal intercourse, and gives the views of Tieck on a number of subjects.

During his residence at Dresden Tieck collected his critical writings, produced his excellent translation of the English dramatists anterior to Shakespeare, and edited the works of Novalis, Kleist, Lenz and other contemporaries. In 1842 he accepted the invitation of Frederick William IV to settle in Berlin, where he had previously conducted the representation of the *Antigone* with Mendelssohn's music. He found himself but little in his element in the city of his birth, and the dramatic representations directed by him, including revivals of some of his own plays, were rarely successful. In 1851 his health failed him entirely, and he

withdrew altogether from the world. He died in April, 1853.

Qualities.

Though not a writer of the highest rank, Tieck is nevertheless a most original genius, very unjustly neglected by his countrymen. The best of his compositions in the style of the Romantic school are absolute masterpieces, and in his later productions, if imperfect, occupy a unique position in literature. He may be compared to Wieland, whom he decidedly surpasses, and to Ariosto, whom he would have more than rivalled if he had been capable of a great, sustained effort. His susceptibility and self-distrust checked his genius, but at the same time gave it that peculiar ironic flavor which constitutes its special distinction. His work is like an exquisite side-dish, not sufficiently substantial for a full meal. The attempts to extract a moral significance from the stories in *Phantasus* seem entirely thrown away; but the purpose of his later writings, when there is any, is always definite. Perhaps the soundest criticism upon him is Heine's, in his *Romantic School,* though written at a time when it was his cue to show the works of that school as little favor as possible.

In his literary life Tieck essayed many provinces, both of the imaginative and the intellectual world, but his own peculiar province seems to be that of the Mährchen, a word which, for want of a proper synonym, we may translate by the imperfect periphrase of Popular Traditionary Tale. Here, by the consent of all his critics, including even the collector of Mährchen,

he reigns without any rival. The true tone of that ancient time when man was in his childhood, when the universe within was divided by no wall of adamant from the universe without, and the forms of the Spirit mingled and dwelt in trustful sisterhood with the forms of the Sense, was not easy to seize and adapt with any fitness of application to the feelings of modern minds. It was to penetrate into the inmost shrines of Imagination, where human passion and action are reflected in dim and fitful, but deeply significant, resemblances, and to copy these with the guileless humble graces which alone can become them. Such tales ought to be poetical, because they spring from the very fountains of natural feeling; they ought to be moral, not as exemplifying some current apothegm, but as imaging forth in shadowy emblems the universal tendencies and destinies of man. That Tieck had succeeded so completely in his tales is not asserted by his warmest admirers; but only that he now and then approaches such success, and throughout approaches it more closely than any of his rivals.

Such is the judgment of Tieck's admirers, but as to how far it is correct the reader must judge for himself. The merits of these tales are not of a kind to force themselves on the reader, and to search for merits few are inclined. The ordinary lovers of witch and fairy stories will remark a deficiency of spectres and enchantments, and complain that the whole is rather dull. Cultivated freethinkers, again, well knowing that no ghosts or elves exist, will smile at him as a crack-brained dreamer, with his spelling-book prose and doggerel

verse, and dismiss him good-naturedly as a German Lake-poet.

Others readers there are, however, who will come to him in a truer and meeker spirit, and these will surely be rewarded with touches of genuine poetry. In foreign versions he, of course, appears under many disadvantages. In the process of translation he has necessarily lost, and perhaps in more than the usual proportion. The childlike character of his style was apt to diverge into the childish; the nakedness of his rhymes, perhaps at first only wavering between simplicity and stillness, must too frequently have shifted nearer the latter. Above all, such work as his comes on us unprepared; unprovided with any model by which to estimate them, or any category under which to arrange them. Nevertheless, the English specimens of Tieck do exhibit some features of his mind, and these its rarest and highest features. To the unprejudiced reader, who will make due allowances, the *Runenberg*, the *Trusty Eckhart* and their associates, as rendered by Carlyle, may be commended with confidence.

Gutzkow.

Karl Gutzkow, one of the most distinguished of modern German novelists and dramatists, was also a native of Berlin, where at the date of his birth, in 1811, his father held a clerkship in the war office. After completing his school education at the Friedrichswerder gymnasium, Karl entered upon the study of theology and philosophy at the university of his native town,

where, his attention being directed to the political and social questions of the time by the French revolution of 1830, while still a student, he began his literary career by the publication of a periodical entitled *Forum der Journalliteratur.* For several years he continued to engage in journalism, with varying success, for a time in conjunction with Wolfgang Menzel, one of the leading critics of the age, by whom he was invited to Stuttgart. Meanwhile he continued his university studies, first at Jena, then at Heidelberg, and latterly at Munich, though at none of these seats of learning did he seem to benefit greatly.

In 1832 Gutzkow published his first work anonymously at Hamburg, and this was followed by a fantastic and satirical romance intended to ridicule the current conceptions of the divine. In 1835, on account of a difference with Menzel, he removed to Frankfort, where he became collaborator with Duller on the *Phönix,* and also founded the *Deutsche Revue.* In the same year appeared *Wally, die Weiflerin,* from the publication of which may be said to date the school of writers who, from their opposition not only to Romanticism, but to all the time-honored literary, social and religious traditions, received the name of "Young Germany." The work was especially bitter against the institution of marriage and the belief in revelation; and whatever attention it might have attracted from its own merits was tenfold increased by the action of the government, which, besides condemning its author to three months' imprisonment, decreed the suppression of all he had written or might yet write, and prohibited him

from exercising the functions of editor within the states of the Bund.

During the term of his imprisonment Gutzkow employed himself in the composition of a treatise on philosophy, in which he opposed the Hegelian theory as to the nature and ends of history. On obtaining his freedom he returned to Frankfort, where, shortly afterward, he was married, writing several volumes on various subjects which he published chiefly at Hamburg, where he later made his abode, to escape the prohibitions of the Prussian government.

At Hamburg Gutzkow entered upon a new field of literature by bringing out his tragedy of *Richard Savage*, which immediately made the round of all the German theatres, and first decidedly won the ear of Germany for the modern drama. Of his numerous other plays the majority are now neglected, but a few obtained an established place in the repertory of the German theatre, especially the tragedy of *Uriel Acosta*, the deep tragic interest of which, its fine dramatic situations and terse and pregnant diction entitle it to rank among the best dramas of modern times. In 1847 we find Gutzkow in Dresden, where he succeeded Tieck as manager of the Court theatre.

About this time began that period of literary activity to which belongs the series of remarkable works of fiction intended to depict the action and the tendency of the principal intellectual, social and religious forces in modern society. The chief of them are *Die Ritter vom Geiste* and *Der Zauberger vom Rom*, each in nine volumes, published at Leipsic between 1850 and 1861.

The latter is a study of Roman Catholic life in southern Germany, and is generally regarded as his masterpiece. Its vigorous and trenchant delineations of character are not more notable than its keen analysis of the motives underlying religious professions, and its subtle penetration into the characteristics and tendencies of the various forms of religious opinion. In regard, however, to both works, it may be objected that their great length, their somewhat tedious dallying over unimportant details, the intricate nature of their plots, and the hampering influence of their controversial purpose lessen considerably the legitimate effect of their many striking and original character portraits, their skillfully arranged dialogues, their powerfully dramatic scenes, and the cunning manner in which their incidents are blended into one whole. The success of *Die Ritter vom Geiste* suggested to Gutzkow the establishment of a journal on the model of Dickens' *Household Words*, which first appeared in 1852, and was continued until 1862.

In 1864 Gutzkow had an attack of insanity, during which he made an attempt upon his life, and although after his recovery he began to write as voluminously as before, his productions henceforth showed decided traces of failing powers.

Körner.

Karl Theodor Körner, poet and patriot, was one of the most gifted among the thousands who sacrificed their lives for the Fatherland during the German strug-

gle for liberty. That he did not attain to a higher position in the literature of his country was due to the fact that his works were only first fruits—for he died at the age of twenty-one—full of the fairest blossoms of promise, but not as yet matured by study and experience. In truth, Körner was much better known as a patriot than as a poet.

Theodor was born at Dresden on the 23d of September, 1791. His father, a prosperous lawyer, made his home a centre of literary, musical and artistic society, and was an intimate friend of Schiller; his mother, a daughter of a Leipsic engraver, named Stock, enjoyed Goethe's friendship through life, and in her later years claimed it for her son. He was at first so delicate a child that his parents made the paternal vineyard—the same in which Schiller sat and wrote *Don Carlos* a few years before—his summer school-room, and for lessons prescribed gymnastics, riding, swimming, fencing and the like, till the sickly lad grew into a young athlete, with a joyous, affectionate disposition, which won the hearts of all who knew him. He then studied languages, history and mathematics, chiefly with private tutors at home; became an adept at various kinds of fine wood-turning, could sketch and play the guitar; but his happiest hours were spent over the volumes of Goethe and Schiller—his household gods. Under their influence he began to write verses which his parents forebore to praise, but which already displayed the facility and grace of his later poems. His education was completed at the school of mines in Freiberg and at the university of Leipsic, the poems which he wrote

during this time being collected and published under the title of *Knospen.*

At Leipsic Körner founded a poetical association and became a member of the "Macaria" and of more than one student club; but he was unfortunately drawn into the hostilities then rife between two factions in the university, and, after fighting several duels, was forced to leave the town in order to escape the consequences of a street fray in which he took part. From Leipsic he went to Berlin, and then to Vienna, with letters to his father's old friends, the Prussian ambassador Von Humboldt and Friedrich Schlegel. Two little pieces which he wrote for the stage were acted at the Vienna Court theatre in July, 1812, with great success; and, with the consent of his parents, he gave up all his former plans, in the hope of being able to make a living by literature alone. Other works followed with astonishing rapidity; in fifteen months appeared about a dozen dramatic pieces and the librettos of several operas, besides many short poems. One after another all his plays were received at the Vienna theatre with applause. *Zriny,* founded on an heroic incident in Hungarian history, was the favorite with the public; but Goethe preferred *Die Braut, Der Grüne Domino* and *Die Sühne.* At the age of one-and-twenty Körner was appointed poet to the court theatre in Vienna. With the composition of the libretto of an opera for Beethoven, and the writing, printing and stage preparation of his plays, the young poet's hands were full; very busy and very happy he describes himself in his letters. His betrothal to a young Viennese lady, now known only as the Toni of

his correspondence, was another source of happiness; but his bright career was suddenly to end.

In the early spring of 1813 there was published the *Fatherland's Call to Arms in the Struggle for Liberation,* and Körner was one of the first to answer the summons, joining at Breslau the Prussian free-corps then forming under the command of Lützow. When the corps was consecrated in the village church at Rogau, a few days later, the service was opened with a chorale, set to Körner's words, and immediately afterward the young poet was sent with a mission to Dresden, to try to unite the Saxons in the common cause, publishing, on this occasion, his spirited prose *Address to the People of Saxony.* Here he saw his parents and friends for the last time, and after being elected lieutenant by a vote of his comrades, was appointed adjutant to Lützow. At Kitzen, near Leipsic, during the three weeks' armistice which followed the battle of Bautzen, he was severely wounded through the treachery of the enemy, but after several adventures escaped to Karlsbad, where he remained till he was well enough to resume his former post. Lutzow's corps was in almost daily action when the young adjutant was welcomed back. His cheerful zeal and self-denying helpfulness had endeared him to all his companions, and his wild war songs, sung by many voices to old national melodies round the camp-fires at night, helped to create the fervor which made the corps especially terrible to the enemy. The poems written at this time were published under the title of *Lyre and Sword,* and include the lines composed during the night when he lay wounded in the woods near

Kitzen. Among them are the following, addressed to those who stayed at home:

> **Let our last hour come in the midst of the fight!**
> **O welcome the death of a soldier brave!**
> **While you, 'neath your coverlet silken and bright,**
> **Cower, like a dog, in your fear of the grave.**

The letters written by Körner to his parents at this time are tender and thoughtful—often aflame with patriotic fervor, but now and then with a ring of intense sadness which forbodes the end. This was very near. His last poem was scribbled in his pocket-book at dawn on the 26th of August, when the corps was prepared for action; and he was reading it to a friend when the order to attack was given. It is the wildest of all his war songs, a love-rhapsody to his sword, and it was this that suggested the refrain of Mrs. Hemans' beautiful verses to his memory. In the engagement that followed, on the high-road between Gadebusch and Schwerin, Körner, as adjutant, fought at Lützow's side. The French were in great force, but were overcome and fled. Among the hottest in pursuit was Körner, who was mortally wounded as he rode through a wood by a shot from one of the fugitive tirailleurs hidden there. He was buried with full military honors under an old oak in the village of Wöbbelin, where there is a monument to his memory.

II.

Werner, the Fate Dramatist.

Allied to the Romantic school, but not directly connected with it, were the so-called Fate dramatists, the first of whom was Friedrich Ludwig Zacharias Werner, in whose career, already slightly but not sufficiently sketched, is indicated much of the history of his time. It was the unhappy fortune of this man to stand for a long period incessantly before the world, in a far stronger light than naturally belonged to him, or could exhibit him to advantage. From being a man of considerable note, he degenerated into notoriety. The mystic dramatist, the skeptical enthusiast, was known and esteemed by all students of poetry; even Madame de Staël was among his admirers, giving him an entire chapter in her *Allemagne*. It was a much coarser curiosity and in a much wider circle that Werner created by successive acts of indecorum, till at last the convert to Popery, the preaching zealot, came to figure in all newspapers, and some description of him was required at every coffee-house and æsthetic tea. By the majority the picture was perverted into a strange bugbear, and the original decisively enough condemned;

but even the few who saw him in his true shape felt too well that nothing loud could be said in his behalf; that with so many mournful blemishes, if extenuation could not avail, no complete defense was to be attempted. As the founder of the Fate school, Werner is deserving of special mention, but less for himself than for the effect which his doctrines exercised on the age.

Werner's Characteristics.

It is not a pleasing story, neither is it the story of a mere literary profligate that we have here to do with. Of men whom fine talents cannot teach the humblest prudence, whose high feelings, unexpressed in noble action, must lie smoldering with baser admixtures in their own bosom, till their existence, assaulted from within and without, becomes a burned and blackened ruin, to be sighed over by the few, and stared at or trampled on by the many, there is unhappily no want in any country; nor can the unnatural union of genius with depravity and degradation have such charms that men should go abroad in quest of it, or in any case dwell on it otherwise than with reluctance. But Werner is something more than this, a gifted spirit struggling earnestly amid the new, complex, tumultuous influences of his time and country, but without force to body himself forth among them; a keen, adventurous swimmer, aiming toward high and distant land-marks, but too weakly in so rough a sea; for the current drives him far astray, and he sinks at last in the waves, attaining little for himself and leaving little, save the memory

of his failure, to others. Yet a glance over his history will not be unprofitable; if the man himself can less interest us, the ocean of German, of European, opinion still rolls in wild eddies to and fro; and with its movements and refluxes, indicated in the history of such men, everyone is more or less concerned.

Materials for such a survey are deficient, not so much in quantity as quality. The *Life Sketch of Werner's*, published by Hitzig of Berlin, in 1823, seems a very honest, unpresuming performance; but it is much too fragmentary and discursive for our wants; the features of the man are nowhere united into a portrait, but left for the reader to unite as he may, a task which, to most readers, will not be acceptable; for the work, short in compass, is more than proportionally short in detail of facts; and Werner's career, much as this intimate friend must have known of it, still lies before us, in great part, dark and unintelligible. For what he has done we should doubtless thank our author; yet it seems a pity that in this instance he has not done more and better. We could certainly have wished for more facts, though it had been with fewer consequences drawn from them; were the somewhat chaotic expositions of Werner's character exchanged for simple particulars of his walk and conversation, the result would be much surer, and especially to foreigners, much more complete and luminous. As it is, from the perusal of this biography we fail to gather any very clear notion of the man; nor even after a careful study of his writings does his manner of existence stand out to us with that distinct cohesion which puts an end to doubt. The few facts given below

are taken in part from Carlyle's account, as also are the criticisms of his plays, which latter are somewhat severe, though just in the main.

Nativity and Parentage.

Werner was born at Königsberg, in East Prussia, on the 18th of November, 1768. His father was professor of History and Rhetoric in the university of that city; and further, in virtue of this office, dramatic censor, which latter circumstance procured young Werner almost daily opportunity of visiting the theatre, and so gave him, as he says, a greater acquaintance with the mechanism of the stage than most players are possessed of. A strong taste for the drama it doubtless gave him; but his skill in stage-mechanism may be questioned; for often in his own plays no such skill, but, rather, the want of it, is evinced.

The professor and censor, of whom we hear nothing in praise or blame, died when his son was in his fourteenth year, and the boy now fell to the sole charge of his mother, a woman whom he seemed to have loved warmly, but whose guardianship could hardly have been for his welfare. Werner himself speaks of her as a pure, high-minded and heavily-afflicted person; Hoffmann, however, adds that she was hypochondriacal and often delirious, imagining herself to be the Virgin Mary, and her son to be the promised Shiloh! Hoffmann had opportunity enough of knowing, for these two personages were brought up under the same roof, though by reason of their difference of age, Werner being

ten years older, there was little or no companionship. What a nervous and melancholic parent was, Hoffmann, by another unhappy coincidence, had also full occasion to know, for his own mother, parted from her husband, lay helpless and broken-hearted for the last seventeen years of her life and the first seventeen of his; a source of painful influence, which he used to trace through the whole of his own character; as to a like cause he imputed the perversion of Werner's.

Early Career.

Of Werner's early years the biographer says little or nothing. We learn only that, about the usual age, he matriculated in the Königsberg university, intending to qualify himself for the business of a lawyer; and with his professional studies united, or attempted to unite, the study of philosophy under Kant. His college life is characterized by a single but expressive sentence: "It is said," observed Hitzig, "to have been very dissolute." His progress in all branches of learning might thus be expected to be small. Nevertheless, he contrived, in his twenty-first year, to publish a little volume of poems, apparently in very tolerable magazine metre; and after some roamings over Germany, having loitered for a while at Berlin and longer at Dresden, he betook himself to more serious business; applied for admittance and promotion as a man of the law; the employment which young jurists looked for in that country being chiefly in the hands of the government, and consisting of appointments in the various judicial or adminis-

trative boards by which the provinces are managed. Accordingly, Werner was made Exchequer secretary, a subaltern office, which he held successively in several stations, and last and longest in Warsaw, where Hitzig, a young man following the same profession, first became acquainted with him.

Werner's early publications had sunk, after a brief provincial life, into merited oblivion; in fact, he had thus far only been a rhymster, and was now, for the first time, beginning to be a poet. We have one of these youthful pieces transcribed in Hitzig's work, and certainly it exhibits a curious contrast with his subsequent writings, both in form and spirit; in form because it is cold and correct, while his later works, without exception, are fervid, extravagant and full of blemishes; in spirit no less, because treating of his favorite theme, religion, it speaks of it harshly and skeptically, being, indeed, little more than a metrical version of common utilitarian free-thinking, as it might be found, without the metre, in most taverns and debating societies. Werner's secret history between these periods might form a strange chapter in psychology; for now, it is clear, his French skepticism had become overlaid with wondrous theosophic garniture; his mind was full of visions and cloudy glories, and no occupation pleased him better than to controvert, in generous, inquiring minds, that very unbelief which he appears to have once entertained in his own.

Some leagues from Warsaw, says his biographer, enchantingly embosomed in a thick wood, close by the high banks of the Vistula, lies the Cameldulensian

abbey of Bielany, inhabited by a class of monks who in strictness of discipline yielded only to the Trappists. To this cloistral solitude Werner was wont to repair with his friend, every fine Saturday of the summer of 1800, as soon as their occupations in the city were over. In defect of any regular inn, the two used to bivouac in the forest, or at best to sleep under a tent. The Sunday was then passed in the open air; in roving over the woods, sailing on the river, and the like, till late night recalled them to the city. On such occasions the younger of the two had ample room to unfold his whole heart before his more mature and settled companion; to advance his doubts and objections against many theories which Werner was already cherishing; and so, by exciting him with contradiction, to cause him to make them clearer to himself.

The Templars of Cyprus.

Week after week these discussions were resumed from the point where they had been left; indeed, to Werner, it would seem, this controversy had unusual attractions, for he was now busy composing a dramatic poem, intended principally to convince the world of those very truths which he was striving to impress on his friend; and to which the world was likely to give a similar reception. The character, or at least the way of thought, attributed to Robert d'Heredon, the Scottish Templar, in the *Sons of the Valley*, was borrowed, it appears, as if by regular instalments, from these conferences with Hitzig; the result of the one Sunday be-

ing entered in dramatic form during the week; then audited on the following Sunday, and so forming the text for further disquisition. "Blissful days," adds Hitzig, "pure and innocent, which doubtless Werner also held in pleased remembrance!"

The *Söhne des Thals*, or *Sons of the Valley*, composed in this rather questionable fashion, was in due time forthcoming; the first part in 1801 and the second about a year afterward. It is a drama, or rather two dramas, unrivalled at least in one particular, and that is in length; each part being a play of six acts, and the whole amounting to somewhat more than eight hundred octavo pages. It is, as might be anticipated, a loose and formless structure, expanding on all sides into vague generalization, and, on the whole, resembling not so much a drama as the rude materials of one. The subject is the destruction of the Templar order; an event which had been dramatized more than once, but on which, notwithstanding, Werner may boast of being entirely original. The fate of Jacques Molay and his brethren acts here but like a little leaven, for it cannot leaven the lump lying buried under such a mass of mystical theology, Masonic mummery, cabalistic tradition and Rosicrucian philosophy as no power could work into dramatic union. The incidents are few and of little interest, interrupted continually by flaring lights and long-winded speculations; for Werner's besetting sin, that of loquacity, is here in decided action, and so we wander in endless windings, through scene after scene of gorgeous splendor or gloom, till at last the whole rises before us like a wild phantasmagoria; cloud heaped

on cloud, painted here and there with prismatic hues, but representing little except the views of the author.

To explain with any minuteness the articles of Werner's creed, as it was now fashioned, and is here exhibited, would be a task as unprofitable as it would be difficult; but there are passages in which, under dark symbolical figures, he has himself shadowed forth a vague likeness of it. A few of these may now be translated with such expositions as may be gathered from the context, or as readers, from the usual tone of speculation in Germany, are enabled to supply. This may, at the same time, convey a fair notion of the work itself, with its tawdry splendors and tumid grandiloquence, and play-house thunder and lightning.

The reader should fancy himself on the island of Cyprus, where the order of the Templars still subsisted, though the heads of it were already summoned before the French king and Pope Clement; which summons they are now, not without dreary enough forebodings, preparing to obey. The purport of this first part, so far as it has any dramatic purport, is to paint the situation, outward and inward, of that once pious and heroic, and still magnificant and powerful body. It is entitled *The Templars of Cyprus;* but why it should also be called the *Sons of the Valley* does not so well appear; for the brotherhood of the Valley has yet scarcely come into activity, and only hovers before us in glimpses of so enigmatic a sort that we know not fully whether these its Sons are of flesh and blood like ourselves or of some spiritual nature, or of something intermediate, and also nondescript. For the rest, it is a series of spectacles

and dissertations, and the action cannot so much be said to advance as to revolve. On this occasion the Templars are admitting two new members; the acolytes have already passed their preliminary trials; this is the chief and final one:

ACT FIFTH. SCENE FIRST.

Midnight. Interior of the Temple Church. Backwards, a deep perspective of altars and Gothic pillars. On the right hand of the foreground, a little chapel; and in this a little altar with the figure of St. Sebastian. The scene is lighted very dimly by a single lamp which hangs before the altar.

Adalbert.—(Dressed in white, without mantle or doublet; groping his way in the dark.) Was it not at the Altar of Sebastian
That I was bidden wait for the Unknown?
Here should it be; but darkness with her veil
Inwraps the figures. (Advancing to the altar.)
Here is the fifth pillar!
Yes, this is he, the Sainted—How the glimmer
Of that faint lamp falls on his fading eye!—
Ah, it is not the spears o' the Saracens,
It is the pangs of hopeless love that burning
Transfix thy heart, poor Comrade!—O, my Agnes,
May not thy spirit, in this earnest hour,
Be looking on? Art hovering in that moonbeam
Which struggles through the painted window, and dies
Amid the cloister's gloom? Or linger'st thou
Behind these pillars, which ominous and black,
Look down on me, like horrors of the past
Upon the present; and hidest thy gentle form,
Lest with thy paleness thou too much affright me?
Hide not thyself, pale shadow of my Agnes,
Thou affrightest not thy lover.—Hush!
Hark! Was there not a rustling?—Father! You?

Philip.—(Rushing in with wild looks.) Yes, Adalbert! But time is precious!—Come,
My son, my one sole Adalbert, come with me!

Adal.—What would you, father, in this solemn hour?

Phil.—This hour, or never. (Leading Adalbert to the altar.)
Hither!—knowest thou him?

Adal.—'Tis Saint Sebastian.

Phil.—Because he would not
Renounce his faith, a tyrant had him murdered. (Points to his head.)
These furrows, too, the rage of tyrants ploughed
In thy old father's face. My son, my first-born child,
In this great hour I do conjure thee! Wilt thou,
Wilt thou obey me?

Adal.—Be it just, I will.

Phil.—Then swear, in this great hour, in this dread presence,
Here by thy father's head made early gray,
By the remembrance of thy mother's agony,
And by the ravished blossom of thy Agnes,
Against the tyranny which sacrificed us,
Inexpiable, bloody, everlasting hate!

Adal.—Ha! This the All-avenger spoke through thee!—
Yes, bloody shall my fatal death torch burn
In Philip's heart; I swear it!

Phil.—(With increasing vehemence.) And if thou break
This oath, and if thou reconcile thee to him,
Or let his golden chains, his gifts, his prayers,
His dying moan itself avert thy dagger
When th' hour of vengeance comes—shall this gray head,
Thy mother's wail, the last sigh of thy Agnes,
Accuse thee at the bar of the Eternal?

Adal.—So be it, if I break my oath.

Phil.—Then man thee!—(Looking up, then shrinking together, as with dazzled eyes.)
Ha! was not that his lightning?—Fare thee well!
I hear the footsteps of the Dreaded!—Firm—
Remember me, remember this stern midnight! (Retires hastily.)

Adal.—(Alone.) Yes, grayhead, whom the beckoning of the Lord
Sent thither to awake me out of craven sleep,
I will remember thee and this stern midnight,
And my Agnes' spirit shall have vengeance!—

Enter an armed man. He is mailed from head to foot in black harness; his visor is closed.

Armed Man.—Bare thyself!— Pray! (Adalbert kneels.)
(He strips him to the girdle, and raises him.)
Look on the ground and follow!
(He leads him into the background to a trap-door, on the right. He descends first himself; and when Adalbert has followed him, it closes.)

SECOND SCENE.

Cemetery of the Templars, under the church. The scene is lighted only by a lamp which hangs down from the vault. Around are tombstones of deceased knights, marked with crosses and sculptured bones. In the background, two colossal skeletons hold between them a large white book, marked with a red cross; from the under end of the book hangs a long black curtain. The book, of which only the cover is visible, has an inscription in black ciphers. The skeleton on the right hand holds in its right hand a naked drawn sword; that on the left holds in its left hand a palm turned downwards. On the right side of the foreground stands a black coffin open; on the left, a similar one with the body of a Templar in the full dress of his order; on both coffins are inscriptions in white ciphers. On each side, nearer the background, are seen the lowest steps of the stairs which lead up into the Temple Church above the vault.

Armed Man.—(Not yet visible; above on the right-hand stairs.) Dreaded! Is the grave laid open?

Concealed Voices.—Yea!

Armed Man.—(Who, after a pause, shows himself on the stairs.) Shall he behold the tombs o' th' fathers?

Concealed Voices.—Yea!
(Armed man, with drawn sword, leads Adalbert carefully down the steps on the right hand.)

Armed Man.—(To Adalbert.) Look down! 'Tis on thy life!
(Leads him to the open coffin.) What seest thou?

Adalbert.—An empty coffin.

Armed Man.—'Tis the house
Where thou one day shalt dwell—Canst read th' inscription?

Adal.—No.

Armed Man.—Hear it, then: "Thy wages, sin, is death." (Leads him to the opposite coffin where the body is lying.) Look down! 'Tis on thy life! What seest thou?

Adal.—A coffin with a corpse.

Armed Man.—He is thy brother;
One day thou art as he. Canst read th' inscription?

Adal.—No.

Armed Man.—Hear: "Corruption is the name of life."
Now look around; go forward—move, and act! (He pushes him toward the background.)

Adal.—(Observing the book.) Ha! Here's the Book of Ordination!—Seems
As if th' inscription on it might be read.
"Knock four times on the ground,
Thou shalt behold thy beloved one."
O Heavens! And may I see thee, sainted Agnes?
My bosom yearns for thee!—
(He stamps four times on the ground, uttering the words,) One—Two—Three—Four!
(The curtain hanging from the Book rolls rapidly up, and covers it. A colossal Devil's head appears between the two Skeletons; its form is horrible; it is gilt; has a huge golden Crown, a Heart of the same on its Brow; rolling flaming Eyes: Serpents instead of Hair; golden Chains round its neck, which is visible to the breast; and a golden Cross, yet not a Crucifix, which rises over its left shoulder as if crushing it down. The whole Bust rests on four gilt Dragons' feet. At sight of it Adalbert starts back in horror, and exclaims:)
Defend us!

Armed Man.—Dreaded! May he hear it?

Concealed Voices.—Yea.

(The armed man then touches the curtain with his sword; it rolls down over the Devil's head, concealing it again; and above, as before, appears the Book, but now opened, with white colossal leaves and red characters. The armed man reads from the Book to Adalbert the Story of the Fallen Master, yet not standing before it, but at one side, at some paces distance, and while he reads, turning the leaves with his sword. The story is of the Master, Baffometus, who was commanded to complete the temple of the Lord, of which only the foundation-stone was laid. But the Master disobeys, continually asking for more time, and meanwhile building for himself a dwelling with the materials provided, and selling what is left. At length the Lord was wroth, and said:)

Since thou hast cozened me with empty lies,
And those, the stones I lent thee for my temple
Hast sold them for a purse of filthy gold,
Lo, I will cast thee forth, and with the Mammon
Will chastise thee, until a Saviour rise
Of thy own seed, who shall redeem thy trespass.

(Then the Lord melts in the sun the purse of gold which the Master had gathered.)

And straightway touching Baffometus,
Anoints him on the chin and brow and cheeks.
Then was the face of Baffometus changed;
His eye-balls rolled like fire-flames,
His nose became a crooked vulture's bill,
The tongue hung bloody from his throat; the flesh
Went from his hollow cheeks, and of his hair,
Great snakes, and of the snakes grew Devil's-horns.
Again the Lord put forth his finger with the gold,
And pressed it upon Baffometus' heart;
Whereby the heart did bleed and wither up,
And all his members bled and withered up,
And fell away, the one and then the other.
At last his back itself sunk into ashes;

The head alone continued gilt and living;
And instead of back grew dragon's talons,
Which destroyed all life from off the earth.
Then from the ground the Lord took up the heart,
Which as he touched also grew of gold,
And placed it on the brow of Baffometus:
And of the other metal in the pot
He made for him a burning crown of gold,
And crushed it on his serpent hair, so that
Even to the bone and brain the circlet scorched him.
And round the neck he twisted golden chains,
Which strangled him and pressed his breath together.
What in the pot remained he poured upon the ground,
Athwart, along, and there it formed a cross;
The which he lifted and placed upon his neck,
And bent him that he could not raise his head.
Two Deaths, moreover, he appointed warders
To guard him; Death of Life and Death of Hope.
The Sword of the first he sees not, but it suited him;
The other's Palm he sees, but it escapes him.
So languishes the outcast Baffometus
Four thousand years and four and forty moons,
Till once a Saviour rise from his own seed,
Redeem his trespass and deliver him.
This is the story of the fallen master.

(With his sword he touches the curtain, which now, as before, rolls up over the Book; so that the head under it again becomes visible, in its former shape.)

Adal.—(Looking at the head.) Ha, what a hideous shape!

Head.—(With a hollow voice.) Deliver me!——

Armed Man.—Dreaded! Shall the work begin?

Concealed Voices.—Yea.

Armed Man.—(To Adalbert.) Take the neckband. (Pointing to the head.) Away.

Adal.—I dare not.

Head.—(With a piteous tone.) O, deliver me!

Adal.—(Taking off the chains.) Poor fallen one!

Armed Man.—Now lift the crown from his head.

Adal.—It seems so heavy.

Armed Man.—Touch it, it grows light.

(Adalbert takes off the crown and casts it, as he did the chains, on the ground.)

Armed Man.—Now take the golden heart from off his brow.

Adal.—It seems to burn!

Armed Man.—Thou errest; ice is warmer.

Adal.—(Taking the heart from the brow.) Ha! Shivering frost!

Armed Man.—Take from his back the Cross,
And throw it from thee——

Adal.— How! The Savior's token?

Head.—Deliver, O, deliver me!

Armed Man.— This Cross
Is not thy master's, not that bloody one;
Its counterfeit is this: throw 't from thee!

Adal.—(Taking it from the Bust, and laying it softly on the ground.) The Cross of the Good Lord who died for me?

Armed Man.—Thou shalt no more believe in one that died—
Thou shalt henceforth believe in one that liveth
And never dies.—Obey and question not—
Step over it!

Adal.—Take pity on me!

Armed Man.—(Threatening him with his sword!) Step.

Adal.—I do 't with shuddering——

(Steps over, and then looks up to the head, which raises itself as freed from a load.)

How the figure rises
And looks in gladness!

Armed Man.—Him whom thou servest
Till now, deny!

Adal.—(Horror struck.) Deny the Lord my God?

Armed Man.—Thy God 'tis not: the Idol of this World!—
Deny him, or—(Pressing on him with the sword in a threatening posture.)—thou diest!

Adal.—I deny.

Armed Man.—(Pointing to the head with his sword.) Go to the fallen—kiss his lips!——

And so on through many sulphurous pages. How much of this mummery is copied from the actual practice of the Templars we know not with certainty; nor what precisely they or Werner intended, by this marvellous Story of the Fallen Master, to shadow forth. At first view one might take it for an allegory, couched in Masonic language—and truly no flattering allegory —of the Catholic church; and this trampling on the Cross, which is said to have been actually enjoined on every Templar at his initiation, to be a type of his secret behest to undermine that institution and redeem the spirit of Religion from the state of thraldom and distortion under which it was held. It is known, at least, and was well known to Werner, that the heads of the Templars entertained views, both on religion and politics, which they did not think meet for communicating to their age, and only imparted by degrees, and to the wiser of their own order, under mysterious adumbrations. They had even publicly resisted and succeeded in thwarting some iniquitous measures of Philippe Auguste, the French king, in regard to his coinage; and this, while it secured them the love of the people, was one great cause, perhaps second only to their wealth, of the hatred which that sovereign bore them, and of the savage doom which he had at last executed on the whole body.

But as to these secret principles of theirs, as well as Werner's manner of conceiving them, we are only enabled to guess; for Werner, too, has an esoteric doctrine, which he does not promulgate, except in dark Sibylline enigmas, to the initiated. As we are here

seeking chiefly for his religious creed, another passage may be quoted from the first part, which, at the same time, will afford us a glimpse of his favorite hero, Robert d'Heredon, formerly the darling of the Templars, but now, for some momentary infraction of their rules, cast into prison, and expecting death, or, at best, exclusion from the order. Gottfried is another Templar, in all points the reverse of Robert.

ACT FOURTH. SCENE FIRST.

Prison; at the wall a table. Robert, without sword, cap, or mantle, sits downcast on one side of it; Gottfried, who keeps watch with him, sitting on the other.

Gottfried.—But how couldst thou so far forget thyself?
Thou wert our pride, the Master's friend and favorite!

Robert.—I did it, thou perceiv'st!

Gott.— How could a word
Of the old surly Hugo so provoke thee?

Rob.—Ask not—Man's being is a spider-web;
The passionate flash of th' soul comes not of him;
It is the breath of that dark Genius,
Which whirls invisible along the threads;
A servant of eternal Destiny,
It purifies them from the vulgar dust,
Which earthward strives to press the net.
But Fate gives sign; the breath becomes a whirlwind,
And in a moment rends to shreds the thing
We thought was woven for Eternity.

Gott.—Yet each man shapes his destiny himself.

Rob.—Small soul! Dost thou, too, know it? Has the story
Of Force and free Volition, that, defying
The corporal atoms and Annihilation,
Methodic guides the car of Destiny,
Come down to thee? Dream'st thou, poor Nothingness,

That thou, and like of thee, and ten times better
Than thou or I, can lead the wheel of Fate
One hair's-breadth from its everlasting track?
I, too, have had such dreams: but fearfully
Have I been shook from sleep; and they are fled—
Look at our Order: has it spared its thousands
Of noblest lives, the victims of its purpose;
And has it gained this purpose, can it gain it?
Look at our noble Molay's silvered hair:
The fruit of watchful nights and stormy days,
And of the broken and still burning heart!
That mighty heart!—Through sixty battling years
'T has beat in vain for nothing; his creation
Remains the vision of his own great soul;
It dies with him; and one day shall the pilgrim
Ask where his dust is lying, and not learn!

Gott.—But then the Christian has the joy of Heaven
For recompense; in his flesh he shall see God.

Rob.—In his flesh?—Now fair befall the journey!
Wilt stow it in behind, by way of luggage,
When the angel comes to coach thee into Glory?
Mind also that the memory of those fair hours
When dinner smoked before thee, or thou usedst
To drag thy nag, or scour thy rusty harness
And such like noble business be not left behind!
Ha! self-deceiving bipeds, is it not enough
The carcass should at every step oppress,
Imprison you; that toothache, headache,
Gout—who knows what all—at every moment,
Degrades the God of Earth into a beast;
But you would take this villainous mingle,
The coarse dross of all the elements,
Which, by the Light-beam from on high that visits
And dwells in it, but baser shows its baseness—
Take this, and all the freaks which, bubble-like,
Spring forth o' th' blood, and which by such fair names
You call, along with you into your Heaven!
Well, be it so! Much good may't——

(Here he stops; for his eye lights on Gottfried, who has fallen asleep.)

This Robert d'Heredon, whose preaching has at least a narcotic virtue, is destined ultimately for a higher office. He is ejected from the order; not, however, with disgrace and in anger, but with a sad feeling of necessity, and with tears and blessings from his brethren; and the messenger of the *Valley*, a strange, ambiguous, little sylph-like maiden, gives him obscure encouragement, before his departure, to possess his soul in patience; for, if he can learn the grand secret of Renunciation, his course is not ended, but only opening on a fairer scene. Robert knows not what to make of this, but sails for his native Hebrides, in darkness and contrition, as one to whom no other course is open.

Sons of the Valley.

At the end of the second part, which is represented as divided from the first by an interval of seven years, Robert is again summoned forth, and the whole surprising secret of his mission, and of the *Valley* which appoints it for him, is disclosed. The Friedenthal, or Valley of Peace, it now appears, is an immense secret association, which has its chief seat somewhere about the roots of Mount Carmel; but, comprehending in its ramifications the best minds and hearts of every country, extends over the whole civilized world. It has, in particular, a strong body of adherents in Paris, with a subterraneous but seemingly very commodious suite of rooms under the Carmelite monastery of that city. Here sit in solemn conclave the heads of the establishment, directing from their lodge, in deepest conceal-

ment, the principal movements of the kingdom; for William of Paris, archbishop of Sens, being of their number, the king and his ministers, while fancying within themselves the utmost freedom of action, are nothing more than puppets in the hands of this all-powerful brotherhood, which watches, like a sort of Fate, over the interests of mankind, and by mysterious agencies forwards the cause of civil and religious liberty all over the world. It is they who have doomed the Templars, and, without malice or pity, are sending their leaders to the dungeon and the stake. That knightly order, once a favorite minister of good, has now degenerated from its purity and come to mistake its purpose, having taken up politics and a sort of radical reform, and so must now be broken and reshaped, like a worn implement, which can no longer do its appointed work.

Such a manifest "Society for the Suppression of Vice" may well be supposed to walk by the most philosophical principles. These Friedenthalers, in fact, profess to be a sort of invisible church, preserving in vestal purity the sacred fire of religion, which burns with more or less fulginous admixture in the worship of every people but only with its clear sidereal lustre in the recesses of the valley. They are Brahmins on the Ganges, Bonzes on the Hoangho, Monks on the Seine. They addict themselves to contemplation and the subtlest study; have penetrated far into the mysteries of spiritual and physical nature; they command the deep-hidden virtues of plant and mineral; and their sages can discriminate the eye of the mind from its sensual instru-

ments, and behold, without type or material embodiment, the essence of Being. Their activity is all-comprehending and unerringly calculated; they rule over the world by the authority of wisdom over ignorance.

In the fifth act of the second part we are at length, after many a hint and significant note of preparation, introduced to the privacies of this philosophical Santa Hermandad. A strange Delphic cave it is, under the very pavement of Paris! There are brazen folding doors and concealed voices and sphinxes and naphtha lamps and all manner of wondrous furniture. It seems, moreover, to be a sort of gala evening with them; for the "Old Man of Carmel, in eremite garb, with a long beard reaching to his girdle," is discovered reading in a deep, monotonous voice. The "Strong Ones," meanwhile, are out in quest of Robert d'Heredon, who, by cunning practices, has been enticed from his Hebridean solitude, in the hope of saving Molay, and is even now to be initiated and equipped for his task. After a due allowance of pompous ceremonial, Robert is at last ushered in, or, rather, dragged in; for it appears that he has made a stout debate, not submitting to the customary form of being ducked—an essential preliminary, it would seem—till compelled by the direst necessity. He is in truly Highland anger, as is natural; but by various manipulations and solacements he is reduced to reason again, finding, indeed, the fruitlessness of anything else; for when lance and sword and free space are given him, and he makes a thrust at Adam of Valincourt, the master of the ceremonies, it is to no purpose; the old man has a torpedo quality in him,

which benumbs the stoutest arm; and no death issues from the baffled sword point, but only a small spark of electric fire.

With his Scottish prudence, Robert, under these circumstances, cannot but perceive that quietness is best. The people hand him in succession the cup of Strength, the cup of Beauty and the cup of Wisdom; liquors brewed, if we may judge from their effects, with the highest stretch of Rosicrucian art, and which must have gone far to disgust Robert d'Heredon with his natural usquebaugh, however excellent, had that fierce drink been then in use. He rages in a fine frenzy, dies away in raptures, and then at last "considers what he wanted and what he wants." Now is the time for Adam of Valincourt to strike in with an interminable exposition of the "objects of society." To not unwilling but still cautious ears he unbosoms himself, in mystic wise, and extreme copiousness; turning aside objections like a veteran disputant, and leading his apt and courageous pupil, by signs and wonders, as well as by logic, deeper and deeper into the secrets of theosophic and thaumaturgic science. The following is from the translation of Carlyle, some of whose criticisms have also been given, either verbally or in substance:

Adam.—The riddle by a second will be solved. (He leads him to the Sphinx.)

Behold this Sphinx! Half-beast, half-angel, both
Combined in one, it is an emblem to thee
Of th' ancient mother, Nature, herself a riddle,
And only by a deeper to be mastered.
Eternal clearness in th' Eternal Ferment:

This is the riddle of existence—read it—
Propose that other to her and she serves thee!

(The door on the right hand opens, and in the space behind it, appears, as before, the Old Man of Carmel, sitting at a table, and reading in a large volume. Three deep strokes of a bell are heard.)

Old Man of Carmel.—(Reading with a loud, but still monotonous voice.) And when the Lord saw Phosphoros!——

Robert.—(Interrupting him.) Ha! Again
A story as of Baffometus?

Adam.— Not so.
That tale of theirs was but some poor distortion
Of th' outmost image of our Sanctuary.——
Keep silence here; and see thou interrupt not,
By too bold cavilling, this mystery.

Old Man.—(Reading.) And when the Lord saw Phosphoros his pride,
Being wroth thereat, he cast him forth,
And shut him in a prison called Life;
And gave him for a Garment earth and water,
And bound him straitly in four Azure Chains,
And poured for him the bitter cup of Fire.
The Lord, moreover, spake: Because thou hast forgotten
My will, I yield thee to the Element,
And thou shalt be his slave, and have no longer
Remembrance of thy Birthplace or my Name.
And sithence thou hast sinned against me by
Thy prideful thought of being One and Somewhat
I leave with thee that thought to be thy whip,
And this thy weakness for a bit and bridle;
Till once a Savior from the Waters rise,
Who shall again baptize thee in my bosom,
That so thou mayst be Naught and All.
And when the Lord had spoken, he drew back
As in a mighty rushing; and the Element
Rose up around Phosphoros, and tower'd itself
Aloft to Heav'n; and he lay stunned beneath it.
But when his first born Sister saw his pain,
Her heart was full of sorrow and she turned her

To the Lord; and with veiled face, thus spake Mylitta:
(The Persian name for the Moon.)
Pity my brother, and let me console him.
Then did the Lord in pity rend asunder
A little chink in Phosphoros, his dungeon,
So that he might behold his Sister's face;
And when she silently peeped into his Prison,
She left with him a Mirror for his solace;
And when he looked therein his earthly Garment
Pressed him less; and like the gleam of morning
Some faint remembrance of his Birthplace dawned.
But yet the Azure Chains she could not break,
The bitter cup of Fire not take from him.
Therefore she pray'd to Mythras, to her Father,
To save his youngest born; and Mythras went
Up to the footstool of the Lord, and said:
Take pity on my Son!—Then said the Lord:
Have I not sent Mylitta that he may
Behold his Birthplace?—Wherefore Mythras answered:
What profits it? The Chains she cannot break,
The bitter cup of Fire not take from him.
So will I, said the Lord, the Salt be given him,
That so the bitter cup of Fire be softened;
But yet the Azure Chains must lie on him
Till once a Savior rise from out the Waters.——
And when the Salt was laid on Phosphoros' tongue,
The Fire's piercing ceased; but th' Element
Congeal'd the Salt to Ice, and Phosphoros
Lay there benumbed, and had not power to move.
But Isis saw him, and thus spake the Mother:
Thou who art Father, Strength, and Word and Light!
Shall he my last-born grandchild lie forever
In pain, the down-pressed thrall of his rude Brother?
Then had the Lord Compassion, and he sent him
The Herald of the Savior from the Waters,
The cup of Fluidness, and in the cup
The drops of Sadness and the drops of Longing:
And then the Ice was thawed, the Fire grew cold
And Phosphoros again had room to breathe.
And yet the earthly Garment cumbered him,

The Azure Chains still gall'd, and the Remembrance
Of the Name, the Lord's, which he had lost, was want-
ing.

Interpretation.

The purport of this enigma Robert confesses that he does not wholly understand; an admission in which most of our readers, and the Old Man of Carmel himself, were he candid, might be inclined to agree. Nevertheless, the monologue may be regarded as a typical vision, with a certain degree of significance in the wild mind of the poet, not an inane fever-dream. Might not Phosphoros, for example, indicate generally the spiritual essence of man, and the story be an emblem of his history? He longs to be One and Somewhat; that is, labors under the very common complaint of egoism; cannot in the grandeur of Beauty and Virtue forget his own so beautiful and virtuous self; but amid the glories of the majestic All, is still haunted and blinded by some shadow of his own little me. For this reason he is punished; imprisoned in the Element of a material body and has the four Azure Chains—the four principles of matter—bound around him; so that he can neither think nor act except in a foreign medium, and under conditions that encumber and confuse him. The cup of Fire is given him; perhaps the rude, barbarous passion and cruelty natural to all uncultivated tribes. But at length he beholds the Moon; begins to have some sight or love of material nature; and looking into her Mirror, forms to himself, under gross emblems, a theogony and a sort of mythologic poetry, in which if he

cannot behold the Name, and has forgotten his own Birthplace, both of which are blotted out and hidden by the Element, he finds some spiritual solace, and breathes more freely. Still, however, the cup of Fire tortures him; till the Salt—intellectual culture—is vouchsafed; which, indeed, calms the raging of that furious bloodthirstiness and warlike strife, but leaves him as mere culture of the understanding may be supposed to do, frozen into irreligion and moral inactivity, and further from the Name and his own Original than ever. Then, is not the cup of Fluidness, a merciful disposition, and intended with the drops of Sadness and the drops of Longing, to shadow forth that woe-struck, desolate, yet softer and devouter state in which mankind displayed itself at the coming of the Word, at the first promulgation of the Christian religion? By the Rainbow, which Isis afterward sends to his aid, may be meant the modern poetry of Europe, the chivalry, the new form of Stoicism, the whole Romantic feeling of these later days. But as to who or what the Savior from the Waters may be, we need not be ashamed to confess our ignorance; this being apparently a secret of the *Valley*, which Robert d'Heredon and Werner and men of like gifts, are in due time to show the world, but unhappily have not yet succeeded in bringing to light. The reader may either accept the above interpretation or may fashion one for himself, unless, indeed, he prefer to regard the entire matter as a shaping of gay castles and metallic palaces from the sunset clouds, which, though mountain-like, and purple and golden of hue, and towered together as if

by cyclopean arms, are but dyed vapor. This would at least be the most rational interpretation of the matter.

After the advent of the Rainbow all ends happily, as in a novel:

> And Rainbow flew
> Where he was sent; and as he shook his wings
> There dropped from them the Oil of Purity;
> And this the Word did gather in a cup,
> And cleansed with it the Sinner's head and bosom.
> Then passing forth into his Father's Garden,
> He breathed upon the ground, and there arose
> A flow'ret out of it, like milk and rose-bloom;
> Which, having wetted with the dew of Rapture,
> He crowned therewith the Captive's brow; then grasped him
> With his right hand, the Rainbow with the left;
> Mylitta, likewise, with her Mirror came,
> And Phosphoros looked into it, and saw
> Wrote on the Azure of Infinity
> The long-forgotten Name, and the Remembrance
> Of his Birthplace, gleaming as in light of gold.
> Then fell there as if scales from Phosphoros' eyes;
> He left the thought of being One and Somewhat;
> His nature melted in the mighty all.
> Like sighings from above came balmy healing,
> So that his heart for very bliss was bursting.
> For Chains and Garment cumbered him no more;
> The Garment he had changed to royal purple,
> And of his Chains were fashioned glancing jewels.
> True, still the Savior from the Waters tarried;
> Yet came the Spirit over him; the Lord
> Turned toward him a gracious countenance,
> And Isis held him in her mother arms.

Adam of Valincourt then continues his exposition in the most liberal way, but through many pages of metrical lecturing he does little to satisfy us. What was more

to his purpose, he partly succeeds in satisfying Robert d'Heredon, who, after due preparation—Molay being burnt like a martyr, under the most promising omens, and the pope and the king of France struck dead, or nearly so—sets forth to found the order of St. Andrew in his own country, that of Calatrava in Spain and other knightly missions elsewhere; and thus, to the great satisfaction of all parties, the *Sons of the Valley* terminates.

In this strange phantasmagoria there are not wanting indications of a very sufficient strength, struggling with objects which, though it cannot master them, are essentially of rich significance. Had the writer only kept his peace for a few years, meditating on his subject with true diligence and unwearied will, he would doubtless have given us something very much better. But Werner was not the man for such things; he must reap the harvest on the morrow after seed-day, and so stands before us at last as a man capable of much, only not of bringing aught to perfection.

Of Werner's natural dramatic genius, this work, ill concocted as it is, affords no unfavorable specimen, and may, indeed, have justified expectations which were never realized. It is true, he cannot yet give form and animation to a character, in the genuine poetic sense; we do not see any of his dramatis personæ, but only hear of them; yet in some cases his endeavor, though imperfect, is by no means abortive; and here, for instance, Jacques Molay, Philip, Adalbert, Hugo and the rest, though not living men, have still as much life as many a buff-and-scarlet Sebastian or Barbarossa, whom we find swaggering for years, with acceptance, on the

boards. Of his spiritual beings, whom in most of his plays he introduces too profusely, we cannot speak in commendation; they are of a mongrel nature, neither rightly dead nor alive; in fact, they sometimes glide about as real, though rather singular mortals, through the whole piece, and only vanish as ghosts in the fifth act. But, on the other hand, in contriving theatrical incidents and sentiments in scenic shows, and all manner of gorgeous, frightful and astonishing machinery, Werner exhibits a copious invention and strong, though untutored, feeling. Doubtless, it is crude enough; all illuminated by an impure, barbaric splendor; not the soft, peaceful brightness of sunlight, but the red, resinous glare of play-house torches. Werner, however, was still young, and, had he been of a right spirit, all that was impure and crude might in time have become ripe and clear, and a poet of no ordinary excellence would have been molded out of him.

Religious Views.

But, as matters stood, this was by no means the thing Werner had at heart. It is not the degree of poetic talent manifested by the *Sons of the Valley* that he prizes, but the religious truth shadowed forth in it. To judge from the parables of Baffometus and Phosphoros, the readers may be disposed to hold his revelations rather cheap on this subject. Nevertheless, taking up the character of prophet in its widest sense, Werner earnestly desires not only to be a poet, but a seer, and, indeed, looks upon his merits in the former province as

altogether subservient to his higher purposes in the latter. We have a series of letters to Hitzig, who had now removed to Berlin, setting forth, with a singular simplicity, the mighty projects Werner was cherishing on this head. He thinks that there ought to be a new creed promulgated, a new body of religionists established; and that, for this purpose, not writing, but actual preaching, can avail. He detests common Protestantism, under which he seems to mean a sort of Socinianism, or diluted French Infidelity; he talks of Jacob Böhme and Luther and Schleiermacher and a new "Trinity of Art, Religion and Love." All this should be sounded in the ears of men, and in a loud voice, so that their torpid slumber, the harbinger of spiritual death, may be driven away. With the utmost gravity he commissions his correspondent to wait upon Schlegel, Tieck and others of a like spirit, and see whether they will not join him. For his own share in the matter he is totally indifferent; he will serve in the meanest capacity and rejoice with his whole heart if in zeal and ability as poets and preachers, not some only, but everyone should indefinitely outstrip him. He seems to have dropped the thought of being "One and Somewhat," and now wished, absorbed by this divine purpose, to be "Naught and All."

What the new creed especially was which Werner felt so eager to plant and propagate we nowhere learn with any distinctness. Probably he might himself have been rather at a loss to explain it in brief compass. His theogony, we suspect, was still very much in posse, and perhaps only the moral part of this system could stand

before him in some degree of clearness. On this latter point, indeed, he is determined enough; well assured of his dogmas, and apparently waiting but for some proper vehicle in which to convey them to the minds of men. His fundamental principle of morals we have seen in part already; it does not exclusively or primarily belong to himself, being little more than that high tenet of entire self-forgetfulness, that merging of "Me in the Idea," a principle which reigns both in Stoical and Christian ethics, and is still common, in theory, among German philosophers, especially of the Transcendental class. Werner has adopted this principle with his whole heart and soul as the indispensable condition of virtue. He thinks that to propose a reward for virtue is to render virtue impossible. He warmly seconds Schleiermacher in declaring that even the hope of immortality is a consideration unfit to be introduced into religion and tending only to pervert it and impair its sacredness. Strange as this may seem, Werner is firmly convinced of its importance, and has even enforced it specifically in his *Sons of the Valley,* in the dialogue between Robert and Adam of Valincourt:

Robert.—And Death—so dawns it on me—Death perhaps,
The doom that leaves naught of this Me remaining,
May be perhaps the symbol of that Self-denial—
Perhaps still more—perhaps—I have it, friend!—
That cripplish immortality, think'st not?
Which but spins forth our paltry Me, so thin
And pitiful, into Infinitude,
That, too, must die?—This shallow self of ours,
We are not nailed to it eternally?
We can, we must be free of it, and then
Uncumbered wanton in the Force of all?

Adam.—(Calling joyfully into the interior of the cavern.)
Brethren, he has renounced! Himself has found it!
O praised be Light! He sees! The North is saved!

Concealed Voices.—Hail and joy to thee, thou Strong One;
Force to thee from above, and Light!
Complete—complete the work!

Such was the spirit of that new Faith which, symbolized under myths of Baffometus and Phosphoros and "Saviors from the Waters" and "Trinities of Art, Religion and Love," and to be preached abroad by the aid of Schleiermacher, and what was called the New Poetical school, Werner seriously proposed, like another Luther, to cast forth, as good seed, among the ruins of decayed and down-trodden Protestantism! Whether Hitzig was still young enough to attempt executing his commission, and applying to Schlegel and Tieck for help; and, if so, in what gestures of speechless astonishment, or what peals of inextinguishable laughter they answered him we are not informed. One thing, however, is clear, that a man with so unbridled an imagination, who had plunged so deep in theosophy and still hovered so near the surface of all practical knowledge of men and their affairs, could meditate such apostolic enterprises, was a man likely, if he lived long, to play fantastic tricks in abundance, and, at least in his religious teachings, to set the world a-wondering. Conversion, not to the Roman Catholic faith, which he afterward embraced, but to Brahminism, was a thing nowise to be thought impossible, for his *Sons of the Valley* is strongly tinctured with its doctrines, from which, indeed, he seems to have borrowed freely. Chris-

tianity, on the other hand, has survived his attacks, and we may hope that it will continue so to do.

Wife and Mother.

Meanwhile, Werner was not so absorbed in spiritual schemes that he overlooked his temporal affairs. He was now courting for himself a third wife, a young Polish girl of the highest personal attractions, and this under difficulties which would have deterred an ordinary wooer, for the two had no language in common, he not understanding ten words of Polish and she not one of German. Nothing daunted, however, by this drawback, nay, discerning in it, perhaps, immunity from curtain-lectures, he prosecuted his suit, presumably by signs and dumb-show, with such ardor that he won the damsel, wedded her in 1801, and soon after, in her company, quitted Warsaw for Königsberg, where the helpless condition of his mother required immediate attention. It is from Königsberg that most of his missionary epistles to Hitzig are written, the latter being now stationed in Berlin. The sad duty of watching over his crazed, forsaken and dying mother, Werner appears to have discharged with true filial assiduity; for three years she lingered in the most painful state, under his nursing; and her death, in 1804, seems to have filled him with the greatest sorrow.

This affection for his mother forms a bright spot in Werner's history, where, amid so much that is dark and desolate, one feels it pleasant to linger. Here was at least one duty, perhaps indeed the only one, which in

a wayward, wasted life he discharged with fidelity; from his conduct toward this one hapless being, we may perhaps still learn that his heart, however perverted by circumstances, was not incapable of true, disinterested love. A rich heart by nature; but unwisely squandering its riches, and attaining to a pure union only with this one heart; for it seems doubtful whether he ever loved another. His poor mother, while alive, was the haven of all his earthly voyagings; and, in after years, from amid fair scenes and crushing perplexities, he often looks back to her grave with a feeling to which all must respond. The date of her decease became a memorable era in his mind; as may appear from the title which he gave long afterward to one of his most popular and tragical productions—*The Twenty-fourth of February.*

Intercourse with Hoffmann.

After this event, which left him in possession of a small fortune, Werner returned with his wife to his post at Warsaw,. By this time Hitzig, too, had been sent back, and to a higher post; he was now married likewise, and the two wives, he says, soon became as intimate as their husbands. In a little while Hoffmann joined them as a colleague in Hitzig's office, and by him was introduced to Werner and others in the circle of Prussian men of law, who, in this foreign capital, formed each other's chief society, and, of course, clave to one another more closely than they might have done elsewhere. Hoffmann does not seem to have loved Werner, as, indeed, he was at all times rather shy in

his attachments; and to his quick eye, and more rigid, fastidious feelings, the lofty theory and low self-practice, the general diffuseness, nay, incoherence of character, the pedantry and solemn affectation, too visible in the man, could nowise be hidden. Nevertheless, he feels and acknowledges the charm of his conversation; for Werner could at times be frank and simple; and the true humor and abandonment with which he often launched forth into bland satire on his friends, and still oftener on himself, atoned for many of his whims and weaknesses. The following is from Hoffmann's description of Warsaw as he saw it in 1805:

Warsaw in 1805.

"Streets of stately breadth, formed of palaces in the finest Italian style, and wooden huts which threatened every moment to fall down over the heads of their inmates; in these edifices Asiatic pomp combined in strange union with Greenland squalor. An ever-moving population, forming the sharpest contrasts, as in a perpetual masquerade; long-bearded Jews; monks in the garb of every order; here veiled and deeply-shrouded nuns of strictest discipline, walking self-secluded and apart; there flights of young Polesses in silks and mantles of the brightest colors, talking and promenading over broad squares. The venerable, ancient Polish noble, with mustaches, caftan, girdle, sabre and red or yellow boots; the new generation equipped to the utmost pitch as Parisian Incroyables; with Turks, Greeks, Russians, Italians, Frenchmen, in ever-changing throng.

Add to this a police of inconceivable tolerance, disturbing no popular sport; so that little puppet-theatres, apes, camels, dancing bears, practised incessantly in open spaces and streets, while the most elegant equipages and the poorest pedestrian bearers of burdens stood gazing at them. Further, a theatre in the national language; a good French company; an Italian opera; German players of at least a very passable sort; masked balls on a quite original, but very entertaining plan; places for pleasure-excursions all around the city."

Cross on the Baltic.

It was here that, in 1805, Werner's *Cross on the Baltic* was written; a sort of half-operatic performance, for which Hoffmann, who to his gifts as a writer added higher attainments both as a musician and a painter, composed the accompaniment. He complains that, in this matter, Werner was very hard to please. A ridiculous scene is recorded at the first reading of the piece, and Hitzig assures us that it is literally true, and that Hoffmann himself was the main actor in the business.

Werner had invited a few friends, to read to them, in manuscript, his *Cross on the Baltic*, of which they already knew some fragments that had raised their expectations to the highest stretch. Planted, as usual, in the middle of the circle, at a miniature table on which two clear lights in high candlesticks were burning, sat the poet. He had drawn the manuscript from his breast; the huge snuff-box, the blue checkered handkerchief, reminding one of Baltic muslin, as in use for

petticoats and other indispensable articles, lay arranged in order before him. Deep silence on all sides; not a breath heard. The poet makes up one of those ever-memorable, altogether indescribable faces for which he was noted, and begins. At the rising of the curtain the Prussians are assembled on the coast of the Baltic, fishing amber, and commence by calling on the god who presides over this vocation. So begins:

Bangputtis! Bangputtis! Bangputtis!

Brief pause. Incipient stare in the audience, and from a fellow in the corner comes a small, clear voice: "My dearest, most valued friend, my best of poets; if thy whole dear opera is written in that cursed language, no soul of us knows a syllable of it; and I beg, in the devil's name, thou wouldst have the goodness to translate it first."

The *Cross on the Baltic* is still a fragment; the second part, which was often promised, and partly written, having never been published. In some respects it was the best of Werner's dramas; there is a decisive coherence in the plot, such as we seldom find with him; and a firmness, a rugged, nervous brevity in the dialogue, which is equally rare. Here, too, the mystic dreamy agencies, which, as in most of his pieces, he has interwoven with the action, harmonize more than usually with the spirit of the whole. It is a wild subject, and this helps to give it a corresponding wildness of locality. The first planting of Christianity among the Prussians, by the Teutonic knights, leads us back of itself into dim ages of antiquity, of superstitious bar-

barism, and stern apostolic zeal; it is a scene hanging as it were in half ghastly chiaroscuro, on a ground of primeval Night; where the Cross and St. Adalbert come in contact with the Sacred Oak and the idols of Romova, we are not surprised that spectral shapes peer forth on us from the gloom.

In constructing and depicting characters Werner, indeed, is little better than a mannerist; his persons, differing in external figures, differ too slightly in inward nature; and no one of them comes forward on us with a rightly visible or loving air. Yet, in scenes and incidents, in what may be called the general costume of his subjects, he attained in this play a really superior excellence. The savage Prussians, with their amber fishing, their bear hunting, their bloody idolatry and stormful, untutored energy, are brought vividly into view; no less so the Polish court of Plozk, and the German crusaders, in their bridal-feasts and battles, as they live and move, here placed on the verge of heathendom, as it were, the vanguard of Light in conflict with the kingdom of Darkness. The nocturnal assault on Plozk by the Prussians, where a handful of Teutonic knights are overpowered, but the city saved from ruin by the miraculous interposition of the "Harper," who now proves to be the spirit of St. Adalbert; this, with the scene which follows it, on the island of Vistula, where the dawn slowly breaks over doings of woe and horrid cruelty, but of woe and cruelty atoned for by immortal hope, belong undoubtedly to Werner's most successful efforts. With much that is questionable, much that is merely common, there are intermingled

touches from the true land of Wonders; indeed, the whole is overspread with a certain dim religious light, in which its many pettinesses and exaggerations are softened into something which at least resembles poetic harmony; so that in places it reminds us of Calderon.

The *Cross on the Baltic* had been bespoken by Iffland for the Berlin theatre; but the complex machinery of the piece, the "little flames" springing, at intervals, from the heads of certain characters, and the other supernatural ware with which it is replenished, were found to transcend the capabilities of any merely terrestrial stage. Iffland, the best actor in Germany, was himself a dramatist, and a man of talent, but in all points differing from Werner, as a stage-machinist may differ from a man with the second sight. Hoffmann chuckles in secret over the perplexities in which the shrewd prosaic manager and playwright must have found himself when he came to the "little flames." Nothing remained but to write back a refusal, full of animation and expostulation; and Iffland wrote one which, says Hoffmann, was "a masterpiece of theatrical diplomacy."

Martin Luther.

In one respect, at least, Werner's next play was happier, for it crossed the Stygian marsh of green-room hesitations, and reached, though in a maimed state, the Elysium of the boards; and this to the great joy, as it proved, both of Iffland and other parties interested. This was *Martin Luther,* or the *Consecration of Strength,* Werner's most popular drama, which came

out at Berlin in 1807, and soon spread over all Germany, Catholic as well as Protestant; being acted, it would seem, even in Vienna, to overflowing and delighted audiences.

Nevertheless, the sober reader of *Martin Luther* will be far from finding in it any high order of excellence. It cannot be named among the best dramas; it is not even the best of Werner's. There is, indeed, much scenic exhibition, many a "fervid sentiment," as the newspapers have it; nay, with all its mixture of coarseness, here and there a glimpse of genuine dramatic inspiration; but, as a whole, the work is disappointing; it is of too loose and mixed a structure, and falls asunder in our thoughts, like the iron and the clay in the Chaldean's dream. There is an interest, perhaps of no trivial sort, awakened in the first act; but, unhappily, it goes on declining till, in the fifth, an ill-natured critic might almost say it expires. The story is too wide for Werner's dramatic lens to gather into focus; besides, the reader brings with him an image of it, too fixed for being so boldly metamorphosed, and too high and august for being ornamented with tinsel and gilt pasteboard. Accordingly, the diet of Worms, plentifully furnished as it is with sceptres and armorial shields, continues a much grander scene in history than it is here in fiction. Neither with regard to the persons of the play, excepting those of Luther and Catherine, the nun whom he weds, is there much to be said in their favor. Catherine, though carefully enough depicted, is, in fact, little more than a common tragedy queen, with the storminess, the love and the other stage-heroism

which belong prescriptively to that class of dignitaries, one of which the world is somewhat weary.

With regard to Luther himself, it is evident that Werner has put forth his whole strength in this delineation; and, trying him by common standards, it cannot be said that he has failed. Doubtless it is, in some respects, a significant and even a sublime delineation; yet must we ask whether it is Luther, the Luther of history, or even the Luther proper for this drama, and not, rather, some ideal portraiture of Zacharias Werner himself? Is not this Luther, with his too assiduous flute-playing, his trances of three days, his visions of the Devil, at whom, to the sorrow of the house-maid, he resolutely throws his huge ink bottle, by much too spasmodic and brainsick a personage? We cannot but question the dramatic beauty, whatever it may be in history, of that three days' trance; the hero must before this have been in want of mere victuals, and there as he sits deaf and dumb, with his eyes sightless, yet fixed and staring, are we not tempted less to admire than to send for an officer of the Humane Society? Seriously, it is to be regretted that these and other such blemishes had not been avoided, and the character, worked into chasteness and purity, been presented to us in the simple grandeur which essentially belongs to it. For censure as we may, it were blindness to deny that this figure of Luther has in it features of an austere loveliness, a mild yet awful beauty, undoubtedly a figure rising from the depths of the poet's soul; and, marred as it were with such adhesions, piercing at times into the depths of ours. Among so many poetical sins

it forms the chief redeeming virtue, and truly were almost in itself a sort of atonement.

Of Charles the Fifth, by far the most ambitious character—intended, indeed, as the counterpoise of Luther—it may be said, without hesitation, that he is a failure. An empty Gascon, this, bragging of his power and honor and the like in a style which Charles even in his nineteenth year could never have used. One God, one Charles, is no speech for an emperor, and, besides, is borrowed from some panegyrist of a Spanish opera-singer. Neither can we fall-in with Charles when he tells us that he fears nothing—not even God. We think he must be mistaken. With the old miners, again, with Hans Luther and his wife, the Reformer's parents, there is reason to be more satisfied; yet in Werner's hands simplicity is always apt, in such cases, to become too simple; and these honest peasants, like the honest Hugo in the *Sons of the Valley,* are very garrulous.

The drama of *Martin Luther* is named likewise the *Consecration of Strength;* that is, it may be supposed, the purifying of this great theologian from all remnants of earthly passion into a clear heavenly zeal, an operation which is brought about, strangely enough, by two half ghosts and one whole ghost—a little fairy girl, Catherine's servant, who impersonates Faith; a little fairy youth, Luther's servant, who represents Art, and the "Spirit of Cotta's wife," an honest housekeeper, but defunct many years before, who stands for Purity. These three supernaturals hover about in every whimsical wise, cultivating flowers, playing on flutes and singing dirge-like epithalamiums over unsound sleepers.

We cannot see how aught of this is to consecrate strength, or, indeed, what such jack-o-lantern persons have to do with so grave a business.

The present estimation of *Martin Luther* corresponds but ill with that of the overflowing and delighted audiences that witnessed it all over Germany. As a classical drama it could never pass with any critic; nor, on the other hand, in the lower sphere of a popular spectacle could its attractions be great. We find it what, more or less, we find all Werner's pieces to be, a splendid sparkling mass, yet not of pure metal, and must regret, as ever, that it has not been refined in a stronger furnace and kept in the crucible till the true silver beam, glancing from it, had shown that the process was complete.

Dissipation.

Werner's dramatic popularity could not remain without influence on him, more especially as he was now in the centre of his brilliancy, having changed his residence from Warsaw to Berlin. Von Schröter, one of the state ministers, a man harmonizing with Werner in his "zeal both for religion and freemasonry," had been persuaded by some friends to appoint him as secretary. Werner naturally rejoiced in such promotion; yet, combined with his theatrical success, perhaps in the long run it did him more harm than good. He might now for the first time be said to see the busy and influential world with his own eyes; but to draw future instructions from it, or even to guide himself in its present complexities he was little qualified. He took a

shorter method; "he plunged into the vortex of society," says his biographer, "became acquainted, indeed, with Fichte, Johannes Müller and other excellent men, but united himself also, and more closely, with players, play-lovers and a long list of jovial, admiring but highly unprofitable companions. His religious schemes, perhaps rebutted by collision with actual life, lay dormant for the time, or mingled in strange union with the fumes of wine, with the feast of reason and the flow of soul."

Divorce.

The result of all this might be expected. Within a few weeks after taking up his abode in Berlin, Werner had parted from his wife, and from his own confession and what we know of his mode of living at this period he was a man utterly unfitted for married life. A Bohemian of the Bohemians, he had so long been associated with companions of his own class that any other society was distasteful. "It was not to be expected," he writes on now taking leave of his third wife, "that she should be happy with me. I am no bad man, yet a weakling in many respects, fretful, capricious, greedy, impure. I am still immersed in my fantasies, in my occupation; so that here, what with play-houses, what with social parties, she had no manner of enjoyment with me." These repeated divorces of Werner's at length convinced him that he had no talent for managing wives; indeed, we subsequently find him arguing in dissuasion of marriage altogether. Such a condition of affairs may cause us to wonder at the state of

the marriage laws and the strange footing on which this sacrament must have stood in Protestant Germany.

Travels.

Of Werner's further proceedings in Berlin we have few particulars. After the arrival of the French armies his secretaryship ceased, and now, wifeless and placeless, in the summer of 1807, he says, "he felt himself authorized by fate to indulge his taste for pilgriming." Indulge it accordingly he did, for he wandered to and fro many years, almost to the end of his life, like a perfect Bedouin. The various stages and occurrences of his travels he has himself recorded in a paper furnished by him for a biographical dictionary; but it is too long to be quoted here. He was at Prague, Vienna, Munich —everywhere received with open arms; "saw at Jena, for the first time, the most universal and the clearest man of his age, the great Goethe, and, under his introduction, the pattern of German princes, the duke of Weimar; and then, after three ever-memorable months in this society, beheld at Berlin the triumphal entry of the pattern of European tyrants—Napoleon." On the summit of the Rigi, at sunrise, he became acquainted with the crown prince of Bavaria; was by him introduced to the Swiss festival of Interlaken, and to the "most intellectual lady of our time, the baroness de Staël, and must beg to be credited when, after sufficient personal experience, he can declare that the heart of this high and noble woman was at least as great as her genius." Coppet, for a while, was his headquarters;

and he went to Paris, to Weimar, where Hitzig saw him for the last time, in 1809; again to Switzerland; in short, hurried hither and thither, inconstant as an ignis-fatuus, and restless as the Wandering Jew.

Hatred of Protestantism.

On his mood of mind during all this period, Werner gives us no direct information, but so unquiet an outward life betokens of itself no inward repose; and when, from other sources, we gain a transient glimpse into the wayfarer's thoughts, they seem still more fluctuating than his footsteps. His project of a new religion was by this time abandoned, and Hitzig thinks his closer survey of life at Berlin had taught him the impracticability of such chimeras. Nevertheless, the subject of religion in one shape or another; nay, in propagating it in new purity of teaching and preaching, had nowise vanished from his meditations. In the preface to his *Cross on the Baltic* he declares: "If God, which I daily pray for, should awaken Luther to us before the last day, the first task he would find, in respect to that degenerate and spurious Protestantism, would be, in his somewhat rugged manner, to protest against it."

A similar temper is to be traced elsewhere, in passages of a gay, as well as grave, character. The following is the conclusion of a letter from Vienna, in 1807: "We have tragedies here which contain so many edifying maxims that you might use them instead of Jesus Sirach, and have them read from beginning to end in

the Berlin Sunday-schools. Comedies, likewise, absolutely bursting with household felicity and nobleness of mind. Here, too, bigotry and superstition are attacked in enlightened journals with such profit that the people care less for popery than even you in Berlin do. In a word, Vienna is determined, without loss of time, to overtake Berlin in the career of improvement; and when I recollect that Berlin, on her side, carries Porst's hymn-book with her, in her reticule, to the shows in the Thiergarten, and that the ray of Christiano-catholico-platonic faith pierces deeper and deeper into your privy-councillor Ma'm'selle—I almost fancy that Germany is one great mad-house, and could find in my heart to pack up my goods and set off for Italy tomorrow morning; not, indeed, that I might work there, where follies enough are to be had, too; but that, amid ruins and flowers, I might forget all things, and myself in the first place."

Conversion to Catholicism.

To Italy accordingly he went, though with rather different objects, and not quite so soon as on the morrow. In the course of his wanderings, a munificent ecclesiastical prince, the primate of Dalberg, had settled a yearly pension on him, so that now he felt still more at liberty to go whither he listed. In the course of another visit to Coppet, which lasted four months, Madame de Staël encouraged and assisted him to execute his favorite project; he journeyed by way of Turin and Florence, and on the 9th of December, 1809,

"saw," as he says, "for the first time the Capital of the World." Of his proceedings there no information is given; and Hitzig seems to know, by a letter merely, that he knelt with streaming eyes over the graves of St. Peter and St. Paul.

Last Works.

What remains of this strange, eventful history may be briefly told. Werner accepted no special charge in the Church, but continued a private and secular priest; preaching diligently, but only where he himself saw good, oftenest at Vienna, but in summer over all parts of Austria, in Styria, Carinthia and even Venice. Everywhere, he says, the opinions of his hearers were "violently divided." At one time he thought of becoming a monk, and had actually entered on a sort of novitiate; but he quitted the establishment rather suddenly, and, as he is reported to have said, "for reasons known only to God and himself." By degrees his health grew very weak; yet he still labored hard both in public and private; writing or revising poems devotional or dramatic, preaching and officiating as father-confessor, in which latter capacity he is said to have been in great request. Of his poetical productions during this period there is none of any moment known to us except the *Mother of the Maccabees*, a tragedy of careful structure, and apparently in high favor with the author. By his critics, however, it is stamped as one of the worst of all his pieces, "a pale, bloodless, indeed quite ghost-like affair." During his wanderings

were also written *Attila*, the *Twenty-fourth of February*, *Cunegunde* and various other pieces. The two first have been fairly and forcibly criticised by Madame de Staël. *Cunegunde* has a deep and genuine tragic interest, but is painfully protracted into the regions of pure horror, and this may be said of nearly all Werner's dramas, without detracting from their other merits.

Last Days.

Werner was now drawing toward his latter end; his health had long been undermined, and especially of late years he had suffered much from disorders of the lungs. In 1817 he was thought to be dangerously ill, and again in 1822, when a journey to the baths partially restored him, though he himself felt that his term was near, and spoke and acted like a man that was shortly to depart. In January, 1823, he was evidently dying; his affairs had been settled; much of his time he spent in prayer, and was constantly cheerful, at intervals even gay. "His death," says Hitzig, "was especially mild. On the eleventh day of his disorder he felt himself, particularly toward evening, as if altogether light and well; so that he would hardly consent to have any one to watch with him. The servant whose turn it was did watch, however; he had sat down by the bedside between two and three next morning, and continued there for a considerable while, in the belief that his patient was asleep. Surprised, however, that no breathing was to be heard, he hastily aroused the household, and it was found that Werner had passed away.

In imitation, it is thought, of Lipsius he bequeathed his pen to the treasury of the Virgin at Mariazell, "as a chief instrument of his aberrations, his sins and his repentance." He was honorably interred at Enzersdorf on the hill, where a simple inscription, composed by himself, begs the wanderer "to pray charitably for his poor soul;" and expresses a trembling hope that, as to Mary Magdalen, "because she loved much," so to him also "much may be forgiven."

Werner as a Writer.

In thus travelling over Zacharias Werner's life and works there has been noted from the former what seemed most characteristic, and gleaned from the latter some of the more curious passages, less indeed with a view to their intrinsic qualities than to their fitness for illustrating the man. As a writer, Werner's characteristics are sufficiently obvious. A richly gifted nature, but never wisely guided or resolutely applied; a loving heart; an intellect subtle and inquisitive, if not always clear and strong; a gorgeous, deep and bold imagination; a true, nay keen and burning, sympathy with all high, all tender and holy things; here lay the main element of no common poet; save only that one was wanting—the force to cultivate them and mold them into pure union. Werner cast a look into perhaps the very deepest region of the Wonderful; but he did not learn to live there; he was no denizen of that mysterious land; and, in his visions, its splendor is strangely mingled and overclouded with the flame or smoke of mere earthly fire. In his dramas,

with much to praise, there is always found more to censure. With his rhymed pieces, his shorter, more didactic poems, we are better satisfied; here we often find a strain of true pathos, and a deep though quaint significance.

On the whole, however, we must not pretend to understand Werner, or to analyze his works with scientific rigor. Acting often with only half-consciousness, he was always, in some degree, an enigma to himself, and may well be obscure to us. Above all, there are mysteries and unsounded abysses in every human heart, and that is but a questionable philosophy which undertakes so readily to explain them. Religious belief, especially, at least, when it seems heartfelt and well-intentioned, is no subject for harsh or irreverent investigation.

III.

The School of Fate Dramatists.

Among hundreds of early nineteenth century dramatists three stand prominent above the rest, and these are Grillparzer, Klingemann and Müllner, all of them "Fate dramatists," and, as leaders of their school, worthy of more than passing notice. They may also be accepted as excellent representatives of the playwright class, as distinguished from dramatists, their methods serving to illustrate the craft and procedure of all the rest. Though at one time extremely popular, Fate-tragedy is surely not a wholesome species of drama, and in connection therewith, the criticisms of Carlyle, already quoted, may be of interest, especially as they apply to much of recent tragedy and melodrama. In substance, and partly in phrase, they are as follows:

Popularity of Grillparzer.

The fact that Grillparzer was an Austrian, a nation by no means fertile in poets, may have contributed somewhat to his speedy celebrity. His dramas were extensively advertised, not only in German but in for-

eign, and especially in English, newspapers and magazines; nor were the notices too highly colored, as is too often the case; for Grillparzer was unquestionably a man of merit, and perhaps he should rather be classed as a dramatist than as a playwright.

There may be noticed in Grillparzer's works a vein of tenderness and grace, a seeming modesty and a real love of his art, giving promise of better things. But gods and men are rigid in condemning mediocrity, even when it is pleasing mediocrity, and there is nothing of Grillparzer's which rises perceptibly much above it. The choice of a profession was probably more his misfortune than his fault. Living in a country where the drama engrosses so much attention, he was led into attempting it without any decided qualifications for such an enterprise; and so his talent, which might have done good service in prose, or even in sonnet, elegy or other outlying province of poetry, was driven, as it were, in spite of fate, to write plays. Though regularly divided into scenes and separate speeches, these plays are essentially monological, and though swarming with characters, too often express only one character and that no very extraordinary one—the character of Franz Grillparzer. Unfortunately he met with much applause and no little profit in his chosen career, which, therefore, he continued to follow, let nature and his stars say what they would.

Ahnfrau.

Grillparzer appears to have tried various recipes for play-writing, and to his credit, be it said, that he was

little contented with any of them. One of the worst of his pieces was *Ahnfrau*, or the *Ancestress*, a deep tragedy of the Castle-Spectre type, the whole mechanism of which was discernible and condemnable at a single glance. It is nothing but the old story of Fate, an invisible Nemesis, visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generation. In his preface Grillparzer endeavors to palliate or deny the fact that he is a Fate-tragedian; but to no purpose, for it is a fact grounded on the testimony of the seven senses. It is worthy of note, however, that after this one trial he abandoned such compositions, and betook himself to better, or at least different, lines.

As to the story of the *Ahnfrau*, it is naturally of the most heart-rending description. The ancestress is a lady, or rather the ghost of a lady—for she has been defunct for several centuries—who in life had committed what is called an indiscretion, which the husband punished, one would have thought sufficiently, by running her through the body. Grillparzer, however, does not think it sufficient, but further dooms the fair penitent to walk as goblin till the last branch of her family becomes extinct. Accordingly she is heard, from time to time, slamming doors or such other pastimes as female goblins delight in, now and then appearing with goggle-eyes and other ghost appurtenances, to the terror not only of servant people, but of old Count Borotin, now her sole male descendant, whose afternoon naps she cruelly disturbs. This Count Borotin is really a very worthy, very prosy old gentleman. His son was not long before drowned in a fish pond, the body not

being discovered, and he has still a highly accomplished daughter, whom, as it seems, there is none to wed save one Jaromir, a person of unknown extraction and very slender purse, who, as it afterward turns out, is the head of a robber band, which had long infested the neighborhood. Presently a captain of foot arrives, utterly to root out these bandits, and then the strangest things come to light. Jaromir proves to be old Borotin's son, who, instead of being drowned, was stolen and brought up by the outlaws, the brother, therefore, of his intended. He is a most truculent fellow, who, fighting for his life, unwittingly kills his father, and drives his sister to poison herself.

All this cannot, of course, be accomplished without some jarring and tumult. In fact there is a frightful uproar everywhere at the end of the play—robbers dying, musketry discharging, women shrieking, men swearing, and the Ahnfrau herself emerging at intervals as the genius of the whole discord. But time and the hour bring relief, as they always do. Jaromir, in the long run, likewise succeeds in dying; whereupon the whole Borotin lineage having gone to the Devil, the Ancestress also retires thither, or at least rids the upper world of her presence. And so the piece ends in stillness, and we say to the Ahnfrau requiescat, wherever she may be.

King Ottokar.

But the Fate-method of manufacturing tragic emotion did not find favor with Grillparzer; for we hear

no more of it. His *King Ottokar's Fortune and End* is a much more innocent piece, and proceeds in quite a different strain, aiming to subdue us not by old women's fables, but by the accumulated splendor of thrones and principalities, the cruel or magnanimous pride of Austrian emperors and Bohemian conquerors, the wit of chivalrous courtiers and beautiful but shrewish queens; the whole set off by a proper admixture of coronation ceremonies, Hungarian dresses, whiskered halberdiers, alarms of battle, and the pomp and circumstance of glorious war. There is some attempt at delineating character; certain of the dramatis personæ are evidently intended to differ from certain others, not only in dress and name but in nature and mode of being; so much, indeed, they repeatedly assert, or hint, and try their best to make good, but unfortunately with indifferent success. In fact the dramatis personæ are rubrics and titles rather than individuals; for most part mere theatrical automata, with only a mechanical existence.

The model of *Ottokar* appears to have been Schiller's *Piccolomini*, but differing from it as a living rose differs from a mass of dead rose-leaves. It seems as though Grillparzer had hoped to attract us by a sufficient multitude of wonderful scenes and circumstances without inquiring whether the soul and meaning of them were presented to us or not. Herein lies the art of *Ottokar;* that its effect is calculated to depend chiefly on quantity, on the mere number of astonishments, and joyful or deplorable adventures brought to light; abundance in superficial contents being substituted for artistic inci-

dent. But this is agglomeration, not creation, and avails little in literature. Quantity will not make up for lack of quality; nor are the gayest hues of any service, unless there be a likeness painted from them. Better were it for *King Ottokar* had the story been half as long and twice as interesting.

It must be admitted that Grillparzer, if he could not make his *Ottokar* poetical, might have made it less prosaic, and that he was able to do better is manifested in several passages, especially in one where the king, with no prospect before him but death or captivity, thus soliloquizes on his past misdeeds:

> I have not borne me wisely in thy World,
> Thou great, all-judging God! Like storm and tempest,
> I traversed thy fair garden, wasting it;
> 'Tis thine to waste, for thou alone canst heal.
> Was evil not my aim; yet how did I,
> Poor worm, presume to ape the Lord of Worlds,
> And through the Bad seek out a way to the Good!
> My fellow-man, sent thither for his joy,
> An End, a Self, within thy World a World—
> For thou hast fashioned him a marvellous work,
> With lofty brow, erect in look, strange sense,
> And clothed him in the garment of thy Beauty,
> And wondrously encircled him with wonders.
> He hears and sees and feels, has pain and pleasure;
> He takes him food, and cunning powers come forth,
> And work and work within their secret chambers,
> And build him up his house; no royal palace
> Is comparable to the frame of man!
> And I have cast them forth from me by thousands,
> From whims, as men throw rubbish from their door.
> And none of all these slain but had a mother,
> Who, as she bore him in sore travail,
> Had clasped him fondly to her fostering breast;

A father who had blessed him as his pride,
And nurturing, watched over him long years.
And I have trod men down in heaps and squadrons,
For the stern iron opened out a way
To their warm, living hearts.—O God!
Wilt thou go into judgment with me, spare
My suffering people.

Sappho and Golden Fleece.

Passages of this sort, scattered here and there over Grillparzer's plays, show that he was not born to be merely a playwright. A true, though somewhat feeble, vein of poetic talent he really seemed to possess, and such purity of tone as might, with assiduous study, have led him into higher fields, for he was a conscientious man and an honest lover of art. His *Sappho* and *The Golden Fleece* were written on different principles to the *Ahnfrau* and *Ottokar,* aiming apparently at some classic model, or, at least, at some French reflex of such a model. *Sappho* is perhaps his most faultless production. There is a degree of grace and simplicity in it, a softness, polish and general good taste that could hardly be expected from the author of *Ahnfrau.* If he does not bring out the full tragic meaning of Sappho's situation, he contrives, with laudable dexterity, to avoid the ridicule that lies within a single step of it; his drama is a little weak and thin, but innocent, lovable and by no means lacking in poetical merit. His *Golden Fleece* is of similar character, indicating that Grillparzer might have made himself something more than a playwright or a second-rate dramatist. Though he had ad-

mirers, he followed so closely in the steps of Werner as to mar the effect of his superior versification.

Klingemann.

If it is doubtful whether Grillparzer should be classed among playwrights, no such hesitation can have place with regard to his contemporary, Doctor August Klingemann. Klingemann was one of the most indisputable of playwrights, so superlative in his vigor in this department that we might even designate him the playwright par excellence. His manner of proceeding was essentially different from Grillparzer's; not a wavering, ever-changing method or combination of methods, but a fixed principle of action, which he follows with unflinching courage, his own mind being, to all appearance, highly satisfied with it. If Grillparzer attempted to overpower us, now by the working of fate, now by pompous action and grandiloquent or lachrymose sentiment, heaped on us in too rich abundance, Klingemann, without neglecting any of these resources, seems to place his chief dependence on a surer and readier stay—on his magazines of rosin, oil-paper, vizards, scarlet drapery and gunpowder. What thunder and lightning, magic lantern transparencies, death's-heads, fire-showers and plush cloaks can do is here done. There is abundance of church-yard and chapel scenes, in the most tempestuous weather, to say nothing of battle-fields, gleams of scoured arms here and there in the wood, and even occasional shots heard in the distance. Then there are such scowls and malignant side-glances, ashy

AHASUER SAVES LADY HEINYN

After an original painting by Carl Marr

strange stony eyes.

palenesses, stamping and hysterics, as might, one would think, wring the toughest bosom into drops of pity. For not only are the looks and gestures of these people of the most heartrending description, but their words and feelings also are of a piece with them; gorgeous inflations, the purest innocence, highest magnanimity; godlike sentiment of all sorts; everywhere the finest tragic humor. The moral, too, is genuine; there is the most anxious regard for virtue; indeed, a distinct patronage both of Providence and the Devil. In this manner does Doctor Klingemann compound his dramatic electuaries, and truly we must say that their operation is nowise unpleasant; nay, if any man wishes merely to amuse himself without caring for instruction, he will here be abundantly satisfied.

Ahasuer.

One of Klingemann's most popular dramatic works is *Ahasuer,* a purely original invention, on which he seems to pride himself somewhat, confessing his opinion that the character of Ahasuer may do good service in many a future drama. Ahasuer is no other than the Wandering Jew or Shoemaker of Jerusalem, concerning whom there are two things to be remarked. The first is, why do Klingemann and all the Germans call the man Ahasuer, when his authentic christian name is John. The second is that no historian or narrator makes any mention of Ahasuer's being present at the battle of Lützen, where Klingemann places him. Possibly they thought the fact too notorious to need mention. Here, at all events, he was; nay, as we infer he must have

been at Waterloo also, and probably at Trafalgar, though in which fleet is not so clear, for he takes a hand in all great battles and national emergencies; at least, is witness of them, being bound to it by his destiny. Such is the peculiar occupation of the Wandering Jew, as brought to light in this tragedy. His other specialties—that he cannot lodge above three nights in one place; that he is of a melancholic temperament; above all, that he cannot die, not even by hemp or steel, or prussic acid itself, but must travel on till the great consummation—are familiar to all historical readers. Ahasuer's task at this battle of Lützen seems to have been a very easy one, simply to see the Lion of the North brought down, not by a cannon-shot, as is generally believed, but by the traitorous pistol-bullet of one Heinyn von Warth, a bigoted Catholic, who had pretended to desert from the Imperialists, that he might find some such opportunity. Unfortunately, Heinyn, directly after this feat, falls into a sleepless, half-rabid state; comes home to Castle Warth, frightens his poor wife and worthy old noodle of a father; then skulks about for some time, now praying, often cursing and swearing, till at length the Swedes lay hold of him and kill him. Ahaseur, as usual, is in at the death; in the interim, however, he has saved Lady Heinyn from drowning, though as good as poisoned her with the look of his strange, stony eyes; and now his business, to all appearances being over, he signifies in strong language that he must be gone. Thereupon "he steps solemnly into the wood; Wasaburg looks after him, surprised; the rest kneel around the corpse; the Requiem faintly con-

tinues," and after some further sensational scenes the curtain falls.

Such is the simple action and stern catastrophe of this tragedy, concerning which it were superfluous to speak further in the way of criticism. In the published play there is a dreadful lithographic print, representing "Ludwig Devrient as Ahasuer, in that very act of stepping solemnly into the wood, and muttering these final words: Ich aber wandle weiter-weiter-weiter." Herr Devrient was one of the best actors in Germany, and, if there be truth in this plate, he must have been one of the ablest-bodied men; a most truculent, raw-boned figure, with bare legs and red-leather shoes, huge black beard, eyes turned inside out, and muttering those extraordinary words: "But I go on—on—on."

Klingemann's Faust.

But Klingemann's chief performance was his tragedy of *Faust,* concerning which he admits that the subject has been often treated before, that Goethe's *Faust,* in particular, has "dramatic points;" but he proposes to give it an entire dramatic superficies, to make it a "genuinely dramatic" tragedy. Setting forth with this laudable intention, Klingemann has produced a *Faust* which differs from that of Goethe in many particulars. The hero of this play is not the old Faust, doctor of philosophy, driven desperate by the uncertainty of human knowledge; but plain John Faust, the printer and the inventor of gunpowder, driven desperate by his ambitious temper and a total deficiency of cash. He has

an excellent wife, an excellent blind father, both of whom would have him be peaceable and work at his trade; but, being an adept in the black art, he determines to relieve himself in that way. Accordingly, he proceeds to make a contract with the Devil, on what we should consider very advantageous terms, the Devil being bound to serve him in the most effectual manner, and Faust at liberty to commit four mortal sins before a hair of his head can be harmed. But the latter finds himself jockeyed in the long run.

Another characteristic distinction of Klingemann's is his manner of embodying the Evil Principle, when at last he introduces him to sight; for all these contracts and preliminary matters are managed behind the scenes, only the main points in the transaction being indicated to the spectator by some thunderclap or the like. Here is no cold, mocking Mephistopheles, but a swaggering, jovial, West India looking "Stranger," with a rubicund, brick-colored face, which Faust at first attributes to the effect of hard drinking. It is, however, remarked of this Stranger that, on the introduction of any religious topic, or the mention of any sacred name, he always strikes his glass down on the table, and usually breaks it.

For some time after the bargain Faust's affairs go on triumphantly; he has plenty of money and all else that his heart desires. But the Stranger shows him his future wife, Helena, the most enchanting creature in the world, and the most cruel-hearted; for, notwithstanding the easy temper of her prospective husband, she will not grant Faust the smallest encouragement until he has killed Käthe, his own living helpmate,

against whom he entertains no manner of grudge. Nevertheless, recollecting that he has a stock of four mortal sins to draw upon, and may well venture one for such a prize, he determines on the deed. But here matters take a bad turn, for, having poisoned poor Käthe, he discovers that she is in the family way, and therefore, he has committed not one sin, but two. Before the interment can take place he is further induced, in a sort of accidental self-defense, to kill his father, thus accomplishing his third mortal sin, with which, as it proves, his whole allotment is exhausted, for the fourth, that he knows not of, is already on the score against him. From this point bad grows worse; black masks dance around him in a most suspicious manner; the brick-faced stranger seems to laugh at him, and Helena will nowhere make her appearance. The seventh scene of Klingemann's *Faust* is in a lighted hall, with dance music heard in the distance. Masks pass over the stage, all dressed in black, and with vizards perfectly close. Faust plunges wildly in, with a full goblet in his hand, and rushes to the foreground:

Ha! Poison, 'stead of wine, that I intoxicate me!
Your wine makes sober—burning fire bring us!
Off with your drink!—and blood is in it, too! (Shuddering he dashes the goblet from his hand.)
My father's blood—I've drunk my fill of that!
Yet curses on him! curses that he begot me!
Curse on my mother's bosom that it bore me!
Curse on the gossip crone that stood by her,
And did not strangle me at my first scream!
How could I help this being that was given me?
Accursed art thou, Nature, thou hast mock'd me!

Accursed I that let myself be mock'd!—
And thou strong Being, that to make the sport,
Enclosed'st the fire-soul in this dungeon,
That so despairing it might strive for freedom—
(Here three masks approach him.)

First Mask.—Hey! merry friend!

Second Mask.—Hey! merry brother!

Faust.—(Looking at them with wild humor.) Hey! merry, then!

First Mask.—Will any one catch flies?

Second Mask.—A long life yet; to midnight all the way!

Third Mask.—And after that, such pleasure without end!
(The music ceases, and a clock strikes thrice.)

Faust.—(Astonished.) What is it?

First Mask.—Wants a quarter, sir, of twelve.

Second Mask.—Then we have time.

Third Mask.—Ay, time enough for jigging!

First Mask.—And not till midnight comes the shot to pay!

Faust.—(Shuddering.) What want ye?

First Mask.—(Clasping his hand.) Hey! to dance a step with thee!

Faust.—(Plucking his hand away.) Off!—Fire!

First Mask.—Tush! A spark or so of brimstone!

Second Mask.—Art dreaming, brother?

Third Mask.—Holla! Music there! (The music begins again in the distance.)

First Mask.—The spleen is biting him!

Second Mask.—Hark! at the gallows,
What jovial footing of it!

Third Mask.—Thither must I go. (Exit.)

First Mask.—Below, too, down in Purgatory! Hear ye?

Second Mask.—A stirring there? 'Tis time, then. Hui, your servant!

First Mask.—(To Faust.) Till midnight!

Faust.—(Clasping his brow). Ha! What begirds me here?
(Stepping vehemently forward. Violent knocking without.)

Down with your masks!
What horrid uproar next!
Is madness coming on me?

Voice.—(Violently, from without.) Open in the king's name!
(The music ceases; thunderclap.)

Faust.—(Staggers back.) I have a heavy dream. Sure 'tis not doomsday?

Voice.—(As before.) Here is the murderer! Open! Open, then!

Faust.—(Wipes his brow.) Has agony unmanned me?

SCENE EIGHTH.

Bailiffs.—Where is he? Where?

The appearance of these terrestrial constables greatly terrorizes Faust and gives rise to a highly animated scene. Fortunately the jovial Stranger comes to Faust's rescue, and after much parleying and mixed threats, followed by the requisite amount of force, he is delivered from their hands.

SCENE TWELFTH.

In the twelfth scene comes the long expected tête-á-tête with Helena.

(Faust leads Helena on the stage. She also is closely masked. The other masks withdraw.)

Faust.—(Warm and glowing.) No longer strive, proud beauty!

Helena.— Ha, wild stormer!

Faust.—My bosom burns!

Helena.— The time has not yet come.

And so forth, through several pages of flame and ice, till at last,

Faust.—(Insisting.) Off with the mask, then!

Helena.—(Wildly.) Hey! the marriage hour!
Faust.—Off with the mask!
Helena.— 'Tis striking!
Faust.— One kiss!
Helena.— Take it!
(The mask and head-dress fall from her; she grins at him from a death's-head; louder thunder; and the music ends as with a shriek.)
Faust.—(Staggers back.) O horror!
Helena.— The couch is ready, there.
Come, bridegroom, to thy fire-nuptials!
(She sinks, with a crashing thunder-peal, into the ground, out of which issue flames.)

All this is bad enough; but mere child's play to the last scene, some parts of which are here subjoined.

SCENE THIRTEENTH.

(The Stranger hurls Faust, whose face is deadly pale, back to the stage, by the hair.)

Faust.—Ha, let me fly! Come! come!
Stranger.—(With wild, thundering tone.) 'Tis over now.
Faust.—That horrid visage!
(Throwing himself in a tremor on the Stranger's breast.)
Thou art my friend.
Protect me!
Stranger.—(Laughing aloud). Ha! ha! ha!
Faust.— O save me!
Stranger.—(Clutches Faust with irresistible force; whirls him round, so that his face is toward the spectators, while his own is turned away; and thus he looks at him, and bawls with thundering voice:) 'Tis I!
(A clap of thunder. Faust, with gestures of deepest horror, rushes to the ground, uttering an inarticulate cry. The other, after a pause, continues with stinging sarcasm:)

Is that the mighty Hell-subduer (With highest contempt.)
That threatened me?—ha! Me!
Worm of the dust!
I had reserved thy torment for—myself!
Descend to other hands, be sport for slaves—
Thou art too small for me!

Faust.—(Rises erect, and seems to recover himself.) Am I not Faust?

Stranger.—Thou, no!

Faust.—(Rising in his whole strength.) Accursed! Ha, I am! I am! Down at my feet! I am thy master!

Stranger.— No more!

Faust.—(Wildly.) More? Ha! My bargain!

Stranger.— Is concluded!

Faust.—Three mortal sins——

Stranger.— The fourth, too, is committed.

Faust.—My wife, my child, and my old father's blood!

Stranger.—(Holds up a parchment to him.) And here thy own!

Faust.— That is my covenant.

Stranger.—This signature—was thy most damning sin.

Faust.—(Raging.) Hamspirit of lies!

Stranger.—(In highest fury.) Down, thou accursed!

(He drags him by the hair toward the background; at this moment, amid violent thunder and lightning, the scene changes into a horrid wilderness, in the background of which is a yawning chasm; into this the devil hurls Faust; on all sides fire rains down, so that the whole interior of the cavern seems burning; a black veil descends over both, so soon as Faust is got under.)

Faust.—(Huzzaing in wild defiance.) Ha, down! Down!

(Thunder, lightning and fire. Both sink. The curtain falls.)

On considering all these supernatural transactions, the bewildered reader can hardly account for them in

any other way than that Faust must have labored under obstructions in the epigastric region, and all this of the Devil and Helena, and so much murder and carousing, have been nothing but a waking dream, or other atrabilious phantasm.

Such, then, for Klingemann's part, is his method of constructing tragedies; to which method it may perhaps be objected that there is a want of originality in it. Klingemann may, indeed, claim credit, if not for his plan, at least for superior execution; but his claim to originality would seem to rest on a different ground, namely, his entire contentment with himself and his dramaturgy; and the cool heroism with which, on all occasions, he avows that contentment. Here is no poor cowering underfoot dramatist, begging the public for God's sake not to give him the whipping which he deserves; but a bold perpendicular playwright, avowing himself as such; nay, mounted on the top of his joinery, and therefrom exercising a sharp critical superintendence over the German drama generally.Finally he became manager of the Brunswick theatre, a post for which he seemed eminently fitted.

Müllner.

And now we come to another and greater doctor, whose seven beautiful volumes of *Dramatische Werke* might well secure him a better reception. Of all the Fate-dramatists Doctor Müllner was the best known, both at home and abroad, some of his works having been translated into the English language. In his own

country, his fame, or at least his notoriety, was supreme over all; no playwright of his age made such a reputation; nay, many there are who affirmed that he was something far better than a playwright. Critics of the lower magnitude, in every corner of Germany, put the question a thousand times, whether Müllner was not a poet and dramatist? This question, as the higher authorities maintain an obstinate silence, or if much pressed, reply only in groans, these low-grade critics have been obliged to answer themselves; and they have done it with an emphasis and vociferation calculated to dispel all remaining doubt in the minds of men. In Müllner's mind, at least, they left little; a conviction the more excusable, as the play-going public seemed to be almost unanimous in sharing it, and thunders of applause nightly through so many theatres returned him loud acclaim. Such renown is pleasant food for the hungry appetite of such a man, and naturally he rolls it as a sweet morsel under his tongue; but after all it can profit him but little; nay, many times what is sugar to the taste may be sugar-lead when swallowed. Better were it for Müllner, had fainter thunders of applause, and from fewer theatres, greeted him.

The Fair Albanese.

One of the most famous of Müllner's tragedies, the *Albanäserinn*, or *Fair Albanese*, is a palpable imitation of Schiller's *Braut von Messina*, and without any philosophy or feeling that was not either perfectly commonplace or perfectly false, often both the one and the

other; inflated indeed into a certain hollow bulk, but altogether without greatness, being built throughout on mere rant and clangor, and other elements of the most indubitable prose. Nor is it possible to speak more favorably of his other dramatic works published in these seven volumes, on beautiful paper, in small shape, and every way very fit for handling.

But in classing Müllner as distinctly a playwright it is only fair to add that in general intellectual talent he shows himself very considerably superior to his German brethren of the craft. He has a much better taste than Klingemann, rejecting the aid of plush and gunpowder, we may say, altogether; is even at the pains to rhyme a great part of his tragedies, and, on the whole, writes with a certain care and decorous composure, to which the Brunswick manager seems totally indifferent. Moreover, he seems to surpass Grillparzer, as well as Klingemann, in a certain force both of judgment and passion, which, indeed, is no great affair, Grillparzer being naturally but a treble-pipe in these matters, and Klingemann blowing through such an enormous coach-horn that the natural note goes for nothing, becomes a mere vibration in that all-subduing volume of sound. At the same time it is singular enough that neither Grillparzer nor Klingemann should be nearly such tough reading as Müllner.

Müllner seems to be a singularly oppressive writer, and perhaps for the reason that he hovers too near the verge of good writing, ever tempting us with the hope that here is a touch of poetry, and ever disappointing us with a touch of the purest prose. A stately senti-

ment comes tramping forth with a clank that sounds poetic and heroic; we start in breathless expectation, waiting to reverence the heavenly guest; and, alas, he proves but to be a stager dressed in new buckram, a stager well known to us; nay, often a stager that has been drummed out of most well-regulated communities. So it is ever with Doctor Müllner; no feeling can be traced in him much deeper than the tongue; or, perhaps, when we search more strictly, instead of an ideal of beauty, we shall find some vague aim after strength, or in defect of this, after mere size. And yet how cunningly he manages the counterfeit!

A Gruesome Tragedy.

But the great question with regard to Müllner, as with regard to the other playwrights, is where lies his peculiar sleight-of-hand in this craft? Let us endeavor, then, to find out his secret—his recipe for play-making. There is nothing mysterious about it; it floats, indeed, on the very surface; might even be taught, one would suppose, on a few trials to men of very moderate capacity. In a preceding volume has been given in full Werner's powerful but gruesome Fate-drama, *The Twenty-fourth of February*. As will be remembered, it is a story of a Swiss peasant and a bankrupt, called Kurt Kuruh, and his wife and a rich travelling stranger lodged with them, which latter is, on this night of the twenty-fourth of February, wilfully murdered by the two former, and proves himself, in the act of dying, to be their only son, who had returned home to make them all com-

fortable, could they have had only a little more patience. But the foul deed is already accomplished, with a rusty scythe or knife, and nothing remains but for the whole batch to go to perdition. For it was written, as the Arabs say, "on the iron leaf," these Kuruhs are doomed men. Old Kuruh, the grandfather, had committed some sin or other, for which, like the sons of Atreus, his descendants are prosecuted with the utmost rigor.

The Twenty-ninth of February.

Müllner acknowledges his obligations to Werner, but not half warmly enough. Werner was, in fact, the making of him; for, great as he became, our doctor was nothing but a mere mistletoe growing from that poor oak, itself already half dead. Had there been no *Twenty-fourth of February,* there were then no *Twenty-ninth of February,* no *Schuld,* no *Albanäserinn,* most probably no *König Yngard.* For Doctor Müllner, already middle-aged, and as yet entirely unversed in the drama, began business with a copy of the *Twenty-fourth,* borrowing from it his *Twenty-ninth,* a thing proceeding by destiny and ending in murder, by a knife or scythe, as in the Kuruh case; with one improvement, indeed, that there was a grindstone introduced into the scene, and the spectator had the privilege of seeing the knife previously whetted. The author, too, was honest enough to admit publicly his imitation, for he named this play the *Twenty-ninth of February,* and in his preface gave thanks, though somewhat reluctantly, to Werner, as his master and originator.

For some inscrutable reason this *Twenty-ninth* was not sent to the green-grocer, but became popular; there was even the weakest of parodies written on it, entitled *Eumenides Gloomy,* which Müllner reprinted; there was likewise a wish expressed that the termination might be made joyous, not grievous, with which also the indefatigable wright complied; and so, for the benefit of weak nerves, we have the *Wahn* or *Delusion,* which still ends in tears, but glad ones. In short, the doctor has a peculiar merit with this *Twenty-ninth* of his; for who but he could have cut a second and a third face on the same cherrystone, said cherrystone having first to be borrowed, or, indeed, half stolen?

Emitation of Werner.

At this point Doctor Müllner apparently began to set up for himself, and ever henceforth he endeavors to persuade his own mind and ours that here his debt to Werner terminates. Nevertheless, it is sufficiently clear that fresh debt was every day accumulating. This one Wernerean idea seems to have taken complete hold of the doctor's mind, so that he was quite possessed with it, and could find no other motive. That on a certain month and a certain day of the month a man shall fall into crime, for which an invisible Fate shall silently pursue him, punishing the transgression probably on the same day of the same month annually—unless, as in the Twenty-ninth, it is leap year, and Fate is thus cheated for a time—and never resting until the poor wight himself, and perhaps his last descendant shall be

swept away with the besom of destruction. Such, more or less disguised, but frequently without any disguise, is the tragic essence, the vital principle of all Müllner's dramas. In his *Twenty-ninth of February* we have the principle in its naked state. Some old woodcutter or forester has fallen into deadly sin with his wife's sister, long ago, on that intercalary day, and so all his progeny must, wittingly or unwittingly, proceed in incest and murder; the day of the catastrophe regularly occurring every four years, on the same twenty-ninth, until happily all are murdered, and there is an end. So likewise in the *Schuld*, a much more ambitious performance, we have exactly the same doctrine of an anniversary, and the interest once more turns on that delightful business of murder and incest. In the *Albanäserinn*, again, which may have the credit, such as it is, of being Müllner's best play, we find the Fate theory only a trifle colored, as if the drug had begun to disgust, and the doctor would hide it in a spoonful of syrup. It is a dying man's curse that operates on the criminal, which curse being strengthened by a sin of very old standing in the family, takes singular effect, the parties only escaping parricide, fratricide, and the old story of incest by two self-banishments and two very decisive self-murders.

König Yngard.

It seems as if the doctor could not write at all without this Fate panacea; in *König Yngard* he appears to have made such an attempt and found it would not answer. König Yngard, an imaginary peasant-king of

Norway, is intended, as we are informed, to present us with some adumbration of Napoleon Bonaparte; and truly for two or three acts he goes along with no small gallantry, in what a drill-sergeant would call a dashing style, a very virtuous kind of a man and as bold as the Cid. But suddenly, in the midst of a battle, far on in the play, he is seized with some caprice or qualm, retires to a solitary place among the rocks, and there, in a most gratuitous manner, delivers himself over, viva voce, to the Devil, who, indeed, does not appear personally to take seisin of him, but, as afterward comes to light, has with great readiness accepted the gift. For now Yngard grows dreadfully wicked and sulky, doing little henceforth but bullying men and killing them, till at length, the measure of his iniquities being full, he is himself bullied and killed; and the author, carried through by his sovereign tragic elixir, ends his play with reasonable comfort.

Müllner's Fate-Scheme.

This, then, is Doctor Müllner's dramatic mystery; this is the one patent hook by which he would hang his tragedies on the spiritual world, and so establish for himself a free communication, almost as if by block and tackle, between the visible prose Earth and the invisible poetic Heaven. The greater or less merit of this, his invention, or rather improvement—for Werner is the real patentee—gave rise to extensive argument. The small deer of criticism seemed to be much divided on this point, and the higher orders refusing to throw any

light on it, the subject was discussed with an eagerness which it never deserved. As a recipe for dramatic tears, it may be ranked perhaps a shade higher than the page's split onion in the *Taming of the Shrew.* Craftily hid in a handkerchief, this onion was sufficient for the deception of Christopher Sly, in that way attaining its object; which also the Fate invention seems to have done with the Christopher Slys of Germany, and these not a few but many. To this onion superiority the doctor is fairly entitled, and with this, perhaps, it were good for him had he remained content.

Müllner as a Journalist.

Besides his dramatic labors, Doctor Müllner was known to the public as a journalist, dealing chiefly with dramatic affairs. For some considerable time he edited a literary paper of his own originating, the *Mitternacht-Blatt,* or *Midnight Paper,* in which capacity he shows to more advantage; indeed, the journalistic office seems quite natural to him, and here was the arena in which, and not in Fate-drama, he should have continued to fence for bread or glory. He was not without a vein of wit; a certain degree of drollery there was, of grinning half risible, half impudent; he had a fair hand at the feebler sort of lampoon; the German Joe Millers also seemed familiar to him, and his skill in the riddle was respectable; so that altogether he makes a superior figure in this line, and his *Mitternacht-Blatt* was, by several degrees, the most readable paper of its kind in that country. Not that, in the abstract, there was much

to admire in Doctor Müllner's newspaper procedure; his style was merely the common tavern style, familiar enough in periodical literature; riotous, blustering, with some tincture of blackguardism; a half-dishonest style, and smelling strongly of tobacco and spirituous liquor. Neither was there the smallest fraction of valuable knowledge or opinion communicated in the *Midnight Paper;* indeed, except it be that Doctor Müllner was a great dramatist, and that all who presumed to think otherwise were insufficient members of society, there was little knowledge or opinion of any kind. It may also be said that the doctor was not perfectly original in his journalistic methods; his light was, to a certain extent, a borrowed one, as it were; a rush-light kindled at the great pitch-link of *Blackwood's Magazine,* then probably the most influential publication in Europe.

Such journalists as Müllner—and the class is by no means extinct at the present day—are like the Academician's colony of spiders. This French virtuoso had discovered that cobwebs were worth something, that they could even be woven into silk stockings; whereupon he exhibits a very handsome pair of cobweb hose to the Academy, is encouraged to proceed with the manufacture, and so collects some half bushel of spiders, and puts them in a spacious loft, with every convenience for making silk. But in place of spinning, they take to fighting with the utmost vigor, utterly regardless of the Academician's attempts to part them, and they make no end until there is only one spider left alive, and not a shred of cobweb woven or henceforth to be expected. Could the weavers of paragraphs, like

those of the cobwebs, fairly exterminate and silence one another, it would be less intolerable.

Foreign Criticism.

But the majority of foreign, and especially of American, critics are not disposed to speak evil of German playwrights and journalists; for they feel too well that the Germans might say to them: "Friend, sweep thy own floor!" It is not affirmed that the Fate dramatists, or their journalistic admirers, are to be specially condemned. On the contrary, since there must be playwrights, these are among the best of the class. So long as it pleases them or their successors to manufacture in this line, and any sufficient body of German Thebans is willing to pay them in groschen or plaudits for their ware, we can only say let both parties persist in so doing, and fair befall them.

Both England and the United States have learned much from the German stage, and not the least popular of the countless translations and adaptations from that source are some of the works of the Fate tragedians; but of such do not consist the more valuable contributions from the dramatic literature of the Fatherland.

IV.

The Suabian School.

The depression in dramatic, as in other forms of literature, which followed the German war of Liberation, cannot be ascribed altogether to the Romantic school and to the Fate drama. Neither the poetry of the classic era nor the Romantic poetry which followed fairly represented popular literature. The plays of Kotzebue, of Werner, Müllner, and other Fate dramatists, followed later by those of Raupach, were most in favor on the stage. In fiction there were the sensational stories of Hoffmann and Clauren, while Häring and Van der Velde supplied a large demand for imitations of Sir Walter Scott. The chief exceptions to the prevailing dullness were Ludwig Uhland and his friends of the Suabian school, whose poetry was at once romantic, national, and popular. Though their first impulse came from the Romantic school, they were at least progressive, showing a strong interest in the affairs of social and political life. Uhland was a poet before he was twenty, and two at least of his finest poems were written at an earlier age, to say nothing of his contributions in verse to the *Zeitung für Einsiedler* and other

periodicals, all of which were well received, and afterward eagerly sought for.

Uhland.

Johann Ludwig Uhland was a native of Tübingen, where he was born in 1787, and after graduating as a doctor of laws in the university of that town, was appointed professor of German literature. He began his career as a poet by writing ballads and lyrics, which were first published in periodicals and then collected in a volume entitled *Gedichte.* This at once gained for him a wide circle of readers; so that new editions were frequently called for, to all of which he added fresh poems, the sixtieth edition, published in 1875, containing a number of pieces found among his papers. His dramas, *Ernst, Duke of Suabia* and *Ludwig, the Bavarian,* are founded on mediæval history, and though the former became extremely popular, these are not his best works.

In youth no one felt more strongly than did Uhland the influence of Romanticism, then in its fullest tide, and it was as one of its disciples that, during the turmoil of the Napoleonic wars, he went to Paris to study mediæval manuscripts. In 1813, he sang, as did Körner and Arndt, the uprising of the German people. After the downfall of Napoleon his attention was diverted to politics, and his writings were directed against the petty despotism which, after the foreign domination, sought to reëstablish itself in Southern Germany. Then he began to give new direction to the Romantic school, for-

saking its intense subjectivity, and showing nothing of the dreamy, yearning, ideal indistinctness which was its most essential characteristic. Instead he gave due respect to the outer world, and once more there appeared in German literature the simplicity, truth and unaffected grace of the volks-lied. For the most part his subjects are simple and strongly addressed to our sympathies; his verse is sometimes pensive and sometimes humorous, but usually cheerful and abounding in love of nature. Probably he was at his best when treating of some mediæval theme, catching the spirit of the old minstrels whose songs he loved so well. Of this kind are his *Ernst, Duke of Suabia*, and many of his most stirring ballads.

Uhland's lyrical and lyric-epic poetry tell of no expansive or eventful life. It leads us into a picturesque region haunted by knights and dames in mediæval costumes, or to some pleasant valley in Suabia, inhabited by pleasant, honest people, dwelling among their gardens and orchards, their flowers and their children. In his best pieces he tells a story very briefly, suggests its appropriate scenery and expresses well its pervading sentiments. It is one of his merits that, without writing in a didactic strain, he can suggest some wholesome thought while penning his verses, as in the following, where a robber steps out of a forest and is disarmed by the aspect of innocence:

The robber chief, one April day,
  Looks out from the forest dim;
Fearless, on her woodland way
  Walks a maiden fair and slim.

"If, instead of flowers,"
Said the forest chieftain wild,
"You bore the jewels of a king,
You should pass unhurt, my child!"

Then he gazed, with musing face,
While the maiden, with a song,
Through the solitary place
To her hamlet passed along;

Till, at home, amid the bloom
Of her garden-flowers she stood—
Then he stepped into the gloom
Of the silent fir-tree wood.

In other poems the author leads us into dream-land, or into the weird enchanted forest, where "Harald" is transformed into a statue. It may be that the tale is told only for the sake of the scenery; but the meaning seems in part to be that warriors who have escaped from all the dangers of open battle may be overcome in places where they see nothing whatever to be feared:

Before his warlike company rode Harald, hero bold;
They travelled through the forest wild, in moonlight still and cold.

Their banners, won in many a fight, were waving in the air;
Their battle songs were echoed back from mountains bleak and bare.

Then the ballad tells how all the company, except Harald, were led away by beautiful elves into fairy-land. Their leader, after escaping from one snare, falls

into another. He stays to drink at an enchanted fountain, and as soon as he has quenched his thirst, falls into a deep trance. In the lines that follow, of which only a quatrain is here given, is shown the perfection of Uhland's ballad poetry, in all its classical ripeness, as the result of careful study and sound critical judgment:

And there he sleeps upon that stone, a hundred years away—
His head reclining on his breast—his hair and beard are gray.

When lightnings flash and thunders roll, and all the woods
have roared,
He startles in his long, long dream, and grasps his idle sword.

In common with the writers of the Romantic school, Uhland found in the middle ages the subjects which appealed most strongly to his imagination. But his style has a precision, suppleness and grace which sharply distinguish his most characteristic writings from those of the Romantic poets. His best poems have the charm which belongs to the most unaffected expression of delicate sentiment; and in almost all his ballads he displays a remarkable power of giving picturesque form to his conceptions of character. He was a man of pure and noble impulse, and it was in presenting scenes which awaken love or admiration or pity that he did the fullest justice to his powers. His poetic sympathy with the age of chivalry did not prevent him from sharing the best aspirations of his own time. He wrote manly poems in defense of freedom, and in the state assembly of Würtemburg he played a distinguished part as one of the

most vigorous and consistent of the liberal members. After a long and honorable career he died in 1862, at the age of seventy-five.

Uhland's Successors.

Of all the other writers of the Suabian school, their best characteristics are to be found in Uhland's poetry. Gustav Schwab, pastor of a church at Stuttgart, was one of those who rendered good service to the national literature, and in his case more perhaps by prose writings than by poetry. The former include an excellent biography of Schiller, a bibliography of German literature and anthologies of German prose and verse; the latter, consisting chiefly of songs and ballads, are essentially Christian, as well as essentially national in tone. Justinus Kerner may be classed with Uhland's followers, but only as to his ballads and lyrics; for his other works run so far into the region of dreams and mysteries that he might have prefixed to them the motto of an old Scottish author:

> Of brownies and of bogles full is this buick.

Nevertheless it was as a writer on visionary subjects, as the author of spectral ballads—though he also wrote popular songs and humorous fictions in prose—that Kerner gained his wide reputation. One of his poems has the alarming title, *Incursions from the Ghostly World into the Sphere of Human Life.* Of his milder stories of apparitions, some of which are not displeasing, the following may serve as a specimen:

In the mild-beaming, blossoming month of May,
The maidens of Tübingen dance and play.

They danced one eve, as the day grew pale,
Round the old lime in the Neckar vale.

There came a young stranger, proudly arrayed,
And led to the dance the fairest maid.

To the dance as the maiden, deep-blushing, he led,
A sea-green chaplet he placed on her head.

. . . . . .

"Young stranger! oh, why is your hand so white?"
—In the water the sunbeams lose their might.

He leads down the dance far away from the tree;
—"List, stranger! my mother is calling for me."

He leads her along by the Neckar's side—
"Oh leave me, oh leave me!" the maiden cried.

He clasps her, and presses her close to his side—
"Fair maid, thou shalt be the Water-sprite's bride."

They dance till they come to the Neckar's brink—
"O father! O mother!" she cries as they sink.

To his hall of crystal he leads her pale—
"Adieu! O my sisters in yonder green vale!"

Chamisso.

Wilhelm Müller was one of the best of Uhland's many disciples, as also, so far as his earlier poems are concerned, was August Heinrich Hoffmann, whose political verses and *Songs for Children* made him, about the middle of the nineteenth century, one of the most popular of German poets. Still another of Uhland's followers was the Frenchman, Adalbert von Chamisso,

a member of an old and aristocratic French family, expelled from France by the revolution in which they lost their estates. Adalbert, who was then only nine years of age, went with his parents to Berlin, and afterward entered the Prussian army. He accompanied Otto von Kotzebue, brother of August von Kotzebue, the dramatist, in a voyage round the world, and on his return received a municipal appointment in Berlin, where he died in 1838. He was a man of dignified and amiable character, but stood aloof from the world in his life, as in his life-work. By living always as a recluse was greatly intensified the natural melancholy of his temperament, which often finds expression in his poems.

Chamisso is remarkably versatile in his choice of themes, and, like Heine, can tell a story concisely; but he too often writes gloomy tragedy, as in *The Crucifix* and *Matteo Falcone*. The tone maintained in these stories is strongly contrasted with the gentle and sentimental character of the lyrical poems included under the title *Frauen-Liebe und Leben*.

"I am a Frenchman in Germany," Chamisso once said, "a Catholic among Protestants, and a Protestant among Catholics." His prose story of *Peter Schlemihl* —the man who lost his shadow—gives expression to the author's own feeling of solitude. It is more popular than any of his poems, and has been translated into several European languages. Many have asked what could be intended by the shadow. Some have said that it represents the author's native land; others, that it was written only for the amusement of children; but it would also seem to be intended as an allegory of the

poet's life. One of the beauties of the story is its artful blending of fantastic adventure with serious interest.

The hero of the tale tells us how he sold his own shadow for an inexhaustible bag of money, and how he found out, when it was too late, that serious annoyances followed this remarkable bargain:

"Done!" said I, taking the bag, "for this good purse you shall have my shadow." The man in the gray frock instantly struck the bargain, and kneeling down before me, he with admirable dexterity, rolled up my shadow from head to foot on the grass, and put it into his pocket. As he walked away I fancied that I heard him inwardly chuckling, as if he had outwitted me, but I never realized the consequences of my bargain before it was done. Now I stood, astonished and bewildered, in the full glare of sunshine, and without a shadow! When I recovered my senses, I hastened to leave the place. Having filled my pockets with gold pieces, I put the cord of the purse around my neck, and hid it in my bosom. Then I escaped unnoticed from the park, found the public road, and walked toward the town. I was lost in reverie until I approached the gate, when I heard a scream behind me, and looking round saw an old woman, who followed me and cried out, "Why, sir—sir, you have lost your shadow." I was really obliged to the old body for reminding me of my case; so I threw to her a few gold pieces, and then stepped into the deep shade under some trees. But when I arrived at the town gate, my memory of the strange bargain was again refreshed as I heard the sentry mutter, "Where has the gentleman left his shadow?" As I hastened along the street,

I passed two women, one of whom exclaimed, "Blessed Mary, preserve us! that man has no shadow." I hastened away from them and contrived to keep in the shadow of the houses until I came to a wide part of the street which I must cross in order to arrive at my lodgings; but most unhappily, just as I passed into the broad glare of the sunshine, a day-school was turning out its crowd of unruly boys, and a wicked high-shouldered little imp immediately detected my imperfection. "Ha! ha!" he shouted maliciously, "here's a curiosity! Men generally have shadows when the sun shines. Look, boys, look at the gentleman with no shadow." Enraged, I threw about me a handful of money to disperse the boys, and then called a hackney-coach, into which I leapt, to hide myself from my fellow creatures.

The sentiment of solitude that gives interest to fantastic circumstances in *Peter Schlemihl* is more nobly expressed in one of the writer's best narrative poems—*Salas y Gomez.* It is founded on a thought that occurred to his mind when he was on a cruise in the South Pacific ocean and in sight of Salaz y Gomez—a bare precipitous reef, haunted only by sea-fowl. It was said that some fragments of a wrecked ship had been found on the reef, and this suggested to the poet the image of a solitary man, more unhappy than Crusoe—a wretch left alone on that bare crag and kept alive by such food as the eggs of sea-birds might supply. His transitions of feeling, from grief to hope and from hope to despair, are well told. A sail appears, like a speck upon the line where the sky and sea join; it comes nearer and grows clearer; but soon fades away from the strained vision of

the solitary outcast, and the ocean, the sky, the wailing sea-birds are once more all in his world. Then follows his deepest despair; but it is at last transmuted into submission. As he looks up to the constellation of the Southern Cross, shining on the deep, that sign of suffering and patience suggests thoughts of peace and resignation:

The tempest that within me raved has passed;
  Here where so long I've suffered—all alone—
I will lie down in peace and breathe my last.
  Let not another sail come near this stone
Until all sighs and tears have passed away!
  Why should I long to go—a man unknown—
To see my childhood's home, and there to stray,
  Without a welcome or kind look, and find
That all my dear friends are 'neath the clay?
  Lord, by thy grace, my soul to thee resigned—
Let me breathe forth in peace, and let me sleep
Here where thy cross shines calmly o'er the deep.

Arndt.

A leading place among those whose songs were written in the cause of the war of Liberation must be assigned to the veteran Ernst Moritz Arndt, who survived all the rest, living to be ninety years of age. In 1806-12 he was travelling from one place to another, to escape from Napoleon's inquisitors, and their zeal in his pursuit was not to be wondered at; for he was more formidable than a regiment of soldiers. His words were as truculent as any ever uttered by Hagen, the fierce man of the *Nibelugenlied*, and cannot all be read with approval. But no harsh criticism should be applied to

sentiments kindled by an intolerable sense of oppression. Thus, for instance, he begins a song on the right use of iron in times of bondage:

> The God who made the iron ore
> Will have no man a slave;
> To arm the man's right hand for war
> The sword and spear he gave,
> And he gives to us a daring heart,
> And for burning words the breath
> To tell the foeman that we fear
> Dishonor more than death.

One of Arndt's most fervid ballads tells of the fate of the brave Ferdinand von Schill, who, in 1809, made a premature and unsuccessful attempt to carry out the designs of the Tugendbund. Schill hoped, by making a bold attack on the enemy in Westphalia to give the sign for a general rising of the people; but the time was inopportune. He was compelled to retreat to Stralsund, where his scanty forces made a brave resistance against superior numbers. Schill was shot and afterward beheaded; then, as Arndt tells:

> They gave to his corpse a mean funeral, dumb,
> With no music of fifes and no roll of the drum,
> And no rattle of musketry over the grave
> Where they buried in silence our hero brave.

Another of Arndt's patriotic songs—*What is the German Fatherland?* was so well known and so often sung that it might be called the national hymn of Germany.

Wide apart as the poles from their dreamy brethren of the Romantic school are Arndt and Körner. In

1813, when Germany was on fire with aspirations for freedom, these, with Uhland and one or two others, were the poets who wrote the songs which armies sung as they marched to battle, which were sung in the homes that brought new armies forth. Full of energy and without allusion to any far away time, they speak right to the Germans' heart, with patriotism of the deepest, with ardor that is sometimes intensified into ferocity. Such is the tone of Arndt's fierce thanksgiving to the God that made iron, so that there might be weapons, and of Körner's invocation to the sword, his bride—a song which ran through his soul as he swept on in the saddle with Lützow's cavalry, and dashed down on paper in the bivouac, while bugles were calling, a few weeks only before the youthful hand that wrote it was laid in a soldier's grave.

Within a few years from the death of Arndt, Romanticism, which received its final death-blow from Heinrich Heine, had passed almost entirely away, or was present in the literary firmament only as a bank of vapor hangs on the far horizon, shapeless, indefinite, full of lovely tints, but no longer close at hand to dazzle and obscure. In its place came figures not great but respectable—poets, dramatists and story-tellers, such as Jordan, Gustav Freitag, Auerbach, Spielhagen, Devrient, Franzos, Marlitt and Paul Heyse, some of them far above mediocrity. But by this time the genius of the nation was diverted in other directions. The force that in former times might have written a great drama was now guiding an iron steamship or founding a trading-house in Hong Kong. To discover the sources of

the Nile or a practicable route through the Arctic ocean seemed a greater achievement than to write a play like *Iphigenia* or *Wallenstein;* or if men of power remained at home among books, they were more likely to write a sober history than a romance, a treatise on evolution than a tragedy or an epic.

V.

Heinrich Heine.

Heinrich Heine's reputation rests chiefly on his poems, and especially on his songs, his *Buch der Lieder* having passed through some hundred editions. His popularity, which is greater in foreign countries than in his own, may doubtless be partly attributed to the singular good fortune which wedded to many of his songs the music of such composers as Schumann and Mendelssohn. It is probable, however, that the poet and his composers were mutually obliged, and allowing for the influence of the latter, the fact remains that Heine was one of the world's great song-writers, not unworthy of a place beside Burns and Béranger, though less masculine and passionate than the one, and far less jovial and debonair than the other. The intense individualism which prevented him from becoming a literary artist in any other department—for his dramas and essays in fiction are of little value—stood him in good stead in the lyric field, was indeed a source of strength; for a song that appeals to men's hearts must be written from the heart, as an expression of personal experience. And this condition is amply fulfilled in the

Buch der Lieder, the greater portion of which was the direct outcome of a sentiment entertained by the poet for his cousin—a sentiment scoffed at by German writers, while others, who are not Germans, have affirmed that all Heine's bitterness and cynicism in after life arose from this unrequited affection. On the whole, Heine, as- a song-writer, is a fit descendant of those old Minnesängers, who of yore assembled in the halls of princes and recounted their sorrows and their joys—of those nameless bards, also, who sang the *Volkslieder*.

It was Heinrich Heine who gave the final blow to the Romantic school, and whose criticisms, virulent as they too often were, exercised a powerful influence on the poetry and drama of his time. That this should be accomplished by one of the then despised Hebrew race adds special interest to his career; for in him that race for the first time found an adequate voice. It is but as yesterday that a beginning was made of lifting the weight off the shoulders of the Jews, and even to-day they are driven forth as outcasts from some parts of Europe. Before the era of Napoleon's conquests they were regarded in most countries as no better than pariahs. They had scarcely any rights in the courts; on church holidays it was a part of the regular celebration to hunt them through the streets and sack their houses; in some cities only twenty-five Jews were allowed to marry within a year, that the accursed race might not increase too fast. So late as 1830, the Jews in Hamburg were hunted with the old bitterness; even Solomon Heine, the richest banker in Germany, the man upon whose shoulders the prosperity of the city

mainly rested, who had given whole fortunes in the most catholic spirit for innumerable charities and public ends, with difficulty saved himself from outrage.

It is, indeed, a long and tragic story, and no wonder that the Jew paid back hate for hate, and scorn for scorn. Still may be seen in the flash of his dark eye, when his purpose is crossed, the hereditary wrath bequeathed to him from generations of persecuted fathers; still may at times be heard, in the hiss with which his words come forth, the serpent that has been gathering the poison for almost two thousand years.

It was not until the nineteenth century was well advanced that the spirit of this race, so intense, so persistent, so trampled by persecution, found in Germany a voice that could champion its cause. It was a voice pervaded with all the melancholy that such long continued suffering would cause, one in which we often seem to hear the saddest wailing; then again a terrible wit, sometimes indeed lightly playful, but more frequently resembling the laughter of a man mad through despair; in which, too, there is a gall and bitterness, as of the waters of Marah, poured out indiscriminately upon the innocent as well as upon those deserving scorn. It is the voice of Heinrich Heine.

Birth and Boyhood.

He was of Jewish parents, and his native city was Düsseldorf. "How old are you?" says a personage to him in one of his works. "Signora, I was born on the morning of New Year's day, 1800." "I have always told

you," said the marchese, "that he was one of the first men of the century." The Heine family came from Bückeburg, a little principality between Hanover and Hamburg, whose insignificance Heine hits off as follows, when making mention in his *Deutschland* of Danton, who used to say that "a man cannot carry his country on the soles of his feet:"

O Danton, thou must for thy error atone;
Thou art not one of the true souls;
For a man can carry his fatherland
Along with him on his shoe-soles.

Of Bückeburg's principality
Full half on my boots I carried;
Such muddy roads I have never beheld
Since here in the world I've tarried.

His father seems to have been merely a trading Jew of the ordinary type; his mother, however, was of quick, impassioned, energetic nature, with much taste in literature, art and music. To her the son often makes allusion, and his attachment to "the old lady of the Damm-thor"—the name of the Hamburg gate near which she lived—is a redeeming trait in a character in which there is more to censure than to admire. During his boyhood in Düsseldorf he was a perfect type of the gamin, full of wit and mischief as an imp, a bright-eyed, crisp-locked, elf-like little Jew, of unconquerable vivacity, whose Puck-like pranks kept the neighborhood alive, sometimes with amusements, sometimes with vexation. His poems preserve many childish reminiscences, but not in a more attractive form than in his

prose, in which he was no less a master. Of such recollections, which may be compared with the *Dichtung und Wahrheit* of Goethe, none are more interesting than those connected with the occupation of his native town by the French, portraying historic figures and minute incidents of this stirring period with remarkable vividness. Whatever may be said of the effect of the Napoleonic occupation of Germany upon the Germans themselves, for the oppressed Jews it was a happy deliverance from the thraldom of ages, and Heine's descriptions are naturally full of enthusiasm for the French conquerors. Perhaps it is not unprofitable to read them, now that the Germans seek to justify the hard measure they meted out to their western neighbors by depicting in the strongest colors the calamities which, in the past, their land has suffered from the French. From the Jews, Napoleon, at his coming, lifted a terrible yoke, which at his downfall in 1815, was again fastened on their necks, not to be removed till the uprising of 1848. No wonder that Heine sympathized with Napoleon and with the French, agreeing cordially, as the leader of "Young Germany," with those who pointed to France as the Promised Land and to Paris as the New Jerusalem.

When Heine was nineteen he was sent by his father to Frankfort to learn business. Waterloo had come four years before, and in the restored order the Jews had been thrust back into the old condition. As one passes through the Juden-gasse, it is one of its most interesting reminiscences that here, in the noisome lanes adjoining, moved the figure of the young poet, hearing

with his fellows, at the stroke of the appointed hour, the bolting of the gates.

Solomon Heine.

Soon after we find the boy in Hamburg, where his uncle, Solomon Heine, was the money king of the great commercial city. In the history of Hamburg the name of Solomon Heine is, indeed, one of the most important; its prosperity is largely due to his enterprise, and at the same time, like many another of his race, he was distinguished for his benefactions, in which he showed the broadest charity. He seems to have been honorable and well meaning in all his actions. He had children of his own, many nephews and nieces, and more distant relatives, and appears to have tried, with much painstaking, to do his full duty to all, as well as to the world at large. His treatment of Heinrich has been called harsh; but it is easy to see that there is a side to the story which partial biographers do not present. The old banker had no taste for literature, and when his nephew appeared in his counting-room, behaving with more than the characteristic eccentricity of genius, he seemed to his uncle as unpromising among his numerous brood of fledglings as the ugly duck of the famous story of Andersen.

Throughout his entire life Heinrich partook of the bounty of his uncle, and was remembered in his will. The gifts, to be sure, were moderate in amount; but this, perhaps, should be taken as a proof of Solomon Heine's wisdom. During the greater part of his life, his

protégé was under ban in his native land, forced to live in a foreign city, his writings circulating surreptitiously, or, if permitted, subjected first to a rigorous censorship. As will be seen, the ruling powers did no strange thing in treating him with severity; they only acted in self-protection. A portion of his works, indeed, aside from their political bearing, were actually immoral; nor was his life ever of a kind to satisfy those who held at all to propriety. His relatives, who had expectations as regarded Solomon's wealth, treated him with much disfavor, leaving no stone unturned to set his uncle against him. They seem to have acted from the meanest motives, and while hypocritically pretending disapproval, hoped to swell their own portions by diminishing what might be given to another. The uncle's position was one of great difficulty; for he was a man without capacity or accomplishments to judge for himself of his nephew's genius, disapproving, moreover, to a large extent, of his writings and conduct. He was apparently anxious to do his duty, and perhaps it may be said that he did all that could fairly be expected.

A Love Affair.

Convinced at last that a business career was out of the question for his nephew, the uncle offered to pay the expenses of a university course. Thus we find Heinrich, at the age of twenty, going first to Bonn and then to Göttingen, with the idea of preparing himself to become an advocate. Even before this time he had been the victim of an unfortunate love affair, the lady being

his cousin, who seems to have treated him heartlessly. Heine meanly revenged himself by describing her, under different names, in poems, showing first, in connection with this experience, that faculty for bitter speech for which he afterward became so famous. It is pleasant to contrast with these the spirit of sonnets addressed about the same time to his mother. "Love," he says in one of them, "I sought in every street; for love I stretched out my hands and begged at every door." He describes further his efforts to find love, declaring that he returned home, sad and weary, to find at last in the eyes of his mother the sweet love that was denied him everywhere else.

University Career.

At Bonn and Göttingen Heine became associated with men afterward distinguished, with many of whom, later in life, he came to stand in relations sometimes of friendship but more often of hostility. The study of law was repulsive to him; but he devoted himself with diligence to literature and history, occasionally composing poems. Some breach of rules at Göttingen brought about his rustification, and he went to Berlin, coming here under the influence of Hegel, then the ruling spirit in philosophy, by whom, however, he did not seem to profit, later making him the butt of his ridicule and sarcasm. "To speak fairly," he says, "I seldom understood him; and only at last by subsequent reflection did I arrive at an understanding of his words. I believe he did not desire to be understood, and hence

his involved fashion of exposition; hence, too, perhaps his preference for persons who he knew could not understand him."

But perhaps the most important feature of his Berlin life was the intimacy to which he was admitted by Varnhagen von Ense and his Hebrew wife, Rachel, people of elegant culture and brilliant gifts, whose salon fills almost the place in the literary history of Germany that is filled by the Hotel Rambouillet in that of France. The friendship of Heine for Varnhagen was one of his most permanent affections, and at his home he frequently met such men as the Humboldts and Schleiermacher; for he was now contributing to literary periodicals, and attracting much notice. It is creditable to him that at this time he admired Lessing ardently. "I am awe-struck," he cried once, while passing through Unter den Linden, "when I think that Lessing may have stood here." He saw much of the life of the city, which he described in a graphic, racy way, beginning to lay the foundation of his fame as a writer of brilliant prose—a fame which was to equal that which he gained as a poet.

Early Poems.

Heine received his degree as doctor of law in 1825, shortly before which time he published in book form a collection of his poems, one that was widely circulated. Though the power of the singer was not yet at the full, the collection contained some exquisite pieces. The influence of Romanticism is still plainly to be seen, and the poems are largely pervaded by the melancholy aris-

ing from unrequited love, a mood into which he seems to have been brought through his unhappy passion for his cousin. His conception of love is far from being of the highest, and sometimes a bold, cynical defiance of propriety appears, which grew upon him in later years.

Tragedies.

Before taking his degree, Heine also published his two tragedies, *Almansor* and *William Ratcliff*, which were coldly received, and gained no permanent foothold on the stage. Discouraged by this failure, he never afterward gave himself seriously to the drama, though he possessed many of the qualities needed for success—a nimble wit, a ceaseless flow of humor, the keenest of sarcasm and strong descriptive power, with a mastery of style, both in prose and verse—though it may not appear in a translation—in which he had few rivals and no superiors. As a writer of comedy he might have become the German Molière; but to this his genius did not incline. While not himself a dramatist, however, he exercised a powerful influence over the drama of the age.

Apostasy.

Though Heine was winning fame, he did not yet give himself to literature. He hoped for a government position or a university professorship, for either of which the abjuration of the faith of his ancestors was necessary. This he resolved upon, and was baptized in the Lutheran church. The change was merely secular

and made purely from motives of expediency, his convictions having nothing to do with it. He had no faith in the doctrines of the church into which he was received, and with the narrow spirit of Judaism he had no sympathy. In fact he never was a Jew, except in the accident of birth, though in his attachment to his race he was genuine, and had associated intimately with certain free minds among them who wished to take advantage of the gradually relaxing bonds to help their fellows to greater breadth and intelligence. Thus Heine should not be blamed too sharply for his apostasy. Such abjurations were common, and regarded by most of the Jews as venial. In a measure they were forced into the false profession since only so did a career become possible. Nevertheless, for years thereafter, Heine's mind was ill at ease on this account, as appears from many passages of his letters. "I will be a Japanese," he writes, "they hate nothing so much as the cross. I will be a Japanese." The advantage which he sought he did not gain; on the contrary his position became more uncomfortable than before. The stricter Jews looked upon him as a renegade; the contempt felt toward him by narrow-minded Christians was not affected by his change. As if to show that he was still a Jew at heart, he undertook at this time a novel, the *Rabbi of Bacharach*, a picture left incomplete, but full of moving traits of the sorrow of the past.

In the following passage from his Shakespeare's *Mädchen und Frauen*, he reveals to us something of his real sentiments: "When I saw *The Merchant of Venice*, given at Drury Lane, there stood behind me a

beautiful, pale English lady, who, at the end of the fourth act, wept earnestly, and cried out several times, 'The poor man is wronged.' It was a face of the noblest Grecian cast, and the eyes were large and black. I have never been able to forget them, those great black eyes which wept for Shylock. Truly, with the exception of Portia, Shylock is the most respectable personage in the whole play. He loves money, to be sure, but there are many things which he loves far more, among others his daughter, 'Jessica, my child.' Although in his deep passion he curses her, and would like to see her lying dead at his feet, with the jewels in her ears, with the ducats in her coffin, yet in reality he loves her far more than all the jewels and ducats. The domestic affections appear in him most touchingly. Far more than all historic personalities does one remember, in Venice, Shakespeare's Shylock. If you ever go over the Rialto, your eye seeks him everywhere, and you think that he must be concealed there behind some pillar or other, with his Jewish gaberdine, with his mistrustful, calculating face, and you think you hear even his grating voice, 'Three thousand ducats; well.' I at least, wandering dreamer that I am, looked everywhere on the Rialto for him. Seeing him nowhere, I determined to look in the synagogue for him. The Jews were just celebrating their holy day of reconcilation, with uncanny bowing of their heads, appearing almost like an assembly of ghosts. But although I looked everywhere, I could not behold the countenance of Shylock. And yet it seemed to me as if he stood concealed there, behind one of those white robes, praying more fervently than the rest of his

fellow-believers, with tempestuous wildness, even at the throne of Jehovah. I saw him not; but toward evening, when, according to the belief of the Jews, the gates of Heaven are shut, and no prayer finds admission, I heard a voice in which the tears were trickling as they were never wept with eyes. It was a sobbing which might move a stone to pity! They were tones of pain, such as could only come from a breast that held, shut up within itself, all the martyrdom which a tortured race has endured for eighteen hundred years. It was the panting of a soul which sinks down tired to death, before the gates of Heaven. And this voice seemed well known to me. I felt as if I had heard it once, when it lamented in such despair, 'Jessica, my child.' "

Raillery.

At this period of his life Heine strikes into that mocking vein of writing which he preserved so constantly afterward that his biographer declares there is no piece of his prose, excepting his will, which does not somewhere show it. He never suffered so intensely that he could not employ this inimitable raillery; no themes were so grave as to make it seem to him inappropriate. Leaving Göttingen for a journey in the Harz, he laughs mercilessly at his old associates: "I have special fault to find that the conception has not been sufficiently refuted that the ladies of Göttingen have large feet. Yes, I have busied myself from year's end to year's end with the earnest confutation of this opinion; and I have to this end attended lectures on comparative anatomy,

made extracts from the rarest works in the library, studied for hours at a time the feet of the ladies who pass over the Weender Strasse; and in the profound treatise which shall contain the result of these studies I speak, first, of feet generally; second, of the feet of the ancients; third, of the feet of elephants; fourth, of the feet of the ladies of Göttingen; fifth, I collect together all the remarks I have heard about these feet in Ullrich's garden; sixth, I regard these feet in relation to their proper bodies; seventh, if I can get paper of sufficient size, I will add thereto some copper-plate engravings, with portraits, life-size, of the ladies' feet of Göttingen."

We cannot go with him step by step. He attains great fame, and a multitude of readers follow his pen with delight. His songs are everywhere sung; his witty and graphic prose commends itself no less. His nonchalant irreverence, which not infrequently runs into insolence and blasphemy, his disregard of proprieties, his outspoken scorn of the powers that rule, bring down upon him, not unnaturally, fierce persecution. He travels in various directions, his sparkling record keeping pace with his steps. For a time he is in England, a country which he hated, as appears in the following extract from the same work:

"I know a good Hamburg Christian who could never be satisfied that our Lord and Saviour was by birth a Jew. A deep wrath seized him every time it came to him that the being who, as a model of perfection, deserves the highest admiration, belonged nevertheless to the company of those long-nosed gentry whom he sees,

as old-clothes men, peddling about the streets, whom he so thoroughly despises, and who are the more unpleasant to him since they, like himself, deal in groceries and dry-stuffs, and so injure his private interests.

"As this excellent son of Hammonia feels about Jesus Christ, I feel about William Shakespeare. My spirit faints when I consider that he was an Englishman, and belongs to the most repulsive people whom God in his wrath has created. What a disgusting people! What an unrefreshing country! How stiff, how cockneyish, how selfish, how narrow, how English! A land which the ocean would have gulped down long ago, if it had not been afraid that it would make him sick at the stomach. A gray, yawning monster of a nation, whose breath is nothing but choke damp and mortal tediousness, and which will certainly hang itself in the end with a colossal ship's hawser."

Again, he is in Bavaria, in Munich, which city Ludwig I is trying to make the centre of art and cultivation for Germany. "That the town should be called a new Athens is somewhat ridiculous. This I felt most deeply in my conversation with the Berlin Philistine who, although he had been talking with me some time, was impolite enough to miss all Attic salt in this new Athens. 'That,' he cried, 'is only to be found in Berlin. There only are wit and irony. Here there is good white beer, but truly no irony.' 'We have no irony,' cried Nannerl, the tall waitress, who came skipping by at this time; 'but you can have every other kind of beer.' I began to instruct her in the following manner: 'Nannerl, irony is not beer, but an invention of the Berlin-

ers, the most knowing people on the face of the earth, who are vexed that they have come too late into the world to invent gunpowder, and who therefore sought to establish an invention which should be equally important, and even be useful for those who have invented gunpowder.' 'Allow me,' said the Berliner, 'to interrupt you. What white, shaggy dog is that without a tail?' 'My dear sir, that is the dog of the new Alcibiades.' 'But,' said the Berliner, 'where is the new Alcibiades himself?' 'To confess honestly,' I answered, 'the place is not yet filled up; but we have, however, got the dog. Only the lowest grades are occupied.' "

He goes to Italy through Tyrol. "The Tyrolese are handsome, cheerful, honorable and unfathomably stupid. They are a healthy race, perhaps because they are too stupid to know how to be sick. Of politics the Tyrolese know nothing but that they have a kaiser, who wears a white coat and red breeches. So much their old uncle told them, who heard it himself in Innsbruck, from the black Sepperl, who has been in Vienna. When now the patriots clambered up to them, and expounded to them fluently that they had now got a blue coat and white breeches—meaning Napoleon—then they seized their rifles, kissed wife and child, descended from the mountains and got themselves shot for the blue coat and white breeches."

Life in Paris.

Heine at length reaches Paris, an exile from Germany, where the government had become so incensed

against him as to threaten him with imprisonment. Henceforth the French capital was his home, and his life for many years must have been as gay and brilliant as later it was sad and sombre. He became intimate with the greatest French writers of the age, such men as Balzac, Dumas the elder, George Sand, Victor Hugo and Théophile Gautier. He was constantly busy with writing, did much as a critic of art and literature, much in the field of politics. His poems are numberless; sometimes simple and sweet throughout as an outflow from the heart of the most innocent of children; sometimes with an uncanny or diabolic suggestion thrown in at the end, as the red mouse at length runs out of the mouth of the beauty with whom Faust dances on the Walpurgis-nacht; sometimes again full of a very vitriol of acrid denunciation. He writes much upon German topics for French readers, and in spite of his outlawry, keeps himself before the German world by contributions to journals of position. His life is far from commendable; but he becomes at length the subject of a sincere attachment. His loved one is a grisette, a woman quite without education, or the power of appreciating her lover's gifts. "People say," she remarked, "that Heine is a very clever man, and writes very fine books; but I know nothing about it, and must content myself with trusting to their word." She was however a woman of excellent heart, a faithful lover, helper and companion of the man who chose her. For years their connection had not the sanction of marriage. When, however, he was about to risk his life in a duel, they were formally united in the church of St. Sulpice, Heine wishing to do

all that he could to make her position comfortable if he should be slain. During the years that followed, their love deepened, and perhaps it may be said that in Heine's entire career there is nothing more creditable than his unwavering affection and care for his "Nonotte."

Personal Appearance.

At this period Théophile Gautier thus describes him: "A handsome man of thirty-five or thirty-six years of age, with the appearance of robust health. To look at his lofty white forehead, pure as a marble tablet, and overhung by abundant masses of blonde hair, one would have said that he was a German Apollo. His blue eyes sparkled with light and inspiration; his round full cheeks were of an elegant mold; Vermeil roses bloomed there in classic style; a slight Hebraic curve balked the intention of his nose to be Greek, without disfiguring its purity of line; his harmonious lips went together like two fine rhymes—to use one of his own phrases—and had in repose a charming expression. But when he spoke, from their crimson bow there sprung and whizzed pointed and barbed arrows and sarcastic darts which never missed their aim; for never was a man more relentless toward stupidity; to the divine smile of Apollo succeeded the sneer of the satyr."

Sickness and Death.

The story of the last years of Heinrich Heine is one of extreme sadness. He was attacked with a terrible

disease, softening of the spinal marrow; it stretched him upon his bed, where he lingered eight years, enduring great agony. His body was to a great extent paralyzed; the sight of one eye was gone, and he could see from the other only by lifting with his fingers the paralyzed lid. He wore out the weary years on his "mattress-grave," as he called it, nursed by his devoted wife. Propped up on pillows he sometimes caught a distant view of the streets, where he envied the very dogs their liberty. The terrible chastening brought no softening to his spirit. It is a dark life almost everywhere, but as he lay stretched upon his mattress-grave there was a bitterness in his mocking, an audacity in his blasphemies, which the wildest declarations of his preceding years had not possessed. Yet through all he loved his wife; he loved his mother, "the old lady of Damm-thor," from whom he took the greatest pains to conceal his condition, lest she might be distressed. No moanings from an Æolian harp were ever sweeter than the utterances which occasionally came as the tempestuous agony swept down upon him. We see, too, a better side in his will: "I die in the belief of one only God, the eternal creator of the world, whose pity I implore for my immortal soul. I lament that I have sometimes spoken of sacred things without due reverence, but I was carried away more by the spirit of the times than by my own inclinations. If I have unwittingly violated good manners and morality I pray both man and God for pardon." At length came the fatal day, February 16, 1856. A friend, bending over him, asked if he was on good terms with God. "Set your mind at rest," said Heine.

"God will pardon me. It's what he's for!" So, with a devil-may-care mock upon his lips, the child of the Jew, in whom the spirit of the race, cruelly hounded through so many centuries, at length found utterance for its sorrow, its yearnings, its agony, its implacable spite, went forth to its account.

That Heine was the most unaccountable of men will hardly need any further illustration. In one breath he writes the *Pilgrimage to Kevlaar*, a poem which one would say comes from the heart of an artless, ignorant peasant, full of unquestioning Catholic piety; in another it is the grotesque *Atta Troll*, in the course of which the conception entertained by pious hearts of heaven and its denizens is burlesqued with unshrinking, Mephistophelean daring. Here is his own description of a character full of contradictions, which might answer for himself: "There are hearts wherein jest and earnest, evil and good, glow and coldness, are so strangely united that it becomes difficult to judge them. Such a heart swam in Matilda's breast. Many times it was like a freezing ice-island, from which bloomed forth palm forests; many times again it was a glowing volcano, which is suddenly covered over by an avalanche of snow."

The following is a translation of the Pilgrimage to Kevlaar:

THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR.

I.

The mother stood at the window,
In sick-bed lay her son:
"Will you not rise up, William,
Ere the pilgrim-train be gone?"

"I am so ill, O mother—
I cannot hear or see:
I think of my dear Margaret,
And my heart is a pain to me."

"Rise! we will go to Kevlaar,
Take prayer-book and rosary:
The Mother of God will heal again
That poor sick heart in thee."

The sacred banners are rustling,
The solemn psalm peals high:
It was at Cologne in the Rhine-land
That this procession went by.

The mother followed the many;
With her sad son went she,
Both singing in the chorus,
"Blessed be thou, Marie!"

II.

The Virgin Mary at Kevlaar
Puts on her best array;
For she must be right busy
With the sick who come to-day.

And votive gifts are offered
By many sickly bands,
Limbs all from white wax modelled,
And waxen feet and hands.

And he who a wax hand offers,
His hand will be free from pain;
And he who a wax foot offers,
His foot will be well again.

To Kevlaar went many on crutches
Who now on the tight-rope bound,
And many now play the viol
Who had never a finger sound.

The mother took a taper,
And made from the wax a heart:
"Take that to the Virgin Mary,
And she will heal thy smart."

The son with the heart went sighing
To the holy image there:
Tears from his eyes came bursting,
And there burst from his heart the prayer:

"Thou the most highly blessed!
God's purest handmaid thou!
And queen, too, of the heaven!
Hear all my sorrow now:

"I lived, alone with mother,
At Cologne, and in the town
Where are many hundred churches
And chapels of renown.

"And near to us lived Margaret,
Who is dead and gone away:
Mary, I bring thee a wax heart:
Oh, heal my heart, I pray!"

III.

The sickly son and his mother
In their little chamber slept:
There came the Holy Mother,
And softly in she stept.

Above the sick boy she bent her,
While her hand all softly lay
Upon his breast. Sweet smiling,
She vanished far away.

The mother saw all in dreaming,
And more in her vision still,
Then wakened from her slumber:
The dogs were barking shrill.

There lay at length before her
Her son—and he was dead!
On his pale cheeks was playing
The gleaming morning red.

Her hands the mother folded,
She felt she knew not how:
Softly she sang, and piously,
"O Mary, blest be thou!"

When all his other writings are forgotten Heine will be remembered for such imperishable gems as *Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne* and *Du bist wie eine Blume.* There is much, too, of beauty in many of his ballads and narrative pieces, as in *Spanische Atriden, Die Prinzessin Sabat, Die Insel Bimini* and *Böses Geträume*, the last a piece of exquisite pathos and simplicity. But too often, no matter how sweet a chord is struck at the beginning, a dissonance creeps in, to end in a crashing discord, and the reader starts like one who should suddenly see Romeo and Juliet fall to grimacing and squeaking like Punch and Judy. Heine confesses that poetry was no more to him than a "holy plaything;" but he should have left out the adjective.

Prose-Writings.

Turning to his prose-writings, we see the man Heine indeed, not perhaps as he was ambitious of being regarded by posterity, in the full panoply of a "soldier of human emancipation," but at least as no contemptible assailant of philistinism. Beside such a redoubtable champion as Lessing "of the ponderous battle-axe," it is

true he looks somewhat small, and his rapier somewhat gimcrack. But ridicule will often reach whither heavier weapons cannot, and pierce the elephantine hide of pedantry and dullness, after these have been attacked in vain by battering-rams; and Heine was a master of ridicule. The worst is that in unscrupulous hands—and no one was more unscrupulous than he—it may be turned to illegitimate uses, and finally come to be indulged in for its own sake. How easily Heine became the slave of his propensity in this direction may be seen in two of his works, which nevertheless are probably his best and most characteristic prose-writings —his *Religion and Philosophy in Germany* and *The Romantic School.* Both abound in the most irreverent passages, especially the former, wherein such philosophers as Kant, Fichte and Schelling scarcely serve a higher purpose than to be used as pegs on which the author may hang his jests. And admirable these are. Nothing can be better, for instance, than his description of how Kant—who is parenthetically described as a man whom nature intended to sell sugar and coffee behind a counter—came to postulate a Deity in his practical, after having exploded that idea in his theoretical system. He did this, says Heine, for the sake of his old man-servant Lampe, who looked so dismally at the conclusions of the Pure Reason that the philosopher was moved to compassion. Far more virulent than this treatise, but no less happy, is the *Romantische Schule,* which is concerned for the most part with its author's contemporaries; and it aimed a death-blow at a school which rivalled the wildest and most licentious ravings

of a Monk Lewis, and the most ghastly horrors of an Ann Radcliff. Here it may be remarked, in connection with the attack upon Schlegel in this essay, that Heine's onslaughts were always open and above-board, albeit severe and sometimes grossly brutal. He has been called a literary swashbuckler, and this he may be, though the term is singularly inapplicable to one who wrote in such a style, but he was neither a literary assassin nor a literary ghoul.

Admiration for Napoleon.

The difficulties of rendering in Heine's case are almost insurmountable. Nothing was ever so airy and volatile as his wit, nothing ever so delicate as his sentiment. In the process of translation the aroma half exhales; what, as Heine has distilled it, is most searchingly pungent, is insipid in foreign phrase; what causes tears, as it flows on in the German rhythm in pathetic, childlike artlessness, in English words sinks to commonplace. There has not lived in the nineteenth century a more finished master of brilliant, graphic description. Here, for instance, is a passage from his child-life at Düsseldorf, quoted from the *Book Le Grand*, named from an old drummer, who filled the boy with Napoleonic inspirations.

"The drumming went on in the street; I went out before the door and beheld the French troops, who were marching in—the rejoicing people of glory, who went through the world singing and making merry; the faces of the grenadiers so earnestly cheerful, the bear-skin

caps, the tri-colored cockades, the gleaming bayonets, the infantry full of jollity and point d'honneur, and the almighty, great silver-embroidered drum-major, who could throw his stick with the gilded knob up to the first story, and his eyes even up to the second, where the pretty girls were sitting at the windows. The neighbor's boy Pitter and long Kurz almost broke their necks at this time, and it would have been well; for one ran away afterward from his parents, enlisted, deserted, and was shot dead in Mainz; the other made geographical explorations in strange pockets, became therefore a working member of a public institution, burst the iron bonds which bound him to this and his fatherland, got happily across the water, and died in London of too tight a cravat, which contracted of itself when a royal official took the board away from under his feet."

Five years later Heine saw Napoleon himself. "It was in the alley of the garden palace at Düsseldorf. When I pressed through the crowd I thought of his deeds and battles. The emperor, with his suite, was riding through the alley; the protecting trees inclined themselves forward as he went past; the sunbeams trembled timidly curious through the green foliage, and in the blue sky above was swimming visibly a golden star. The emperor wore his unpretending green uniform, and the little, world-historic hat. He rode a white pony; negligent, almost hanging, he sat, one hand holding high the reins, the other patting good-naturedly the pony's neck. His face had that color which we see in marble heads of Greek and Roman sculpture; its features were nobly impressed, like those of antiques,

and on this countenance stood written, 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me.' A smile which warmed and quieted every heart hovered about the lips; and yet we knew that those lips needed only to whistle, and Prussia would no longer exist; those lips needed only to whistle, and all the clergy would be rung out; those lips needed only to whistle, and the whole Roman Empire would dance; but those lips smiled, and the eyes smiled, too. It was an eye clear as the heavens; it could read in the heart of man; it saw with sudden quickness all the things of this world, while the rest of us only look at one another, and over colored shadows. The brow was not so clear; the ghost of future battles haunted it; sometimes it moved convulsively, and those were the creating thoughts—the great seven-mile boot thoughts—with which the emperor's spirit invisibly strode over the world. The emperor rode quietly down the alley; behind him, proud on snorting horses, and loaded with gold and ornaments, rode his suite; the drums rolled, the trumpets sounded, and the people cried, with a thousand voices, 'Long live the Emperor.' "

Once afterward Heine saw Napoleon, in 1812, previous to the Russian campaign. "Never will this image disappear out of my memory. I see him even still, aloft upon his steed, with his eternal eyes in his marble, imperator face, looking down quiet as fate upon the guards defiling by. He sent them to Russia, and the old grenadiers looked up to him with such awful devotion, so consciously earnest, so death proud—Te, Cæsar, morituri salutant."

Throughout his writings Heine never wearies of expressing his boundless veneration for the emperor; his early years coincided with the most brilliant period of Napoleon's career, and his real schoolmasters were rather the drummers and trumpeters of a victorious army than the Jesuit fathers of the Düsseldorf gymnasium. Of this we have evidence in the following:

"I speak of the palace garden at Düsseldorf, where I often lay upon the grass, listening reverently when Monsieur Le Grand told me of the warlike deeds of the great emperor, and meantime struck up the marches which were drummed during the exploits, so that I saw and heard everything most vividly. I saw the march over the Simplon—the emperor before, and behind the brave grenadiers climbing, while frightened birds shriek and the glaciers thunder in the distance. I saw the emperor, flag in hand, on the bridge of Lodi; I saw the emperor in his gray cloak at Marengo; I saw him on horseback in the battle of the Pyramids—nothing but powder, smoke, and Mamelukes; I saw him in the battle of Austerlitz—phew! how the balls whistled over the smooth, icy road! I saw, I heard the battles of Jena, Eylau, Wagram. I could hardly bear it. M. Le Grand drummed so that my own ear-drum was almost burst."

Wit, Humor and Scorn.

The Germans have been accused of being greatly wanting in wit and humor; but certain it is that this German Jew, more than any other man, probably, of the nineteenth century, possessed these gifts. We must re-

gard him as a genius coördinate with Aristophanes, Cervantes and Montaigne. His conversation was full of wit, even when he lay in the greatest misery on his "mattress-grave." He was asked if he had read one of the short pieces of a certain dull writer. "No," said he, "I never read any but the great works of our friend. I like best his three, four or five volume books. Water on a large scale—a lake, a sea, an ocean—is a fine thing, but I cannot endure water in a spoon."

In many of his poems he rattles on with the merriest, most nonchalant carelessness, shooting out, now and then, the sharpest darts of spite. Poor Germany was forever his butt, as in the following, from the *Deutschland:*

From Cologne, at quarter to eight in the morn,
My journey's course I followed;
Toward three of the clock to Hagen we came,
And there our dinner we swallowed.

The table was spread, and here I found
The real old German cooking.
I greet thee, dear old sauer-kraut,
With thy delicate perfume smoking.

Mother's stuffed chestnuts in cabbage green!
They set my heart in a flutter;
Codfish of my country, I greet ye fine,
As ye cunningly swim in your butter

How the sausages revelled in sputtering fat!
And fieldfares, small angels pious,
All roasted and swaddled in apple-sauce,
Twittered out to me, "Try us!"

"Welcome, countryman," twittered they,
"To us at length reverting;

How long, alas! in foreign parts,
With poultry strange you've been flirting!"

A goose, a quiet and genial soul,
Was on the table extended;
Perhaps she loved me once, in the days
Before our youth was ended.

She threw at me such a meaning look!
So trustful, tender and pensive;
Her soul was beautiful, but her meat—
Was tough, I'm apprehensive.

On a pewter plate a pig's head they brought;
And you know, in the German nation,
It's the snout of the pigs they may select
For a laurel decoration.

What power of scornful utterances Heine possessed, the potentates of Germany who persecuted him felt to the uttermost—none more than Friedrich Wilhelm IV, of Prussia, and Ludwig I, of Bavaria. Both were monarchs possessed of intellectual gifts, and with many good purposes. Each, however, was, in his own way, narrow, weak and self-indulgent. Never had archer such a keen eye for the joints in the armor of his foes as Heine. Here are some stanzas from *The New Alexander*, directed against the king of Prussia:

There is a king in Thule who drinks
Champagne—of that he's a lover:
And always when his champagne he drinks,
His eyes go running over.

His knights in a circle about him stick—
The "school historical" truly;
When his tongue becomes with the drinking thick,
Then hiccoughs the king of Thule:

"When Alexander, in the old day,
With his little band unshrinking,
Had brought the whole world under his sway,
The hero took to drinking.

"The war had given him such a thirst—
The beating so many nations—
He soaked himself till he nearly burst;
He couldn't stand such potations.

"Now I, you see, am of mightier stuff;
More prudent in planning and thinking:
For I begin where the hero left off—
I put at the outset the drinking.

"The hero's course, if I play the sot,
In the end I'll accomplish better;
For I, as I stagger from pot to pot,
Shall the whole creation fetter.

"Champagne invites me—'the better land,'
Where flourish the pleasant juices
That fill me with inspiration grand;
The sorrows of life it reduces.

"Here shall be proven my courage dread,
Here shall begin the battle;
Let such blood as a bottle holds be shed,
And volleys of stopples rattle!"

Later comes the following:

I reconcile two divine extremes:
My trust is in the Lord Jesus—
But as comforter, your monarch esteems
Bacchus; let Bacchus ease us!

The touch of blasphemy in the last stanza is thoroughly Heinesque; but no portrayal of Heine would be truth-

ful which would omit that trait. Especially does it appear in the *Song of Praise in Honor of King Ludwig*, from which only two or three stanzas can here be given; for most of it is unfit for reproduction. Its audacity and acrid malice can hardly be paralleled. Stupidly brutal was the heel that sought to crush him; but the snake, writhing and rearing its crest, strikes with fangs so full of devilish venom that we are full of pity for the oppressor.

In the Walhalla, the magnificent temple near Regensburg, built by Ludwig to contain memorials of the great men of Germany, Luther was neglected:

> The simpleton Luther there to see,
> In vain the visitor wishes;
> As in natural history cabinets we
> Oft find no whale 'mong the fishes.
>
> King Ludwig is a great writer of lays;
> When he sings, the mighty Apollo
> Falls down on his knees and begs and prays,
> "O stop; I shall soon be a fool, O!"

At length the king is represented as praying in the royal chapel before the image of the Virgin, who bears the Christ-child in her arms; he begs for some sign of her favor:

> Straightway stirs the Mother of God,
> Her lips with a message are moving;
> She shakes her head with impatient nod,
> And speaks to her infant loving.

With all his popularity, the brilliant wit and poet has

been commonly judged with severity, especially by his own countrymen, however beneficial the scourging may sometimes have been which he administered. No further illustration is necessary that his wit was often distorted to cynicism, his frivolity to insolence and vulgarity. It is hard to believe that he was earnest about anything—art, patriotism, religion or freedom. In multitudes of passages, both prose and poetry, he suddenly interrupts the expression of intense emotion by a grotesque suggestion, which makes the emotion or its object ridiculous. In the *Sea Vision*, for instance, he represents himself as leaning over the side of the ship, dreaming that he sees in the clear depths the vision of a city, which he describes minutely, with melancholy and passionate touches:

> But just at that time
> Did the ship captain
> Pull me hard by the leg,
> Back over the vessel's side,
> Saying, with horrid laugh,
> "Doctor, has the devil got you!"

For Napoleon one would imagine that he felt the most genuine and earnest enthusiasm of his life. The *Book Le Grand* contains a passage full of power, in which he denounces England for her treatment of the emperor at St. Helena; yet, as if an actor, after giving the curse of Lear, should suddenly thrust his tongue into his cheek and draw his features into a grimace, Heine ends his denunciation with a laughable turn: "Strange! a terrible fate has already overtaken

the three principal opponents of the emperor. Londonderry has cut his throat; Louis XVIII has rotted on his throne, and Professor Saalfield is still professor in Göttingen."

Resemblance to Sterne and Swift.

Among English writers, Heine has points of resemblance with Sterne—still more with Byron; but, perhaps, his closest English analogue in genius and character is Dean Swift. In Swift's career it is one of the pleasantest incidents that he could attract the love of Stella and Vanessa, and feel for them a friendship which amounted almost to love. In Heine's honorable affection for two women—his wife, "Nonette," and the "old lady of Damm-thor"—we see him at his best. Both Heine and Swift were place-hunters, who sought for advancement in questionable ways, only to be disappointed; for both there was disease at the end that was worse than death. Such gall and wormwood as they could pour upon their adversaries, what sinners elsewhere have tasted! With what whips of scorpions they smote folly and vice; but who will dare to say that it was through any love of virtue? Both libelled useful and honorable men with coarse lampoons; in both there was too frequent sinking into indecency.

But there was field in which the dean had no part with the sufferer of the "mattress-grave." Heine was not altogether a scoffer; his power of touching the tenderest sensibilities is simply wonderful. In his plaintive songs the influence of Romanticism can be clearly seen, even after he had broken away from it, and

also of the popular ballad, whose character he caught most felicitously. He assumed a certain negligence which gave his poems an air of pure naturalness and immediateness, whereas they were the products of consummate art, though no poet was ever able to convey more thoroughly the impression of perfect artlessness. The *Princess Ilse*, for instance, one would say could have been written by no other than the most innocent of children:

I am the princess Ilse;
  To my castle come with me—
To the Ilsenstein, my dwelling,
  And we will happy be.

Thy forehead will I moisten
  From my clear-flowing rill;
Thy griefs thou shalt leave behind thee.
  Thou soul with sorrow so ill!

Upon my bosom snowy,
  Within my white arms fold,
There shalt thou lie and dream a dream
  Of the fairy lore of old.

I'll kiss thee, and softly cherish,
  As once I cherished and kissed
The dear, dear Kaiser Heinrich,
  So long ago at rest.

The dead are dead forever—
  The living alone live still;
And I am blooming and beautiful,
  My heart doth laugh and thrill.

O come down into my castle—
  My castle crystal bright!
There dance the knights and the maidens,
  There revels each servant-wight.

There rustle the garments silken,
  There rattles the spur below;
The dwarfs drum and trumpet and fiddle
  And the bugle merrily blow.

Yet my arm shall softly enclose thee,
  As it Kaiser Heinrich enclosed;
When the trumpets' music thundered,
  His ears with my hands I closed.

To His Wife.

The following are the lines to his wife, written on his death-bed:

I was, O lamb, as shepherd placed,
To guard thee in this earthly waste.
To thee I did refreshment bring;
To thee brought water from the spring.
When cold the winter storm alarmed,
I have thee in my bosom warmed.
I held thee, folded, close embracing,
When torrent rains were rudely chasing,
And woodland brook and hungry wolf
Howled rivals in the darksome gulf.
Thou didst not fear—thou hast not quivered
Even when the bolt of thunder shivered
The tallest pine. Upon my breast,
In peace and calm thou layst at rest.

My arm grows weak. Lo, creeping there,
Comes pallid death! My shepherd care,
My herdsman's office, now I leave.
Back to thy hands, O God, I give
My staff; and now I pray thee guard
This lamb of mine, when 'neath the sward
I lie; and suffer not, I pray,
That thorns should pierce her on the way.
From nettles harsh protect her fleece;

LORELEI

After an original painting by Max Ring

The Sorceress who sings upon the banks of ... Rhine.

From soiling marshes give release;
And everywhere her feet before
With sweet grass spread the meadows o'er;
And let her sleep from care as blest
As once she slept upon my breast.

Says an American professor of German literature: "Once, at a critical time in our country's history, it happened to me to visit a negro school. We went from room to room among the dusky faces, until at last one said, 'Let us have them sing.' Presently the voices rose and fell in marvellous song. Out of the windows the heavens hung sombre about us; the children of the race whose presence among us has brought to them, in each generation, tragedy so pathetic—the race that has brought to us, so innocently, such subject for controversy, such occasion for bloodshed, and on account of which we still sometimes seem to hear such fateful thunder-mutterings of approaching disaster. The news of the morning had predisposed us to gloom; the associations now conspired to deepen it; the strange melody which came pouring forth seemed somehow singularly in keeping. There was in my spirit no defined feeling, but a vague unrest—at once a foreboding of calamity and yearning after peace. It was precisely the sentiment of the song. The singers seemed to feel it; we who listened felt it, and there were eyes whose lids trembled with the coming tears. It was the *Lorelei* of Heine:

I cannot tell what it meaneth,
That I am so sad to-day.

"The words, so simple, so infantile almost in sense,

and yet with which is marvellously bound such tender feeling! As one repeats the lines they are almost nothing; yet caught within them, like some sad, sweet-throated nightingale within a net, there is such pathos! What could have been further away? What cared we then for the Rhine, and the sorceress who sings upon its banks, and the boatman engulphed in the whirlpool? What knew or cared the singers? But something indescribable came pulsing forth to us from out the words, and I felt that somehow it was the appropriate utterance for the mood in which we found ourselves; the thing to hear from the dark-faced youths before us —an undefined sorrow, a foreshadowing of danger all unknown and vague! Mighty the poet, I thought, whose verse can come home with such power in lands and among races so far away!

"The child of the Jew he was, of the race among the races of the earth possessed of the most intense passionate force, and in him his people found a voice. Now it is a sound of wailing, melancholy and sweet as that heard by the rivers of Babylon when the harps were strung upon the willows. Now it is a tone pure and lofty as the peal of the silver trumpets before the Holy of Holies in the temple service, when the gems in the high priest's breastplate flashed with the effulgence of the descending Deity; now a call to strive for freedom, bold and clear as the summons of the Maccabees. But think of the cup that has been pressed to the Jew's lips! The bitterness has passed into his soul, and utters itself in scorn and poisoned mocking. He cares not what sanctities he insults, nor whether the scoff

touches the innocent as well as the guilty. Persecution has brought to pass desperation, which utters itself at length in infernal laughter."

Last Days.

A touching story is told by Adolph Meissner of Heine's last walk in the Boulevards, from which he went home to the death in life he was doomed to undergo for many years. It was in May, 1848—a day of revolution. "Masses of people rolled along the streets of Paris, driven about by their tribunes as by storms. The poet, half blind, half lame, dragged himself on his stick, tried to extricate himself from the deafening uproar, and fled into the Louvre, close by. He stepped into the rooms of the palace—in that troubled time nearly empty—and found himself on the ground floor, in the room in which the ancient gods and goddesses stand. Suddenly he stood before the ideal of beauty, the smiling, entrancing goddess, the miracle of an unknown master, the Venus of Milo. Overcome, agitated, stricken through, almost terrified at her aspect, the sick man staggered back till he sank on a seat, and tears hot and bitter streamed down his cheeks. The beautiful lips of the goddess, which appear to breathe, smiled with her wonted smile at the unhappy victim." In a letter to a friend Heine says himself: "Only with pain could I drag myself to the Louvre, and I was nearly exhausted when I reached the hall where the blessed goddess of beauty, our dear lady of Milo, stands on her pedestal. At her feet I lay a long time,

and I wept so passionately that a stone must have had pity on me. Therefore the goddess looked down pityingly upon me, yet at the same time inconsolably, as though she would say, 'See you not that I have no arms, and that therefore, I can give you no help?' "

Of the spots associated with Heine there is none so interesting as that room in the Louvre. "I stood there," says the professor already quoted, "on a day when disturbance again raged on the streets of Paris. It was the end of August, 1870. In Alsace and Lorraine the armies of France had just been crushed; in the next week was to come Sedan. The streets were full of the tumult of war—the foot-beat of passing regiments, the clatter of drill, the Marseillaise. On the Seine, just before, a band of ouvriers threatened to throw us into the river as Prussian spies. In the confusion the shrine of the serene goddess was left vacant, as at that former time. I found it a hushed asylum, the fairest of statues rising from its pedestal, wearing upon its lips its eternal smile. Standing before the Venus of Milo, it is not unworthy of even so high a moment to call up the image of that suffering man of great genius, shamed from his sneer and restored to his better self in the supernatural presence. May we not see in the statue a type of Heine's genius—so shorn of strength, so stained and broken, yet, in the ruin, of beauty and power so unparalleled?"

VI.

German Theatre and Recent Drama.

In the number and variety of its centres of intellectual life Germany contrasts most favorably with other countries; for nowhere is more strongly developed the spirit of friendly artistic rivalry, even when political or social rivalry is out of the question. In dramatic, as in other literature, long-continued and systematic have been the efforts which have gradually raised the modern German stage to its present rank among the theatres of Europe. Germany has not only cherished its own national drama, but with her catholicity of taste, aided by the powers of a language admirably suited for translation, has also opened its theatre to the dramatic masterpieces of other nations, and especially those of the English, the number of Shakespearean reproductions ranking above all others, including some that are rarely seen on the English or American stage. While the German theatre has its weak points, and is not wholly free from vicious influences, its efforts are, upon the whole, on a level with the demands of the national culture, and in harmony with the breadth and variety of the national intelligence. Though the Germans are far from satis-

fied with their theatre—and this is one of its most hopeful features—it may, both in its actual condition and in the spirit which pervades it, be regarded almost as an ideal for other nations to imitate.

A Leipsic Theatre.

A description of some prominent theatre will give a better idea of the characteristic features of the German stage than mere generalizing, and a good example may be found in the Stadt theatre at Leipsic. In situation and architecture it is one of the most imposing and beautiful theatres in the world, although many others are built of finer materials and bear the evidence of having cost larger sums of money. Built in the Classic Renaissance style, it shows a grand dignity of form, set off with exquisite grace of simple adornment, and a most perfect symmetry in its lines and proportions. It stands facing the great Augustus Platz, a grand public square of several acres, devoted to military parades and public displays. On both sides of the theatre are broad streets, in its rear is the park of the public promenade surrounding the inner city. A massive stone terrace, where open-air concerts are given in the summer, overlooks a charming little lake. The interior is free from all florid ornamentation, and is comfortable, well ventilated, simple and pure in style, with a quiet elegance in its tasteful richness of effect. Its cost, when completed in 1868, was about $600,000, although it could now hardly be built for three times that sum. Together with the old Stadt theatre, a quaint structure rich in its

historical associations, it was leased, under certain conditions, to a director for about 7,500 marks a year; and each of the three first directors who were in charge after the new theatre was built retired with ample fortunes, notwithstanding they were obliged to maintain a first-class drama and opera, and the scale of prices, which is set by the city authorities, and which is alike for both opera and drama, was remarkably low even for Germany.

Low prices were, of course, the main reason why the Leipsic theatre directors met with such great pecuniary success. It is more profitable to play to a full house at low prices than to a thin house at high prices; and in Leipsic the theatre is always well filled, and generally crowded, for the prices are so moderate that they are within the reach of all. Theatre-going is hardly looked on as a luxury, but as a matter of course, ranking with the daily paper and cup of coffee after dinner. Everybody goes to the theatre, and it would not be surprising to hear one's washer-woman give her opinion about the latest comedy, which she saw from her six-cent place in the gallery.

Audiences.

The performances usually begin about seven o'clock, and are over by ten, so that after the theatre a good part of the evening still remains for social pleasures. The Germans go to enjoy the play or the music, not to show their toilette. And so the auditorium of a German opera-house looks quite different from one in London or New York, with its chattering people in elaborate dress,

who pretend to admire merely for fashion's sake. At the Leipsic theatre, be it on opera or drama night, the audience has a peculiarly at-home look. All leave their out-door clothing in the cloak-room, so that they need have no fear of catching cold after the theatre. Ladies are not forbidden to wear their hats, but it is looked on as a mark of ill-breeding if they do; and should a lady thus interfere with the view of a person sitting behind, she need not take affront at a request to remove the offending article. Between the acts there are long waits, and the audience pours into the large and elegant foyer adjoining the auditorium on the balcony level, and promenades back and forth; everybody sees everybody else; acquaintances greet each other; the hungry and thirsty refresh themselves in the spacious restaurant, and in pleasant summer weather animated groups gather in the mild evening air on the great balcony overlooking the Augustus Platz, which spreads below, sprinkled like a firmament with its many gas-lights.

Actors.

Many of the greatest of German actors and singers began their career at Leipsic. Among other instances may be mentioned that of Fraulein Franciska Ellmenreich, a young actress of remarkable talent, and of such brilliancy, grace and versatility that her répertoire comprised the most different rôles in parlor comedy, the emotional drama and high tragedy. She was alike good as Katharina in *The Taming of the Shrew*, as Beatrice in *Much Ado about Nothing*, as Donna Diana in Moreto's

comedy, as Juliet, as Gretchen, or as Countess Orsini in *Emilia Galotti*. After taking leave of Leipsic, she was engaged to occupy a leading position at the Hofburg theatre in Vienna, which stood at the head of the German stage, and where the most perfect acting was found. If she could have been induced to learn English, as did Janauschek, and make an American tour, a great triumph would have awaited her.

While no such enormous salaries are paid as in America, the average actor is well recompensed, and is generally in comfortable circumstances, often accumulating a respectable fortune. The social position of the profession is also good; nearly all the old prejudice has disappeared; and distinguished actors move in the best society. Professional stars are almost unknown, and the stock company is everywhere the chief reliance. Even the most famous actors and singers are permanently engaged at some great court or city theatre, and at certain seasons of the year they are, according to contract, given leave of absence, when they make tours of two or three months, their names appearing on the bills in some such style as the following:

Residenz Theatre, Berlin.
Arria and Messalina,
Tragedy in five acts by Adolf Wilbrandt.
Arria.....Frau Charlotte Wolter,
From the Hofburg Theatre in Vienna, as guest.

Actors who are not members of the company at the theatre where they are playing are always designated by the name of guest, a far more appropriate and taste-

ful appellation than star. The above is a fair sample of the average German play-bill, which is remarkable for all absence of display, bragging, and exaggeration, such vulgarities being left for the announcements of variety shows and the circus. Instead of a blanket poster so large that one needs a step-ladder to read it, modest bills are seen on the street corners in a German city, often simply the regular program handed around at the theatre, giving the cast for that evening, which everybody stops to read.

The Classic Drama.

It is a pleasure to see the performance of a classic drama in Germany. At the Hofburg theatre in Vienna and at the court play-house in Berlin it is the rule to give at least two classic dramas a week, and this number is often exceeded, while one of them is almost certain to be devoted to a play by Shakespeare. It is, indeed, claimed by the Germans that to see a Shakespearean drama finely performed one must go to Germany. There is no run of a play for a hundred nights, where people flock to the house to gaze on splendid scenery, to see a great actor make a machine of himself, and all the characters except the hero murdered before the end of the piece. But in the course of the year the theatre-goer will see nearly all the best Shakespearean plays, with the minor characters, as well as the greater, finely sustained, and everything else in keeping. At the Hofburg, each year, the histories or "king dramas" of Shakespeare have been brought out on suc-

cessive evenings, and the example found imitation at other leading theatres. Among them was the second part of *King Henry IV*, now rarely played; yet it was one of the finest Shakespearean performances ever witnessed. Every part was in the hands of a good actor, the playing was natural and entirely free from rant and stilted pomposity; so that the drama made a remarkably powerful impression, making one feel the reality of the scenes before him. Not only is Shakespeare's influence great in German literature; he may be said fairly to rule the German stage, for the plays of no other classic author are so popular as his.

The Meiningen Theatre.

The great influence of Richard Wagner has not been confined to the opera alone. Many of his reforms have been quietly and almost unwittingly adopted in the province of the spoken drama, and his efforts in behalf of sincerity and truth to nature have not been without important results. In this direction he was seconded by one of his most influential admirers, the duke of Saxe-Meiningen, who devoted his leisure almost entirely to the drama, and the little city of Meiningen, with its twelve thousand inhabitants, had one of the best theatres in Germany. The duke was regarded as one of the ablest stage managers in the country. His tendency was strongly realistic, and probably no other stage in the world could boast of such rich properties. As far as possible everything was genuine and historically accurate.

Though the company had hardly a really great actor among its members, yet so thoroughly was it drilled that it produced a wonderful fineness and finish of effect. Great stress was laid on the chorus, which in Meiningen was no crowd of stiff, ungainly supernumeraries. Each individual was taught the value of natural and independent action. For instance, if an agitated popular scene was to be presented, the chorus did not stand around in a ring and raise their rights arms with the promptness of a militia company on parade, shouting out, "Death to the traitor!" On the Meiningen stage such a scene had a grand and terrible sublimity, and to see the company in a play like *Julius Cæsar*, with their splendor of costumes and appointments, and with their magnificent ensemble, was like beholding a series of grand historical paintings. Another feature was giving the words of a classic play with the greatest possible fidelity, and the rejection, as far as practicable, of "cuttings" and all so-called stage versions, while such liberties as used to be taken with classic authors are now seldom tolerated. But the extreme nicety of the Meiningen stage in regard to properties and appointments is hardly practicable in most theatres.

To such influences may be traced the tendency of the German stage to educate as well as to entertain; classic dramas are revived and pieces are brought out which, long familiar to the reading public, were supposed to be ineffective on the stage. All these efforts meet with the liveliest interest on the part of the public, and when once shown to be practicable find speedy following throughout the land. Munich has occupied

a leading position in these enterprises. It was there that Byron's *Manfred* was first produced, with Schumann's wonderful music. Historical comedy evenings, or "four centuries of the drama," were instituted with great success, proving very entertaining, and more instructive in dramatic history than hours of reading would be. Four short pieces were given, from the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, respectively, approaching as closely as possible the style of the periods to which the pieces belonged. The first piece, a farce by Hans Sachs, was particularly interesting. The stage represented the market-place in Nuremberg. All around rose picturesque old houses, and crowds of quaintly costumed people gathered in front of a small platform, something like eight by ten feet, where the play was going on. Another successful experiment was the production of Aristophanes' comedy, *The Frogs*.

Performance of Faust.

The first part of Goethe's *Faust* was played long before the death of the poet, but long afterward the second part was supposed to be incapable of dramatic representation, although the first, given by itself, remained an unsatisfactory fragment. But in 1876 Herr von Loen, the director of the court theatre in Weimar, conceived the idea of observing the one hundredth anniversary of Goethe's coming to Weimar by the production of both parts of *Faust* as a "Mystery," with the triple division of the stage in vogue at the time of

Shakespeare, but adapted to modern requirements. The performance occupied two evenings, the first part lasting from half-past five until eleven o'clock; the second part beginning at the same time and ending half an hour sooner. Between the acts were long waits for rest and refreshment. Excepting the rôles of Siegfried and Brunnhild in Wagner's *Niebelungen*, there are probably no other instances where such powers of endurance are demanded of the actors as in the parts of Faust and Mephisto, who are on the stage for most of the time throughout two long evenings.

Wagner's *Tannhaüser*, which now ranks second only, if second, to his *Lohengrin* in popularity, was hopelessly damned, as was thought, at its first production in 1845. In the opening scene is represented the mystic cavern of Venus, or "Holda," as she was called in the middle ages. Into this enchanted cave Tannhaüser has been beguiled by the beautiful goddess, whose seductive charms are lavishly displayed, and a further temptation is a company of nymphs and bacchantes, who dance and pose before him with all the voluptuous attractions which such beings possessed, or were supposed to possess.

Authors.

Many German managers were unjust in their treatment of authors until the latter, recognizing the principle that strength lies in union, formed the society of dramatic authors and composers, which now conducts the business for most of the members of the profession in Germany and Austria, securing them justice and

respect. Men such as Freytag, Gutzkow, Lindau and Wilbrandt have received handsome sums as royalties on their works, which are not run for a few weeks and then shelved, but are played at frequent intervals during the season, thus becoming more generally known and standing a better chance of winning a permanent place in the répertoire. The Vienna Stadt theatre yearly offers liberal prizes for the best original dramas, together with its regular rate of ten per cent. for a play filling out the entire evening, and seven per cent. for a play requiring an afterpiece. Happily for dramatic art, the system of writing dramas for individual actors, however talented, does not obtain in the Fatherland.

Characteristics of German Stage.

The most marked individual characteristics of German dramatic writing are ideality, poetic sentiment, humor rather than wit, and freedom from cramping and restricting rules. In all these respects a near approach to the English drama is evident; but of late years German dramatists have learned much from the French, especially in technique.

Norwegian and Swedish authors have recently produced a number of strong works, that promise a bright future to the Scandinavian theatre. But for the liberal policy of the German stage one of the finest of these dramas might have remained unrecognized by the outside world. It was Ernst Possart, the director of the royal court theatre in Munich, who at once saw the merit of Björnstjerne Björnson's powerful play

A Failure. Suggested by the great crisis of 1873, the play had for a theme the shortcomings of mercantile life. They were painted in their true colors by a master hand, and mercantile dishonesty was called by its right name. The fame of the piece spread quickly and it was soon known throughout the length and breadth of Germany, causing a deep sensation everywhere. Critics called it a grand sermon for business men, and said that since Schiller's day no such effect had been produced. While Björnson had a high ideal and taught a great lesson, it is remarkable with what simplicity his work was done. There is not a scene that does not seem drawn from the life, and every word is such as people use in daily intercourse.

Raupach and Grabbe.

In the first half of the nineteenth century some improvement took place on the German stage when the Fate tragedies and the Romantic drama were followed by the productions of Ernst Benjamin Raupach, who wrote, beside other works, a cyclus of sixteen dramas, all founded on the history of the Hohenstaufen emperors. While Raupach's pieces are theatrical rather than dramatic, they are far preferable to the crude dramatic poems written by his contemporary, Dietrich Christian Grabbe, whose life was as wild as his dramas. The latter, indeed, attracted notice by some energetic passages of imaginative declamation, but repelled readers who valued good taste. A few lines may show, however that the author was not incapable of writing poetry.

The day is wonderfully beautiful!
Rome's old gray ruins glisten in the light
Like spirits glorified. Such autumn days
Are only seen at Rome. Like the old Romans,
These fields in purple robes of victory
Clothe themselves ere they die.

A potent factor in the improvement of the German stage at this period was the truly national comedies of the Princess Amelia of Saxony. She was born in 1794, the daughter of Prince Maximilian, whose eldest brother, Frederic Augustus, was king of Saxony for sixty-four years, from 1763 to 1827. Amelia was only ten years old when her mother died, and her education was entrusted to the queen and her other aunt, Princess Maria Theresa. At first she was brought up in the strict seclusion of the Saxon court, but the old order was utterly changed by the Napoleonic wars, and she shared in all the vicissitudes of her family. For a time they dwelt in Prague, but in 1815 returned to Dresden. About twenty years later her first comedy, *Falsehood and Truth*, was presented at Berlin and attained success, though the authorship was not announced. A fine series of these social dramas followed with varying fortunes, yet generally winning favor. Some of them maintain their place on the stage to the present day.

Immermann.

In the south of Germany the dramatic works of Ferdinand Raimund and Joseph von Auffenberg—both belonging, as did Raupach and Grabbe, to the first half

of the nineteenth century—had considerable success. The former skillfully combined some traits of actual life with his plots, which were founded on old popular stories and fairy tales. More prominent than any of these, though rather as a novelist than a dramatist, was Karl Lebrecht Immermann, who, while possessing true poetic genius, failed in his attempts to write for the theatre. His plays are better suited for the closet than for the stage. Though sometimes rough and forbidding, they are marked by considerable insight into character, and his comedies are by no means destitute of comic force, all his dramatic works showing signs of a close study of Shakespeare. It is in his semi-humorous romances that Immermann is at his best, and by these he is chiefly remembered. *Münchhausen* is his most popular work, though one that has been severely criticised; for it divides itself into parts which have no real union. It may be well to add that it has nothing to do with the more widely known Baron Münchhausen. The *Demiurgos* of Wilhelm Jordan is a bold and thoughtful work, intended to justify the ways of Providence; but the poem is not strictly dramatic. One of Jordan's later works was a long epic in the shape of a new *Nibelungenlied.*

Later Drama of the Nineteenth Century.

In the latter half of the nineteenth century we are confronted by hundreds of names, of whom only a few need here be mentioned as representatives. Among them are the Austrian dramatist Dienhardstein, whose best plays were *Hans Sachs* and *Garrick at Bristol,*

and Rudolf von Gottschal, author of the tragedy of *Mazeppa*. The names of Geibel and Redwitz are less prominent in the drama than in other departments of poetic literature. As a writer of light and entertaining pieces, Eduard Bauernfield gained in Vienna a considerable popularity. His liveliness in conversations and his cleverness in sketching character are his chief merits. Similar traits are found in the comedies of Julius Roderich Benedix, whose *Doctor Wespe* and *Der Weiberfeind* have been commended for their skillful management of intrigues. Johann Georg Fischer, the author of *Saul* and *Friedrich II*, is better known for his pleasing lyrics. One of the most successful of German dramas, *Narciss*, by Albert Emil Brachvogel, may be mentioned as an example of a work condemned by the critics, but triumphant on the stage. To it the author added a long series of popular dramas. His historical novels have fallen out of view. *Der Erbförster* and *Die Maccabäer* of Otto Ludwig have been commended as possessing dramatic powers, but their tone is too much like that of Hebbel's sensational plays. Still others are Freytag, the famous novelist; the Swiss poet Griepenkerl and Feodor Wehl, to which additional names might be added almost indefinitely.

Gerhart Hauptmann.

At the opening of the twentieth century the two most prominent dramatists of Germany were Gerhart Hauptmann and Hermann Sudermann. Both are disciples of Ibsen, and yet entirely original and widely

different in their methods and interpretation of life. The works of both have been quickly translated into other tongues and have been performed in America as well as in England and France. They have been severely criticised, yet have won their way in spite of critical and official opposition. But while they have deeply stirred the more intellectual classes, they have not gained wide popularity. They have directed the attention of thinking people to social problems, but they have not pointed out effectual remedies for the evils they portray, much less excited a revolution. Hauptmann has soared into idealism, while Sudermann has persisted in his original realism.

Gerhart Hauptmann was born at Oberpfalzbrunn, Silesia, on the 15th of November, 1862. His father was a prosperous innkeeper, who gave his son the best advantages for education. Yet Gerhart was rather a dreamer than a student. At the university of Jena he accepted the doctrines of Darwinism, yet without abating his love for Goethe and Byron, wandering over Europe with a copy of *Childe Harold* in his pocket. While in Italy he thought of becoming a sculptor, and after his return to Germany inclined to the stage. He published two plays of the old classic style and wrote some poems and stories. But these gave no indication of the work he was destined to achieve.

In 1887 Hauptmann became acquainted with the socialist Bruno Wille and with Arno Holz, who promoted realism on the stage. Inspired by the works of Tolstoi, Ibsen and Zola, he produced his first realistic play, *Vor Sonnenaufgang* (Before Sunrise), which was

performed at the Lessing Theatre in Berlin in 1889. It was founded on a close study of the Silesian peasants, and exhibited without mitigation the gross evils of their condition. The refined classes showed no disposition to learn anything from such exhibitions, however true to life, but the rabble flocked to the theatre and applauded the piece. The characters, the situations, the dialogues were denounced as morbid and immoral by many critics, but when Hauptmann went on in his new path, he came to be recognized as a champion in ridding the stage of absurd conventions and false romance.

His next play, *Einsame Menschen* (Lonely Lives), was free from some of the crudities of its predecessor, and was more favorably received by the critics. The author dwelt on the inevitable effects of heredity and environment in producing social degradation. Still more powerful was *The Weavers,* a socialistic play founded on an actual strike of the weavers in Silesia. It sets in effective contrast the wealthy employer who oppresses the struggling workmen beyond endurance, and the wretched weavers driven to desperate deeds by the pangs of starvation. One of the sufferers exclaims that it is all the same to him whether he starves at the loom or out in the ditch. Turning to his oppressor, he cries, "The right kind of employer can get along with three or four hundred men in the turn of his hand, and leave a few pickings for his men. But a man such as you has four bellies like a cow and teeth like a wolf!" The play has been criticised for its want of connection, but the power of its successive scenes has been acknowledged on the principal stages of the world.

In his dream poem *Hanneles* (or, as it is sometimes called, *Hanneles Himmelfahrt,* Little Hanna's Journey to Heaven), Hauptmann displays his great poetic power. It is a strange compound of naturalism and idealism. The step-child of a brutal, drunken workman has tried to drown herself to escape from the misery of her lot. But, being rescued, she has been taken to the almshouse, where her dreams are represented as of one in a fever. Her past sufferings are shown in a series of tableaux. All that she has been taught of the future, of heaven and angels, becomes associated with her actual condition. Christ himself appears in the vision as the good teacher to lead her gently by the hand to a new and better life, free from sin and suffering. The performance of this pathetic drama created a great sensation. In one European city the actors are said to have been so profoundly affected that they refused to repeat the performance. In 1894 Hauptmann visited the United States, and a translation of this play was announced for performance in New York. An earnest attempt was made to have it prohibited, partly on account of the child actress who was to personate Hannele, and partly on account of the personation of Christ. But after a private representation had been approved by hundreds of distinguished literary and critical people, the opposition gave way and the public performance took place. The piece, however, was of so strange and unusual character that it did not meet with general success. On the other hand, the author, who had been dejected by its failure, was cheered by the fact that the Grillparzer prize at Vienna—amounting to $2,000—

had been awarded to him for this beautiful religious drama.

Hauptmann's next play, *College Crampton*—Our Colleague Crampton—represents the disgrace of a professor who has yielded to temptation, but by the courage and devotion of his brave child Gertrude is uplifted and sustained until he acquires new strength to face and overcome the censorious world. In this play Hauptmann's poetic nature has prevailed over the pessimism which seemed to dominate his early dramas.

But the play which has given Hauptmann his highest reputation is *Die Versunkene Glocke,* which he describes as "a German fairy play." It is manifestly a highly poetical and symbolical drama. But exactly what interpretation is to be given to its symbolism has not been agreed by the critics. According to the story, the bell-founder Heinrich, while carrying to the church a bell which he had fashioned and of which he was very proud, is overtaken by a faun, who breaks a spoke in a wheel of the wagon and thus sinks the bell in a lake and almost drowns the artificer. But the elf Rautendelein spirits him away to her wild mountain home, where, free from worldly care and trouble, he lives thenceforth for his work alone, until the tones of the sunken bell, rung by the hand of his dead wife, Magda, are heard from the depth of the waters. The visions of his poor children appear to him, and he has not the superhuman steadfastness to resist their appeal. He spurns the spirit that raised him to the heights, and wishes to return to the lower world. He rejects the new life as he had before abandoned the old. But his strength is exhausted. Old Wittikin, the

wise woman, enters with the cup of death, and he drinks it thankfully. While he is dying Rautendelein returns for a moment with the joyful cry, "Heinrich, the sun is coming!" His eyes are filled with mystical radiance; his ears are charmed with the music of the sun-bells, with which he had hoped to sound joy throughout the world.

Some critics see in this wonderful allegory a picture of the life of Arnold Böcklin, eminent among modern German artists. Others give it a more general application as showing the eternal effort of all artists to attain their æsthetic ideals. Others think that it is a poetical representation of the reformer, who, hampered by conditions beyond his control, seeks to remodel human society. Still another regards Heinrich as a symbol of humanity, as a whole, struggling painfully toward the realization of its dream of the ideal truth and happiness. Whatever be its correct or full interpretation, all agree that it is a highly poetical vision of something beyond the present prosaic conditions of life. It raises the new poet almost to the lofty Olympus where Goethe sits enthroned.

In personal appearance Hauptmann is slight and slender, seeming still a boyish student, shy and awkward. He married at the early age of twenty-two. Loving nothing more than work and the quiet of family life, he yet finds it impossible to remain long in any given place. "Wherever he elects to reside," says one who knows him well, "he must have his own house, and if none proves suitable, he builds one according to his tastes and whims. In rapid succession Herr Hauptmann has

established himself near Schreiberhau among his beloved Silesian Alps, at Grünewald in the environs of Berlin, at Aguetendorf, and at the opening of the twentieth century was settled in Dresden. At the close of 1901 he had just completed a fantastic residence at Blasewitz, on the Elbe, not far from the Saxon capital. The ornamental features of this new structure were all inspired by motifs from his play of *The Sunken Bell.* On the capitals, in the tympana, and dotted about the roof are carved figures of Nickelmann, Rautendelein, and the wood sprites who gave color to the most poetic and profoundly symbolical German drama of the present age."

Hermann Sudermann.

The other great German dramatist of the new century is Hermann Sudermann, born at Matziken, East Prussia, on the 30th of September, 1857. His reputation is founded as much on his novels as on his dramas. In all, he has been content to follow Ibsen and Tolstoi in discussing the serious problems of human society as it exists at the present day. He is a stern realist, but has not found it necessary or desirable to sink to the depths of degradation which Zola has exploited. The first among his novels was *In the Twilight,* which appeared in 1885; *Frau Sorge* (Dame Care), and *Geschwister* (Brothers and Sisters) soon followed.

Sudermann's first play, *Die Ehre,* or *Honor,* won success through the interest awakened by the contrast between the ideas of a Berlin factory owner and those of his employés, and by the realism with which the in-

mates of the Hinterhaus are drawn. Sudermann's *Heimat* is known to English and American play-goers under the title of *Magda*, its chief character and one made famous by the acting of Bernhardt and Duse. Its plot deals with the strained relations between an old-fashioned father and his daughter, who plays the part of a "new woman," or at least, of one who believes in the new order of things. His *Johannes*, an effective drama in prose, takes for its subject John the Baptist. His *Drei Reiherfedern* was written as a Märchen piece, but has not sufficient merit, either as to verse or situation, to rank as one of the Märchendramen. Later, he returned to the drama of social life, and here he is seen at his best, not perhaps in works that are destined to endure, but in such as are concise and clear in form, free from all admixture of metaphysics or Romanticism, and free also from any slavish imitation of the French.

In his gloomy but impressive drama *Sodoms Ende* (The Destruction of Sodom), Sudermann aims to show that the artist's hunger for pleasure destroys all the soundest parts of human nature and leaves no basis for decent social life. But it is especially by his late play, *Es lebe das Leben*, which has been translated as *The Joy of Living*, that Sudermann has caught the ear of the world. In this problem-play Richard and Beata are persons of unusual intellectual ability. At the outset they are apparently happily married, Richard to a socially ambitious, frivolous woman, and Beata to a good fellow incapable of appreciating his wife's higher nature. Both Richard and Beata feel the need of intellectual sympathy, and are thus brought into dangerous relation.

Yet all the group believe in preserving the social ideal for the sake of the family. For a time this is done by deception, but at last, after reading some of their old letters together, the principals feel that it can only be attained by suicide. Richard, whose egotism has been fostered by Beata's unshrinking self-sacrifice, cannot summon courage for the deed. Beata believes that by self-destruction she can make possible a higher career for him, and secure the marriage of their children. She has had a glimmer of the joy of living, but sees that something wrong has shut her out from it. At the end she drinks the fatal cup. Her aristocratic personality dominates the whole play. While she departs from conventional morality, she does not become hardened nor even to appearance demoralized. When she dies, her husband complains bitterly that she had concealed from him the truth of the situation, and declares that if she had told him, he would have freed her to attain her desire. Poor Richard loses everything and can only exclaim, "I must live because I am dead." Whether such a picture of the evils of mismated marriage and life-long deception are in any way beneficial to the world or proper subjects for artistic treatment is a question that has divided critics and playgoers. Must society enforce ostracism on those who seek to free themselves from unhappy marriage relations? Sudermann makes no answer, draws no moral; he leaves the problem to be dealt with by society, which makes its own rules of conduct. In all of his plays he treats of human happiness and love in their philosophical aspect, and thus can never become a widely-popular dramatist. Yet his domestic

power and realistic treatment of the higher classes have been acknowledged at home and abroad.

Of the new school of dramatists, Richard Voss, with his *Alexandra* and *Eva*, was one of the forerunners, as also were Max Halbe, Kirkbach, Hartleben and Ernst Rosmer, a pseudonym for Elsa Bernstein. Max Dreyer stands high in recent comedy, and Fulda has given us some graceful translations from Molière, with *Der Talisman* as the most successful of his original plays. Arthur Schnitzler, with his finely pointed dialogues, in style more French than German, ranks first among Austrian dramatists. Hermann Bahr, though better known as a critic, has gained a foothold on the Vienna stage; nor should we omit Hugo von Hofmannsthal, the most promising of the younger Austrian school, who owes much to the Italian dramatist, D'Annunzio.

Conclusion.

The position in which the German nation stands before the world was never prouder than now it is; their intellectual activity was never greater, their accomplishments never more impressive. If in polite literature it is not such a period as closed with the death of Gœthe, if the present era shows decline in poetic and dramatic force, the causes are not far to seek. The circumstances of the nation have called genius into other fields. The change of political conditions, the cementing together of the fragments of German nationality into a mighty empire, give new outlets for ability. In public life, at length, there are opportunities for the citizen, though,

as yet, not such opportunities as lie open to the free-born American and Englishman. In manufactures and commerce, also, the possibilities have been marvellously extended. Until recent times, German industry has been in every way fettered. Unwise trade regulations strangled export and import; internal commerce languished, and abroad the wings of enterprise were crippled. These restrictions are now for the most part removed. What merchant more daring in his venture than the German? What competition more dreaded in the markets of the world that that of the German artisan? Who more bold than the German explorer? There are no finer ships upon the seas than those which the German builds and mans. In some East Indian marts he threatens to crowd out the Englishman and the Hollander. He plants his naval stations in the heart of Oceanica; elbows sharply vegetating Spaniards and Portuguese in Rio and Peru; climbs the Himalayas, and tracks the African desert; and presses along with the Englishman, American, Russian and Dane in search of the North Pole. It is but as yesterday that such possibilities were opened, but through them power is already widely attracted that heretofore had been spent at the desk and library.

One of the most noted of German literary critics utters himself as follows: "It would be an immense mistake to imagine that a trace remains of the elements that went to form the picture of us some writers have given to the world. The idealism, the dreaminess, the moonshine have all had their day. We have become strict realists. The questions that occupy us in the morning,

which perplex us at nightfall, are business questions. All in art and literature that savored of idealism, dreaminess and moonshine has gone. We have become accustomed to deal better than we used to with realities, and to describe things as they are. I had a conversation the other day with one of our best painters, in which he told me, in the most animated manner, that he had found a splendid subject for a picture; that he had now spent twelve months in preparatory studies, and that he should give the next few years of his life exclusively to the work. Although myself a tolerably thorough-going realist, I at once supposed he had chosen some famous event in the world's history. What was my astonishment when he told me that the subject was an iron-foundry!"

Nevertheless it would be doing an injustice to many writers of exceptional talent and unflagging industry and zeal to represent the German literature of the present day is declining. Its future is most promising, and if it depends on mental training will certainly preserve its superiority; for in this respect there is nothing to be desired. Nowhere shall we find, whether in the primary school, the gymnasium or the university, more attentive, intelligent and industrious pupils, more earnest and competent teachers. In every large city and town there is not only an excellent library but an historical museum, the one in Berlin containing a vast collection, where we may study the rise and progress of civilization in every race of the past ages that has a history, and the present condition of every people, civilized or savage, under the sun.

VII.

The Drama in Holland.

In conclusion a word may be said as to the Dutch drama, which is akin to the German, but not with any close affinity. As in other European countries, the Religious drama plays a prominent part in the mediæval literature of Holland. The text of the earliest plays of this class has been lost, and there remains only the bare record of certain pieces having been performed at various places, of which only a few need here be mentioned, to serve as specimens. The earliest existing fragment is a Limburg Passover Play, dated about 1360; at the Hague was given, in 1400, *Our Lord's Resurrection;* at Arnheim, in 1452, *Our Lady the Virgin;* at Delft, in 1498, *The Three Kings.* The last Dutch Miracle play of which there is any mention was composed by one Smeken at Breda, and was produced on St. John's day of 1500. It was printed in 1867, and was entitled the *Mystery of the Holy Sacrament;* for in Holland, as in England, Mystery plays and Miracle plays were used as convertible terms.

As in other countries where the Religious drama found a home, farces were acted side by side with theo-

logical subjects, but these curious performances, or rather admixture of performances, were given outside the churches and by companies composed, in part at least, of laymen. "Abelespelen" they were called, or Gotternieën, and rude as they were, in them may be traced the germs of that genius for broad comedy which afterward found expression in the plays of Brederôo and Bilderdijk and in the graphic art of the famous Dutch school of painters.

Out of these theatrical companies were developed the so-called "Chambers of Rhetoric," in which were concentrated the chief literary movements of the Netherlands during the fifteenth and a portion of the sixteenth century. Such institutions existed at least as early as 1400, though under another name; for the poets of Holland were not slow to discover the value of guilds even in the literary craft. In tone they were somewhat democratic, or rather middle-class—if one may use the term. Essentially mediæval in character, even when altered somewhat in form by the great movements known as the Renaissance and the Reformation, they were always strongly opposed to aristocratic ideas and not only in the larger cities but in almost every town their influence was felt. At their landjuweelen, or tournaments of rhetoric, rich prizes were contended for, and it was on these occasions that the members of the various chambers strove to distinguish themselves. Thus the Book at Brussels—as its chamber was called—sent three hundred and forty members, all on horseback and arrayed in crimson mantles, to the great tournament held at Antwerp in 1561, to which

that city contributed a ton of gold, that was shared among nearly two thousand competitors. Many of the members composed dramatic pieces; but as these were essentially didactic in cast, they were not greatly in favor. Many of the religious plays came from these chambers, and many also of the farces which enlivened these serious entertainments, the materials for which were extremely coarse, consisting largely of rough jokes at the expense of erring priests and foolish husbands, of old dotards and their wives, whose lapses from virtue were a favorite theme.

Omitting further mention of the Religious drama, let us pass to the time when, in an Amsterdam salon, the beautiful daughters of Roemer Visscher formed around their father and themselves the new school that began to take form early in the seventeenth century. The republic of the United Provinces, with Amsterdam at its head, had suddenly risen to the first rank among the nations of Europe, and it was under the influence of new emotion and brilliant ambition that the country no less suddenly asserted itself in a great school of painting and poetry. The intellect of the entire Low Countries was concentrated in Holland and Zealand, while the six great universities, Leyden, Groningen, Utrecht, Amsterdam, Harderwijk and Franeker, were enriched by a flock of learned exiles from Flanders and Brabant. It had occurred, however, to Roemer Visscher only that the path of literary honor lay, not along the utilitarian road, but in the study of beauty and antiquity. In this he was aided by the school of ripe and enthusiastic scholars who began to flourish at Leyden,

such as Drusius, Vossius and Hugo Grotius, who themselves wrote little in Dutch, but who chastened the style of the rising generation by insisting on a pure and liberal Latinity, Grotius writing in Latin the drama of *Adamus Exul.* Out of that generation rose the greatest names in the literature of Holland—Vondel, Hooft, Cats, Huygens—in whose hands the language, so long left barbarous and neglected, took at once its highest finish and melody. By the side of this serious and æsthetic growth there is to be noticed a quickening of the broad and farcial humor which has been characteristic of the Dutch nation from its commencement. For fifty years, and these the most glorious in the annals of Holland, these two streams of influence, one toward beauty and melody, the other toward lively comedy, ran side by side, often in the same channel, and producing a rich harvest of great works. It was in the house of the daughters of Roemer Visscher that the tragedies of Vondel and the comedies of Brederôo, the farces of Coster and the odes of Huygens, alike found their first admirers and their best critics.

Of the famous daughters of Roemer, two cultivated literature with marked success. Anna was the author of a descriptive and didactic poem, *The Glory of the Aemstel*, and of various miscellaneous writings; Tesselschade wrote some lyrics which place her at the head of the female poets of Holland, and she translated the great poem of Tasso. They were women of universal accomplishments, graceful manners and singular beauty; and their company attracted to the house of Roemer Visscher all the most gifted youths of the time, several

of whom were suitors, but in vain, for the hand of Anna or of Tesselschade.

Hooft.

Of this Amsterdam school, the first to emerge into public notice was Pieter Cornelissen Hooft. He belonged to a patrician family, and became a member at a very early age of the chamber of the Eglantine. When he was only eighteen he produced, before this body, his tragedy of *Achilles and Polyxena*, which displayed a precocious ease in the use of rhetorical artifices of style. His intellectual character, however, was formed by a journey into Italy, where he steeped himself for three years in the best Italian literature, both prose and verse. He returned to Holland in 1601, with his head full of schemes for the creation of a Dutch school of belles-lettres. Four years later he produced his pastoral drama of *Granada*, in which he proved himself a pupil of Guarini. During the remainder of his life he devoted himself chiefly to history and tragedy. In the latter field he produced *Baeto* and *Geraad van Velsen;* in the former his master-work was the *History of Holland.*

Brederôo.

Very different from the long and prosperous career of Hooft was the brief, painful life of the greatest cōmic dramatist that Holland has produced, Gerbrand Adriaanssen Brederôo, the son of an Amsterdam shoemaker. His life was embittered by a hopeless love for Tesselschade Visscher, to whom he dedicated his

dramas, and whose beauty he celebrated in a whole cycle of love songs. He commenced by dramatizing the romance of *Roderick and Alphonsus* in 1611, and *Griane* in 1612, but in the latter year he struck out a new and more characteristic path in his *Farce of the Cow*. From this time until his death he continued to pour out comedies, farces and romantic dramas, in all of which he displayed a coarse, rough genius not unlike that of Ben Jonson, whose immediate contemporary he was. His last and best piece was *Jerolimo, the Spanish Brabanter*, a satire upon the exiles from the South who filled the halls of the Amsterdam chambers of rhetoric with their pompous speeches and preposterous Burgundian phraseology. Brederôo was closely allied in genius to the dramatists of the Shakesperean age, but he founded no school, and stands almost as a solitary figure in the literature of Holland.

Vondel.

The greatest of all Dutch dramatists, Joost van der Vondel, was born at Cologne on the 17th of November, 1587. In 1612 he brought out his first work, *Het Pascha*, a tragedy or tragi-comedy on the exodus of the children of Israel, written, like all his succeeding dramas, on the recognized Dutch plan, in alexandrines, in five acts, and with choral interludes between the acts. There is comparatively little promise in *Het Pascha*. Dramatically it was much inferior to the plays then being produced by Brederôo, and metrically to the clear and eloquent tragedies and pastorals of Hooft; but it

secured the young poet a hearing. Yet for a number of years he made no attempt to emphasize the impression he had made on the public, but contented himself during the period which is the most fertile in a poet's life, with translating and imitating portions of Du Bartas' popular epic. Then he published what seemed an innocent study from the antique, his tragedy of *Palamedes, or Murdered Innocence.* All Amsterdam discovered, with suppressed delight, that under the name of the hero was thinly concealed the figure of Barneveldt, whose execution in 1618 had been a triumph of the hated Calvinists. Thus, at the age of forty-one, the obscure Vondel became in a week the most famous writer in Holland.

For the next twelve years, and till the accession of Prince Frederick Hendrick, Vondel had to maintain a hand-to-hand combat with the "Saints of Dort." This was the period of his most resolute and stinging satires; Cats took up the cudgels in behalf of the counter-Remonstrants, and there raged a war of pamphlets in verse. A purely fortuitous circumstance led to the next great triumph in Vondel's slowly developing career. The Dutch Academy, founded in 1617, almost wholly as a dramatic guild, had become so inadequately provided with stage accommodation that in 1637, having coalesced with the two chambers of the Eglantine and the White Lavender, it ventured on the erection of a large public theatre, the first in Amsterdam. Vondel, as the greatest poet of the day, was invited to write a piece for the first night, which was New Year's eve, and the house opened with the performance of a new

tragedy from early Dutch history, the famous *Gysbreght van Aemstel.* Though not the best, this was by far the most popular of Vondel's plays, and on every succeeding New Year's eve, for a period of 265 years, has been presented on the stage of the Amsterdam theatre. The next ten years were rich in dramatic work from Vondel's hand; he supplied the theatre with heroic Scriptural pieces, of which the general reader will obtain the best idea if we point to the *Athalie* of Racine. In 1654, having already attained an age at which poetical production is usually discontinued by the most energetic of poets, he brought out the most exalted and sublime of all his works, the tragedy of *Lucifer.*

Very late in life, through no fault of his own, financial ruin fell on the aged poet, and, from his seventieth to his eightieth year, this venerable and illustrous writer, the main literary glory of Holland, was forced to earn his bread as a common clerk in a bank, miserably paid, and accused of wasting his master's time by the writing of verses.

The city released him at last from his bondage by a pension, and the wonderful old man went on writing odes and tragedies almost to his ninetieth year. He died at last in 1679, of no disease, but simply from the effects of age, having outlived all his contemporaries and almost all his friends, but calm, sane and good-humored to the last, serenely conscious of the legacy he left to a not over-grateful country. Vondel is the typical example of Dutch intelligence and imagination at their highest development. Not merely is he to

Holland all that Camoens is to Portugal and Mickiewicz to Poland, but he stands on a level with these men in the positive value of his writings. By his countrymen he has been called the Dutch Shakespeare, and though in genius he is nearer akin to Milton, the term is not misapplied.

Vondel's Successors.

Vondel had no successor worthy of the great master. The older form of Dutch tragedy, in which the chorus still appeared, was exchanged for a close imitation of French models, especially Corneille and Racine; nor was the attempt to create a national comedy successful. Thus no national Dutch drama was permanently called into life, and of the authors and works that remain to be mentioned few details need here be given. Jan Vos was the foremost of Vondel's pupils, writing at least two successful tragedies, *Aaron and Titus* and *Medea*. Geeracrdt Brandt, though a tragic dramatist, is better known as a biographer, his lives of Vondel and De Ruyter ranking among the masterpieces of Dutch prose. Vander Goes was also a skillful imitator of Vondel's, writing Chinese tragedies which found little favor, but still remembered for his *Ijstroom*, a poem in praise of Amsterdam, and of considerable force and fancy. Joachim Oudaen wrote in youth two promising tragedies, *Johanna Gray* and *Konradyon*.

The drama had now fallen into the hands of the French and of the Romantic school, even the disciples of Vondel being infected with such influences. Lodewijk Meijer translated Corneille, and brought out his

plays on the stage at Amsterdam, where he was manager of the national theatre. In connection with Pels, author of *Dido's Death*, he also established a dramatic club, the object of which was to encourage French tastes among the people. Pels also came forward as a satirist and as a censor of letters and of the drama, his works including one on the *Use and Misuse of the Stage*. A voluminous comic writer of this period was **Willam** van Focquenbroch. Thomas Asselijn attempted to follow the national tradition of Brederôo, as also did Jan Starter, who worked beside him for two years, and afterward founded a literary guild in Friesland. The former created, as a characteristic Dutch type, the comic lover, Jan Klaaszen, whom he presented on the stage in a series of ridiculous situations. Abraham Alewijn, whose plays were produced in Batavia, possessed a coarse vein of comic humor, as also did Pieter Langendijk, with whom expire the traditions of native comedy.

In what is known as the Augustan era of Dutch poetry, a dull, blank period, with few names worthy of note, the drama was best represented by Lucretia Wilhelmina, wife of Nicholaas Simon van Winter.

Bilderdijk.

Toward the close of the eighteenth century, the Romantic movement in Germany made itself widely felt. Among its apostles was Rhijnois Feith, burgomaster of Zwolle, the very type of a prosperous and sentimental Dutchman. He produced a number of tragedies; but

his most popular works were the romance of *Julia*, in imitation of *Werther*, and the poem of *The Grave*. He outlived his popularity; for he was sharply ridiculed, as were others of the sentimental school, especially in the romances of Wacker van Zon. But the most formidable opponent of this school, and the creator of a new epoch in letters, was Willem Bilderdijk, a man who, by his force of character rather than by his genius, impressed his personality on his countrymen so indelibly that his fame remained unbroken almost to the present day. He began as a disciple of Jacob Cats, though his writings never show the dullness and monotony of the founder of the Middleburg school. In poetry his tastes were strictly national and didactic, and he could never tolerate what he called "the puerilities of Shakespeare." In his epic of *Elias*, written at the age of thirty, he showed himself superior to all the Dutch poets since Huygens in mastery of style; and this was probably his masterpiece; for *The Destruction of the First World*, which he designed as such, was never finished, and appeared only as a fragment. He lived a busy and eventful life and wrote vast quantities of verse, which to foreign readers, at least, are far from inviting. As Ten Brink has well remarked, "his admirable erudition, his power over language, more extended and colossal than that of any of his predecessors, enabled him to write pithy and thoroughly original verses, although the tone of his thought and expression never rose above the ceremonious, stagy and theatrical character of the eighteenth century." But, in spite of his faults, and partly because of his faults, which marked a national failing,

Bilderdijk remained the idol of his countrymen until a sounder spirit of criticism consigned him to his proper sphere. A poet with more truth to nature, more sweetness of imagination, and a more genuine gift of poetry, was Adrianus Bogaers, who gradually assumed the position in literature formerly occupied by Bilderdijk.

Since 1830 Holland has taken a more prominent position in European thought. Especially in scientific and religious writings her men of letters have shown themselves cognizant of the newest shades of opinion, and have freely vented their ideas. The language has resisted the pressure of German from without, and from within has broken through its long stagnation, and enriched itself, as a medium for literary expression, with a multitude of fresh and colloquial forms. Meanwhile, if no really great genius had arisen in dramatic or other branches of literature, there is much that is far above mediocrity, and though Holland may never produce another Vondel, any more than England will produce another Milton, the future is bright in promise.

DAGOBERT, KING OF THE FRANKS.

A TRAGEDY

BY

JOSEPH MARIUS BABO

(Translated by Benjamin Thompson.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DAGOBERT, lawful King of the Franks.

CHILDEBERT, Usurper of his Throne.

GRIMBALD, Father of Childebert, and Prime Minister of the Kingdom.

CLOVIS, a Knight related to Dagobert.

GOMAR,
BRUNO,
RAGOND,
OSMAR,
CLODOMIR,
} *Knights.*

OFFICER.

HERALD.

ADELGUNDA, Wife of Dagobert.

ADA, Daughter of Dagobert and Adelgunda

Knights—Soldiers—Populace, etc.

ARGUMENT.

Dagobert, lawful king of the Franks, has been banished by Grimbald, the prime minister, to some desert spot in Ireland, and escaping thence, returns in guise of a beggar, to find his throne usurped by Childebert, who is about to marry his wife, Adelgunda. Dagobert demands an audience of her, pretending to be a soothsayer, and denounces her infidelity; but finally discovers himself and embraces her as his wife. He assassinates Clodomir, who has been listening to the scene, and for this is committed to a dungeon, where he is visited by his wife and his daughter Ada, while Childebert stands guard over them. But Adelgunda calls together the followers of Dagobert, who defeat the supporters of Childebert and his father, Grimbald. Adelgunda is killed by one of Grimbald's minions, and Dagobert is recrowned, but abdicates in favor of Childebert, whom, however, he promises to aid with his counsels, doing all for the good of the people. Thus, after many adventures, many "hair-breadth 'scapes" and a liberal admixture of blood-curdling sensationalism, the tragedy ends to the satisfaction of all concerned.

ACT I.

SCENE.—A square, in which a great multitude is assembled. Dagobert, in the mean habit of a Pilgrim, is sitting upon a step at the entrance of a house.

Dagobert, surveying the multitude.

Dagobert.—How wonderful! Not a single eye is turned toward me.—Were I a trumpeter of some silly exhibition, instead of a poor man, thousands would look at me.—I know not one person in this crowd, and yet there are doubtless many, whom I formerly knew.—Can an interval of ten years make so great an alteration in the features?—How little, then, must I resemble King Dagobert, since distress and anguish have been my daily companions.—Alas! Must they be my companions in future, too?

Trumpets announce a Herald's approach. The crowd turns to the quarter from which the sound is heard.—Enter a Herald, accompanied by soldiers, of whom one bears the royal banner.

Herald.—Childebert the Second, King of the Franks, announces to his people that he will this day solemnize his marriage with the royal widow, Adelgunda. Be the day a day of joy! Long live the royal pair!

Some of the people.—Long live King Childebert and Queen Adelgunda! (The Herald proceeds to another street—the crowd follows.)

Dag.—Damned be the worthless pair!

Gomar, a Knight.—(Approaches from the retiring crowd, and surveys Dagobert.) Dost thou not rejoice at thy monarch's nuptials?

Dag.—I am a foreigner.

Gom.—Whence art thou come?

Dag.—From Rome.—I have been a miserable sinner, and for the sake of gain once entered into the service of the Saxon heathens. With them I burnt and plundered many a cloister

—many a church—till Heaven at length taught me to repent. I journeyed to Ireland, in hopes that the pious bishop Wilfried would grant me absolution, but he sent me to Rome. I promised to deliver his greeting to some knights here, and for that purpose travel through this country on my return to Ireland.

Gom.—To Ireland, sayst thou?

Dag.—Yes.

Gom.—To whom dost thou bring greeting, from the pious bishop Wilfried?

Dag.—To Clovis and one Gomar.

Gom.—Dost thou know him?

Dag.—I know the former. He gave me a friendly welcome last night when I arrived. The other has only resided here five years—him I do not know.

Gom.—I am he.

Dag.—You!

Gom.—Yes. I am Gomar.

Dag.—That is possible. If it be true, expect me here.—I shall soon return.

Gom.—Hold! Answer me a question. If thou dost answer it according to my wish, my house and home shall be thine, and thou shalt want no comfort in thy declining years. (Looks suspiciously round.) Didst thou ever hear that some time ago a monarch sat upon this throne, called Dagobert?

Dag.—Undoubtedly, but—peace be to his soul—it must now be ten years since he died.

Gom.—Didst thou hear nothing more of him in Ireland?

Dag.—As I tell you, I heard that Dagobert was his name, and——

Gom.—Not that he was alive?

Dag.—How! Alive!

Gom.—It is said that he lives with the pious Wilfried.

Dag.—Indeed! (Aside.) Were this Gomar—but I dare not——

Gom.—What mutterest thou respecting Gomar?

Dag.—I wish much to see him, that I may be enabled to proceed on my journey.

Gom.—By heavens thou art the first who ever dared to doubt my name.

Dag.—Pardon me, noble knight. I was not formerly suspicious, but many circumstances which I have witnessed during my pilgrimage have made me so. It is said, too, that many villainous transactions have taken place at this court. Be not incensed at the freedom of my speech. If we knew each other, I might address you in a very different manner.

Gom.—Thou art a strange man.

Dag.—Strange, indeed, in this ragged mantle.

Gom.—Come with me to my house. I will give thee a hearty welcome.

Dag.—I thank you, knight, but my way lies through that street. Farewell.

Gom.—Stay. There comes Clovis. Thou wilt now hear who I am. (Dagobert retires.)

Enter Clovis.

Clovis.—Oh, Gomar, have I at last found you? Instantly accompany me. I will with a single word breathe fire into your every vein. (Whispers in his ear.)

Gom.—God of Heaven! Arrived!—Peace, friend.—We are not alone. (Points to Dagobert.)

Dag.—Clovis, knowst thou thy guest?

Clo.—Heavens! 'Tis he himself—my monarch.—How dare you—at such a time—in such a place——

Dag.—Be at ease. Who will think of seeking the deceased Dagobert in this mean habit? Even the perfidy of my people, who could so soon forget me, is the security against all dangers. Who will interest himself about a beggar?—Even now, a herald was here, proclaiming the adulterous union. Oh, Clovis, his words appalled my soul like the curse of the Almighty.

Gom.—(Who has been lost in astonishment, throws himself at Dagobert's feet.) Blest be the hour at which I am again

allowed to see my king. Behold a faithful subject at your feet. In this bosom beats the heart of an honest Frank. Think not you are forgotten. Time and deception have clouded the recollection of you in the minds of your people; but in every heart is lodged the thought that Dagobert is the last branch of the royal family. This thought will excite every one to noble deeds.—Let us rouse the latent spark.

Dag.—That will we, by the Almighty. Rise, Frank, and come into the arms of a Frank. (Embraces him.) And now, friends, what think you of Adelgunda?—The faithless wretch!

Clo.—Tyranny and the artifice of Grimbald have compelled her to take this step. Often have I heard her bewail your death with floods of tears. Oh, if she knew you were alive——

Dag.—To you, my friends, as well as to her, my fate was unknown. You were ignorant how I fell into the traitor's snare, how my subjects were deceived as to my death, and how vilely I was treated. You knew not that I was dragged by hired slaves into the remote deserts of Ireland, where I was doomed to undergo misery and want. No. You thought me dead, yet still remained faithful to your sovereign and justice. But she—— To-day we shall see whether virtue, or a shameful attachment to Childebert and regal pomp, will guide her actions. Friends, I fear my wife is lost—for a faithful wife would sooner throw herself into the arms of death than the arms of an usurper.—To-day I must see her—to-day I must be convinced.

Clo.—Yet hazard not too much.

Dag.—He who has lost everything but life can hazard nothing—for death is a blessing to him.

Gom.—But he who has friends has not lost everything.

Dag.—(Buried in reflection.) Are a king's friends real friends?

Clo.—How!

Gom.—(Displeased.) I love the man who deserves it, whether he be king or slave.

Dag.—(Still in deep meditation.) Yes—see her I must—her and my Ada—this very day. Oh, if it be true, the tortures of the damned are ecstasy compared to mine.

Clo.—My liege!

Dag.—Do you know me?

Gom.—You are our king. We acknowledge no other.

Dag.—Do not fancy that my senses are bewildered. No, my friends. I meant to ask whether you knew me in this habit.—Clovis, when I last night came to your house, you did not know me—nor did you, Gomar, recognize me to-day. You thought me a poor foreign pilgrim.—'Tis well.—No one will discover who I am. Go home, or elsewhere, as your concerns may direct—but lay not your swords aside, nor sleep, for you might be suddenly awoke. In an hour go to the palace.—See, see! Some one comes hastily this way.

Gom.—It is Clodomir.—Conceal yourself.

Clo.—He has not perceived me. Withdraw with me.

Dag.—I shall remain here.

Gom.—Then you are lost. He is Grimbald's slave.

Dag.—He cannot know me.

Clo.—But he knows us to be disaffected men, as he terms it, and enemies to his master. The villain will become suspicious. Go, if you please. I will remain. (Both appear anxious and distressed.)

Enter Clodomir, a Knight.

Clodomir.—Well knights, why thus solitary?—Come to the nuptial banquet at the palace. (To Dagobert.) Who art thou?

Dag.—A poor man, whom Heaven has allowed to penetrate into the secret mysteries of futurity.

Clod.—A soothsayer—a sort of prophet, I suppose?

Dag.—True—but not one of those who are usually met with. My art has been acknowledged and admired in many countries.

Clod.—Then you have been telling these knights a few truths, I suppose—and very unpleasant truths they must be, if I may judge by their looks.—You, Mr. Soothsayer, come with me to the palace. I'll make your fortune—but you must banish all serious matter, and prophesy nothing but happiness. Come. (To Clovis and Gomar.) Will you go with us?

Clo.—Clodomir, I shall not part with this stranger. I received him into my house, and hospitality demands that he should remain there.

Clod.—Is he not safe in the palace?

Clo.—He will be ridiculed.

Clod.—(To Dagobert.) May we not joke with thee?

Dag.—I am seriously inclined, but will accompany you. I may, perhaps, to-day afford some amusement to the courtiers.

Clod.—There thou art right. Let the stars say what they will—but be merry, be merry—for no one wishes to be told that he will be sick to-morrow, or murdered the next day. If I were in thy place, I would prophesy that every one should have what he liked. Dost thou understand me? But no. This requires penetration—and that is more than a black beard and tattered cloak. It requires a keen look like mine into the human heart.—But I am wasting time—though I am very fond of talking on subjects where skill and address are necessary. I feel at home on these subjects, as every one in the palace will tell you. Go thither with me.—Clovis, I will be answerable for his safety.

Clo.—That will I myself.—Come with me. (Takes Dagobert's hand and attempts to lead him away.)

Clod.—Clovis, you are too forward.

Clo.—Clovis can never be too forward, when addressing Clodomir.

Dag.—Contend not, knights, respecting me. Noble Clovis, I thank you for your hospitality. (To Clodomir.) Come, lead me to the palace.

Clod.—For ten years, Clovis, I have warned you to speak more temperately—yet you cannot. (Exit with Dagobert. Clovis attempts to follow, but is detained by Gomar.)

Gom.—Did you observe with what eagerness he availed himself of an apology for being admitted into the palace? His eye seemed to prognosticate some mighty deed. It beamed with lustre indescribable.

Clo.—Gomar, he shall mount the throne of his ancestors, if my body be the first step to it. Heaven knows that my intentions are pure, and that royal favor is not my object.

But shall Franks be any longer ruled with a rod of iron? Oh, Gomar, posterity will not believe that a man of spirit existed among us.

Gom.—Come, Clovis. Let us announce to our friends the banished king's return.

Clo.—Right—then observe his every step in the palace—defend him—and die for him.

Gom.—Or protect him, and live for Ada.

Clo.—Gomar, what mean you?

Gom.—Do you no longer love her?

Clo.—Friend, the question is a dagger to my heart.—Oh, Ada, Ada, thou art lost to me.

Gom.—Lost! when you appear to have reached the goal of your wishes?

Clo.—Lost, lost forever.

Gom.—Can Dagobert refuse to grant his friend and protector——

Clo.—End not the question. Would not the world say that Clovis was interested in the restoration of Dagobert? No. Never shall private advantage influence me. What I do for Dagobert my conscience and my honor command me to do for my king.—No one can bestow upon me the hand of Ada but Ada herself. Clovis cannot be a hireling and accept a recompense for his actions.—But enough. Let us be gone.—Our monarch's situation demands our instant attendance. (Exeunt.)

ACT II.

SCENE.—An apartment in the palace.

Enter Grimbald and Childebert.

Grimbald.—My son, I have, during ten years, looked forward to this day with fearful anxiety. Restless have been my nights—joyless my days.—Even the splendor of your crown did not gratify my sight, because it was not firmly fixed upon your brow. Every discontented look filled my mind with alarm. I trembled when I thought of Dagobert, for well I

know he has friends in the kingdom. Cursed be Clodomir, for having persuaded me to spare his life.—But the hours of alarm are past. To-day joy returns to my bosom, for your union with Adelgunda secures to our race the succession to the throne.—My son, your gloomy look disappoints my expectation.

Childebert.—Oh, my father! joy comes not always when wished for. How if our good fortune were eventually to prove the reverse?

Gri.—Think not thus—(Mildly)—my king!

Chi.—Of what avail is it that I am a king, while an imperious tyrant governs me.

Gri.—(In a threatening tone.) Son!

Chi.—I was speaking of my heart.

Gri.—Oh that I had not implanted royal notions in your mind! You disgrace a diadem. I am the prop of your greatness, and my counsel supports you on the throne to which my exertions raised you. Without me you would be—but no more of this.—Go, visit Adelgunda, and beg her to fix an hour for the solemnization of your nuptials.

Chi.—Allow me a few moments—let me reflect——

Gri.—Reflect! This conduct is absurd.

Chi.—Absurd, indeed, to be dazzled by the splendor of a crown, and barter my peace of mind for regal pomp.—Be not angry, my father. Allow me for a moment to be really a king and to speak frankly. You told me that I should find happiness on the throne, whereas care has been my constant companion. I am the slave of a whole nation, and my smallest error is censured with severity by thousands. The world requires much of him, who steps forward from millions, and ventures on the government of millions.

Gri.—Be you the king, and let the government rest with me.

Chi.—And shall I for that title sacrifice my peace of mind —nay, even be deprived of what most dignifies a king—the power of doing good?

Gri.—Who deprives you of this?

Chi.—In fact, the power itself; for the oppressed sufferer is so far removed from the throne that his complaints cannot reach the monarch's ear.

Gri.—The meanest slave could not harbor notions more degraded. I have raised you so high that your shallow brain rocks. Fool that I was!

Enter Clodomir.

Clodomir.—A trifling circumstance may be productive of essential benefit.

Gri.—Why this remark?

Clod.—You shall hear. It is evident how difficult it is to persuade the queen that her union with King Childebert is proper. You know how she weeps, and talks of her dear Dagobert.

Chi.—Is this all you have to say?

Clod.—By no means, for what I have said is merely a prelude to what you shall now hear. I have remarked that all women have one weakness, and that is a sort of nervous susceptibility. An occurrence to which a man would pay no attention has often great effect upon a female mind.—I see you are impatient. I now come to the point. About an hour ago, as I was coming toward the palace, I met with a soothsayer, whom I have brought with me—a learned man, I assure you. He told me every circumstance that had happened to me since I lived at court.—How if you were to introduce this man to the queen, and make him the vehicle of your wishes?

Gri.—Right, Clodomir.—He must say that this union is the decree of Heaven.

Clod.—Such was my idea.

Gri.—That the welfare of the kingdom, as well as her own, demands it.

Clod.—Certainly.

Chi.—What a paltry artifice!

Gri.—Thanks, Clodomir! Adelgunda's sorrow, whether real or assumed, will be thereby moderated. You must give the man proper instructions.

Clod.—To make the matter more probable, some other person must consult this man in the presence of the queen. For instance, you, Grimbald. Consult him respecting yourself——

Gri.—I—no—no—I don't wish that.—King Childebert will you not go to Adelgunda?

Chi.—Of course, I must. (Exit.)

Gri.—Hear me, Clodomir. I am by no means satisfied with my son's conduct. His mind is not superior to common prejudices. His heart is soft as wax.—A deed which he condemns as infamous appears to him, when exhibited in another light, worthy of imitation. Paint the phantom, which he calls Virtue, in gloomy colors, and he will fly from it as if it were Vice. His affection for me has restrained him from many a silly action.

Clod.—Very good qualities for a king, who is under your direction.

Gri.—Clodomir, ask this soothsayer—but you must not suppose I pay any regard to such things, for that would be ridiculous—yet—perhaps—ask him if Dagobert be dead.—I must own this idea now and then—Clodomir, you were the cause of my sparing his life.

Clod.—I own it, and am sorry for it. I was then weak, and a foolish sensation of pity had a place in my bosom.—But be at ease. Distance, and your firmly-seated power make it of little consequence whether he be dead or not.—What were you about to say of your son?

Gri.—I fear that when Adelgunda becomes acquainted with his weaknesses——

Clod.—At all events, then, my advice, if at one time bad, was at another good.—Did I not advise you to place the crown on your own head?

Gri.—True. I ought to have done so.

Clod.—And is it now too late?

Gri.—Had I a younger son, he should be a godlike king. I would instill into his mind my firm and lofty sentiments.

Clod.—And Childebert?

Gri.—Childebert!—How can Clodomir ask such a question? Clodomir should be the first to answer it, were the case at hand.

Clod.—I only wished to see whether you had arrived so far in state-policy that even your own son——

Gri.—Peace!—Go and instruct the soothsayer.

Clod.—Another word. You know my attachment to you, Grimbald.—I have just had a dispute with Clovis respecting this soothsayer, in the course of which he called me the cowardly slave of an infamous usurper.

Gri.—Ha! That was aimed at me, and I will aim a deadly blow at him in return.—Cursed be the love of the people—cursed be his hypocritical and calm demeanor, which counteracts all my attempts to destroy him. But the vengeance of Grimbald awaits him—he shall not escape it.

Clod.—Shall I do what you desired?

Gri.—Yes. (Exit Clodomir.) He shall not escape it, if even hell itself protect him.—Not one friend or relation of Dagobert will I spare. The sight of any one of them is torture to me.—How cheerful and delighted was I, when this morning dawned—yet now my mind is again oppressed.—But why?—What do I fear?—Damnation! I'll find repose even if I purchase it with streams of blood. (Exit.)

SCENE.—The queen's ante-chamber.

Enter Dagobert, conducted by Clodomir.

Dagobert.—Are these the queen's apartments?

Clodomir.—They are. The king is with her.

Dag.—Ha!—Childebert with her!

Clod.—How can that concern thee?—Now hear what it is necessary thou shouldst know. Thou hast, without doubt, been told that Childebert is about to marry Adelgunda.

Dag.—Happy may they be! They are worthy of each other.

Clod.—Adelgunda is, nevertheless, sad, and incessantly laments the loss of her husband. For ten years have we urged every real and specious argument in favor of this union, but in vain. Yesterday we at length prevailed upon her to

alter her resolution, though it is evident she does it more from despair than inclination. Thou shalt tell her that this alliance is decreed by Heaven—that the welfare of the state requires it, and so forth.—Thou knowest the influence which the declaration of a soothsayer has upon the mind of woman. Shouldst thou succeed so far as to allay her scruples and remove her sorrow, thou wilt have cause to recollect a monarch's gratitude throughout thy life.

Dag.—It will not be difficult to dry her tears.

Clod.—Think'st thou her sorrow is feigned?

Dag.—Were it real, she never would have consented to become the wife of Childebert.

Clod.—So thought I. Where is the woman, who, after a lapse of ten years, needs consolation for the loss of her husband?

Dag.—True.

Clod.—And such a handsome monarch as Childebert might console many a one before the death of her husband.

Dag.—Ha! Ha!—You are wise, I perceive.

Clod.—And she had been married to Dagobert seven years when he died.

Dag.—Died!

Clod.—(Starts.) How! What mean'st thou?

Dag.—(Aside.) I shall betray myself.

Clod.—Is he, then, not dead?

Dag.—Assuredly he is.—Pardon me.—I am always alarmed when I hear of death. I was many years absent from my native home. I was thought to be dead. My parental inheritance was seized by others, and, on my return, several people thought me a spectre, and died through alarm.

Clod.—Man, there is something so dreadful in thy look——

Dag.—You mock a poor pilgrim.

Clod.—Thou art not a common soothsayer. Canst thou predict my future destiny?

Dag.—The book of Fate is open to me.—Of thee nothing is written but "He was the confidential adviser of Grimbald, and therefore the abettor of his deeds."

Clod.—(Aside.) He almost alarms me.—Canst thou not interpret this?

Dag.—No. It is the will of the Almighty that Dagobert shall do the rest. Were I to interpret the words of fate, I must write them with thy heart's blood.

Clod.—(Aside.) This man must be disposed of.—Hear me.—The queen will soon be here. Come with me and station thyself at the door, till I send Bruno, who will introduce thee to her. Thou hast not forgotten my instructions?

Dag.—Forgetfulness is not one of my faults. I will do everything in my power.

Clod.—Come, then. (Exeunt.)

Enter Adelgunda and Ada.

Adelgunda.—Alas, my poor girl, the misfortunes of your mother destroy the pleasures which life would otherwise afford you. But try to be more cheerful. Look calmly into futurity, for you are free from my hard lot. Fate does not unite you to a man whom you abhor. Willingly, my Ada, would I have concealed my sorrows in my own bosom, but the time is arrived when I must disclose them to you.—While your noble father Dagobert was living, Grimbald already fixed his hopes upon the crown. My husband was young, and was too easily misled by Grimbald, whose counsel often caused rebellion. Old Clovis was your father's guardian angel. Often did he describe the treacherous conduct of the minister, but in vain. The villain had too firmly ingratiated himself, and when old Clovis fell in battle, he smiled with satisfaction, for he knew Grimbald had now no opponent—Dagobert no friend. All who were honest were dismissed from court, and fawning sycophants supplied their places.—When you were about six years of age, Dagobert permitted me to take you with me on a visit to my father.—Scarcely had we passed one day with him, ere a messenger announced to me my husband's death. We instantly returned, and found Childebert on the throne. Oh, my Ada, a dreadful suspicion took root in my soul. Every night my sleep was disturbed by horrid dreams, and the pale form of Dagobert appeared to me, claiming revenge on Grimbald and Childebert.

Ada.—Revenge?

Adel.—Oh, Ada, you are not yet acquainted with the villainy of which mankind is capable.—Young Clovis was the last male branch of Dagobert's race. His claims to the crown were indisputable, yet Childebert still wears it. Clovis is hated and persecuted, and nothing but the love of a whole nation preserves his life.—And now, Ada, the usurper marries me, that I may protect him from your father's friends—from justice—from myself.

Ada.—Will you bestow your hand for such a purpose?

Adel.—My hand is all he requires—he shall have it, and then—but you are too young to comprehend the lofty project. Ada, thee will I behold upon the throne, and Clovis at thy side. The duty which I owe to the nation and to the blood of Dagobert compels me to take this step.—Clovis is a man of magnanimity and honor. He is worthy of my daughter and the crown.

Ada.—Oh, my mother! you shall not sacrifice your happiness to promote mine.

Adel.—Shall Grimbald's house rule over Franks? Shall Dagobert's descendants obey?—Who comes there!

Enter Bruno.

Bruno.—A man of most singular appearance requests an audience of your majesty.

Adel.—What does he want?

Bru.—I found him at the door, and, as far as I could judge, he was in conversation with himself; soon as he espied me, he requested I would introduce him to your majesty.

Adel.—Conduct him hither.

Ada.—I dare say it is the stranger who came to the palace a few hours since. He is a soothsayer.

Adel.—We will hear what he has to say.

Bruno introduces Dagobert, who enters slowly and with his face half concealed.

Dagobert.—Heaven bless you, gracious queen—and you fair princess!

Ada.—How dreadful is the sound of his voice! Let him not proceed, dear mother.

Adel.—Of what are you afraid? Be at ease.—You are a soothsayer, I understand.

Dag.—I am. (Aside.) The sight of her almost overpowers me. (Aloud.) My art has been acknowledged in many lands.

Adel.—Do you know my future destiny?

Dag.—Most perfectly. Let this knight withdraw. (Adelgunda gives a hint to Bruno, who retires.) Shall I proceed?

Adel.—Do so.

Dag.—'Tis well. Then hear me.—Lovely are all the horrors of nature—lovely is the pestilence, which tears the hopeful youth from the arms of his old helpless father—lovely is death, when it overtakes the suckling on the cold bosom of its dead mother—lovely is the tempest which rages through the ocean and swallows thousands—lovely are all the horrors of nature when compared to the heart of a woman who has forsaken the path of virtue and nourishes a sinful passion.

Ada.—Oh! dearest mother, command him to be silent.

Adel.—His raving concerns not us.—I desired you would disclose to me my destiny. Do so if you can, and speak mildly.

Dag.—Require you mild and gentle terms of me?—No, wife of Dagobert, my words shall be thunderbolts to thy soul. Thou didst once wear the semblance of innocence—from thy lips proceeded the words of virtue—thou wert to thy Dagobert everything—he everything to thee.—Thou didst vow to him eternal fidelity and love—and now art about to disgrace his memory by giving thy hand to an usurper—to the usurper who robbed thee of thy husband!

Adel.—Hold!—Robbed me of my husband!

Dag.—(Aside.) Oh, I can refrain no longer. (Aloud.) Robbed thee of me, Adelgunda.

Adel.—You!

Dag.—Woman, this dagger can wound none but the guilty. If Adelgunda be innocent, let her approach.

Adel.—(Approaches him.) I am innocent.

Dag.—(Throws his hat away and opens his mantle.) Adelgunda!

Adel.—Gracious Heavens!—Oh! beloved shade, take me to thee.

Dag.—Dost thou still love me?

Adel.—Forever! Forever! (Sinks senseless into his arms.)

Clodomir rushes in.

Clodomir.—Wretch, I have heard all.

Dag.—Then hast thou heard too much. (Stabs him.) Report to hell who I am.

Clod.—Help!—Oh! (Reels a few steps, falls and expires. Adelgunda sinks into the arms of Ada, who conducts her to a couch and bathes her with tears.)

Dag.—(Kneels.) Just judge of all mankind, thou knowest how free my bosom was from every murderous intention. The love of my people, of my wife, and of my child, have urged me to it. Grant me thy forgiveness and guide me on the path to which thy Providence has led me.—Adelgunda, farewell—farewell, my Ada. Oh, I must press thee to my heart, should the traitors murder me in the act. What an hour of ecstasy and horror!—Give thy mother this kiss. I must fly. Farewell.

Ada.—Oh, if you be indeed my father, assist my mother.

Dag.—I am thy father—but pray to Heaven for aid. I must fly. (Exit.)

Adel.—(Slowly raises herself, espies him as he leaves the room, and starts back.) There! There!

Ada.—Oh, my mother, hear me.

Adel.—Ada!

Ada.—Your Ada is here.

Adel.—How horrible! how horrible!—Where am I?—Why does his shade pursue me with that threatening look?—He drew his dagger against me.

Ada.—Who, my mother, who?

Adel.—A dreadful dream oppressed me. I saw thy father—he wanted to murder me.

Ada.—Murder you! No, dear mother. He was kind toward you.

Adel.—Kind! Did you see him, too?

Ada.—Surely I did. I saw him on his knees, praying to Heaven——

Adel.—Praying!

Ada.—Yes, and then he pressed me close to his beating heart and gave me a kiss for you.

Adel.—And left me without saying farewell—me—his Adelgunda!

Ada.—He kissed you, and wept over you, as you lay senseless on the couch.—But see, mother! There lies Clodomir, whom he killed.

Adel.—Heavens! Who killed him?

Ada.—The man—my father.

Adel.—I was not deceived, then?—He lives—my Dagobert still lives. Protect him, guardian angels!—But will he not, must he not, fall a victim to the tyrant? (Espies Grimbald.) Oh, God!

Enter Grimbald and Bruno.

Grimbald.—You start at my approach, queen; what a weight of sorrow hangs upon your brow! Why thus waste in sighs and lamentations the best part of your life? Is there on earth anything which has been denied you? Is not every one eager to anticipate your wishes?

Bruno.—(Espying Clodomir.) What do I see?—Clodomir murdered!

Gri.—Murdered! Clodomir! My friend!—Who has been here? Haste, Bruno, try to discover the author of this bloody deed and bring him hither instantly.—Queen, this disordered look—pardon me, if my just indignation leads me too far—but on your gloomy brow I read—tell me, who murdered Clodomir?—You must know.

Adel.—'Twas I.

Gri.—You!—Know you the consequence?—Who gave you power over his life?—But how can I for a moment think the gentle Adelgunda capable of such a deed!—Queen, I once more beseech you to confess who is the murderer.

Adel.—He fell by the hand of his judge—who is thy judge, also. (Exeunt Adelgunda and Ada.)

Gri.—(Looking after her with an astonished mien.) How can I solve these mysterious words?—She was the murderer! —'Tis well. If it be true, she shall pay dearly for the loss which I sustain. (Turns to Clodomir.) Poor boy! Thou hadst raised thyself to my favor by a chain of crimes, and now—— I did not wish to part with thee so soon, for thou wert certainly an useful slave. First should thy hand have dispatched Clovis, then mine had sent thee after him. But another instrument of vengeance may be found.—Guards! Bear that body away.

Enter Bruno.

Bruno.—The murderer of Clodomir is in your power.

Gri.—You are mistaken. Adelgunda herself inflicted the deadly blow.

Bru.—She!—Impossible!—I have secured the assassin, and he will soon be here.

Gri.—Who is he?

Bru.—The soothsayer, whom Clodomir himself brought to the palace. I introduced him to the queen in this room by Clodomir's desire, and no one else had entered it. I found him with Clovis.

Gri.—With Clovis!

Bru.—Yes. I took some of the guards with me, who secured him. As soon as I accused him of the murder he and Clovis turned pale, and both forgetting themselves, exclaimed: "We are lost." Clovis then attempted to deny the fact, but I declared that the queen had accused the soothsayer.

Gri.—'Tis well. Did you secure Clovis, also?

Bru.—My orders did not extend so far.

Gri.—Is this the effect of my reliance on you? Was not treachery manifest? Is it not evident that the soothsayer is an assassin hired by Clovis—and that his dagger was directed against me—against the king? Bruno, as you value your life, let Clovis be secured.

Bru.—I hasten——

Gri.—Hold!—I have my reasons—you must bring Clovis hither by the most private way.—Now go. (Exit Bruno.) It is evident that he intended the blow for me, and that this viper, the queen, was privy to the plot.—Thanks be to hell for inspiring her with such an idea. Clodomir, thy death is of more service to me than was thy whole life. She shall not escape the lot my policy has fixed for her. To my son will I unite her—then may she weep till her sighs choke her. —And thou, Clovis!—We will see whether thou canst escape me.

Enter Dagobert, guarded.

Gri.—Ha! Art thou the murderer of Clodomir?

Dagobert.—Punishment sooner or later overtakes every villain.

Gri.—Who employed thee to do this?

Dag.—God, the avenger. His approbation is my reward.

Gri.—Who art thou, wretch?

Dag.—Who am I?—Oh, wert thou free as angels from every other crime, my name would be thy condemnation.

Gri.—(Aside.) This voice thrills through my veins.—Does my coward heart deceive me?—By Heaven, I'll dive into the mystery. (Approaches Dagobert.) Thou miserable hireling, who—— (Starts back, unable to proceed.) Ha!—Away with him!—Confine him in the deepest dungeon.—All your lives are answerable for his safety.

Dag.—Once more, Grimbald, I assure thee that punishment sooner or later overtakes every villain. (Exit, guarded.)

Gri.—Thee it shall soon overtake, by that hell which sent thee. (Throws himself upon the couch.) How could I be thus alarmed? That courage, which nothing could hitherto appal, at once forsook me.—Is this the enjoyment of greatness so hardly earned—this the reward of daring enterprises, sleepless nights, and years of anxious hope?—But of what need I be afraid? He will die as a murderer, and all who have recognized him, as his accomplices.—Childebert must know nothing of this.—But Clovis comes. I must collect myself.

Enter Bruno and Clovis, with guards.

Bruno.—I have brought Clovis hither according to your command.

Gri.—Knight, I must confess I never expected to find in you that base littleness of soul which is capable of treason and assassination. But you see the hand of God protects the king.

Clovis.—I wish not to converse with thee.—I detest thee.

Gri.—The consciousness of thy infamy binds thy tongue.

Clo.—Peace, villain! Thy very looks declare thy infamy.

Gri.—Audacious boy! Thou wishest by this defiance to show thyself worthy of the death which awaits thee.—But let us converse calmly. Who is this expert regicide? Perhaps his own inclination led him to make the attempt. Perhaps you, Clovis, are innocent.

Clo.—(Attempts to snatch a sword from one of the guards.) I should be worthy of hell if I did not send thee thither.—Almighty God! Let thy thunder destroy this villain or me.

Gri.—The sword of the executioner shall dispatch thee.—Bruno, confine him in a secure dungeon of the castle. Anon, you shall receive further orders from me.

Bru.—Follow me. (Exeunt Bruno, Clovis and guards.)

Gri.—Now, Fortune, aid me in the execution of the work, which, by thy assistance, I have so happily begun.

ACT III.

SCENE.—A saloon.

Enter Gomar, conducted by an old soldier.

Gomar.—This, then, is Siegbert's saloon?

Soldier.—It is.

Gom.—Let me not wait long, old man. Every moment of this day which is not actively employed is criminally employed.

Sol.—Heaven bless you, noble knight!—But see, the queen approaches. (Exit.)

Enter Adelgunda.

Adelgunda.—It is so long since I beheld you, Gomar, that I scarcely recollect you. My eye is quite unused to the sight of worthy men. Welcome. (Presents her hand to him.) You live comfortably, I hope.

Gom.—I live ever ready to sacrifice my existence for your welfare.

Adel.—I thank you, faithful Gomar. You are not in your proper sphere. A camp was always more agreeable to your feelings than a court. You live retired, no doubt?

Gom.—I do, gracious queen—retired, unregarded—by many despised. Yet—(with energy)—would it not be a disgrace to my honor and sentiments if I lived otherwise in these times?

Adel.—You are the man I expected, Gomar, would remain. The times have not altered you.

Gom.—In truth, as little as I have altered the times. When I have resolved on a particular journey, I do not turn and abandon my purpose, because the cold north wind blows in my face.—But may I request to know without delay why you have sent for me?

Adel.—(Fearfully.) Does anything of importance call you away?

Gom.—Gracious lady, the most important in the world.

Adel.—Oh, Gomar, and my petition—it concerns the life —oh!

Gom.—(With ardor.) Yes, queen, it concerns your life—the life of my monarch and my friend—the welfare of a nation —my honor and my duty.

Adel.—Gomar, you know, then——

Gom.—All—that he is arrived—that treachery has obtained his imprisonment—that death awaits him.

Adel.—How learnt you this?

Gom.—I saw and conversed with him to-day, at the very time that the herald announced your nuptials through the city.

Adel.—And did he hear the herald?

Gom.—He did, and his firm mind sunk beneath the blow. It sounded to his ear like the curse of God upon the awful

day of judgment. He instantly resolved to gain admittance into the palace, to see you, and cast a look into your heart. Providence directed his steps otherwise, and required his arm to punish that villain Clodomir.

Adel.—No, Gomar! You do not know all. I, too, saw him. Clodomir surprised him in my arms, and he slew the villain that he might not be betrayed.

Gom.—You saw him!

Adel.—Oh, Gomar, I cannot describe to you how his look pierced to my soul. Joy and fear assailed my heart so violently that my senses fled.

Gom.—But what will be the end of these preparations for the nuptial feast?

Adel.—(Gives him a parchment.) Read that. (Gomar reads.) Oh, God, thou didst inspire my soul with the thought—grant me strength to execute it, when the destined hour arrives. (Gomar has perused the parchment, and gazes at her with astonishment and admiration.) On what are you meditating?

Gom.—Great woman!—Heaven will not allow the guilty to triumph, but—(pointing to the parchment)—your life is in evident danger.

Adel.—Oh, let me fall, if he be saved.

Gom.—Can I be said to save a man, if, in order to guard him against poison, I plunge a poniard in his heart? No, queen, I cannot allow this.

Adel.—Where will you find assistance?

Gom.—(Showing his sword.) Here. There are many who will be ready to support our cause. Before the nobles of the land will I describe your virtues and exalted resolution. I will speak to them as becomes the man who is speaking for his king and native land.

Adel.—Oh, may Heaven add strength to your words!

Gom.—Doubt it not.—But one thing more would I know ere I leave the palace.

Adel.—What is it?

Gom.—I must speak to my monarch and to Clovis. Know you who guards the dungeon?

Adel.—Alas! Gomar! I, too, have, for an hour, been devising means of gaining admittance to the dungeon. How if I were, in person, to request of Childebert an interview with Clovis. If I beg this as his first favor to his bride he will not deny it, especially as he has no suspicion but that my husband is a stranger—and a murderer. I know that Bruno was commanded by Grimbald to conduct the two prisoners toward evening into one dungeon.

Gom.—Into one dungeon. There, then, it is intended to execute them.

Adel.—Oh, Gomar!

Gom.—Believe me, Grimbald has recognized him.

Adel.—No, dear Gomar, he cannot have recognized him, or he would act otherwise toward me.

Gom.—Be that as it may, we must attempt his rescue immediately.

Adel.—Hark! I thought I heard some one.—Heavens! how much more had I to say!—But I must withdraw.—My friend, bear in mind the fate of your unfortunate monarch. Be the protector of virtue and animate your friends—oh, could my tears accompany your words—Gomar, tell them that I thus implore their aid. (Kneeling.) Let me—let me—noble Gomar —behold a weeping wife—oh, save, save my husband, and to thee will I eternally acknowledge my obligations for happiness and life.

Gom.—(Raising her.) Queen, you have filled my soul with anguish. Compose yourself. My zeal for your welfare and the welfare of my king cannot be inflamed. Am I not bound to exert every nerve by all that is most sacred to me?

Adel.—Farewell, then, worthy man. May thy words be as irresistible, and thy deeds as successful as thy enterprise is great and noble. Farewell. (Exit.)

Gom.—Heaven be thanked for having sent us this angel in our distress! (Reperuses the parchment.) Ha!—What must a man do in such a case. (Hears footsteps, and hastily conceals the parchment.)

Enter Bruno.

Bruno.—Ha! You really here, Gomar?

Gom.—Yes, Bruno.

Bru.—I thought I saw you in the court of the palace, and the sight was so extraordinary that I resolved to see whether it was true or not. I was looking for you——

Gom.—And have found me here. Why, truly, Bruno, I myself scarcely know how I found my way hither. I believe ten years have elapsed since I was under this roof.

Bru.—And for what reason are you come to-day. May I know it?

Gom.—No.

Bru.—Why?

Gom.—Because you are a courtier.

Bru.—Gomar, I know what this word implies, when you use it. I feel the reproach—but it is well that I have an opportunity of conversing with you. Why do you always treat me with mortifying contempt? I have often called at your house, but you had always instructed your servants not to admit me. This has hurt me. Why did you act thus toward me?

Gom.—I was afraid that you might not agree with me as to the proper title of your king, in which case I should have set fire to my own house, which as much belongs to me as this palace—does not belong to your king.

Bru.—I do not comprehend a word of this!

Gom.—So much the better, for I said it a day too soon.—But why say more! Farewell.

Bru.—Gomar, you shall not leave me with hatred or contempt. Hear me.—Do you think I am a courtier by choice? That am I not. You know that I was educated by your father. He adopted me as his child, and was to me more than a father. (Much affected.) Many a tear do I shed when I recollect his kindness. My happiness and hopes were buried with him. Forsaken and without help, necessity compelled me to enter into the service of the great.

Gom.—Forsaken and without help!

Bru.—What recourse was open to me?

Gom.—Recourse!—Bruno, what was my father's name?

Bru.—Gomar.

Gom.—And what is mine?

Bru.—(Starts.) Oh, I understand you.—Generous man, how shall I thank you? Behold me at your feet. (Kneels.)

Gom.—Shame on that courtier's attitude!—Degrade not human nature.—Why did you form so wrong an opinion of me as to fancy that I inherited nothing from my father but his name and property? Why did you leave my house? Was it not your home? Did I not call you my brother?

Bru.—(Rushes into his arms.) Thank Heaven, my heart once more beats against the bosom of a worthy man. I myself now feel better than I was. Farewell, splendid palace, thou grave of liberty, thou cradle of vice. Oh, Gomar, I beseech you lead me away.

Gom.—No, Bruno. You must remain here.

Bru.—Remain!

Gom.—The duty of a worthy man is to serve his native land and justice. Will you do this?

Bru.—How humiliating is the question!

Gom.—Stay where you are, then—and now tell me where Clovis and the stranger who killed Clodomir are.

Bru.—Both in prison.

Gom.—Can you conduct me to them?

Bru.—Gomar!

Gom.—Can you do this, I say?

Bru.—Dare I if I can?

Gom.—How!

Bru.—I have sworn to be faithful and silent. Should I be worthy of your friendship if I——

Gom.—To whom did you swear fidelity?—To an infamous traitor.—Yes, Bruno—why shall I check the sentiments of my overflowing heart? Why, like a slave, close my lips and confine my tumultuous thoughts within this prison?—I tell thee, Bruno, thou hast combined with vice to oppose everything great and noble under the sun. Thy oath is a crime. Among honest men oaths are unnecessary, and he who is not bound by an inward sensation of duty will never be bound by a word.

The villain who required an oath of thee thought thee a villain like himself, and if thou didst swear, thou—I am ashamed of finishing the sentence.

Bru.—Did you come hither to insult me?

Gom.—That I may not insult you, I will go.

Bru.—Gomar—your virtues are surety that you require nothing of me which is wrong—I will conduct you to the prisoners.

Gom.—When?

Bru.—In two hours I shall bring them both into one dungeon.

Gom.—I cannot come so soon. I do not know how long business may detain me with some friends.

Bru.—You will find me ready at any time.

Gom.—Enough! Farewell. I hear some one. (Exit.)

Bru.—I fear the warmth of grateful friendship has led me too far. Everything to-day appears to me dark and mysterious, as if some great event were about to happen.—But what Gomar undertakes cannot——

Enter Grimbald.

Grimbald.—Was nobody here just now?

Bru.—Nobody.

Gri.—Then it was a shadow which fled from the saloon.

Bru.—I believe it was Gomar.

Gri.—Gomar! What brought him hither? What said he?

Bru.—He withdrew as I entered.

Gri.—I am sorry I did not meet him. He is a worthy man.

Bru.—He is, indeed.

Gri.—Did he not speak of Clovis?

Bru.—To me he said nothing.

Gri.—The king comes.—Go. (Exit Bruno.) Oh, that I could shake the weight of twenty years from me! Matters should then wear a very different appearance.

Enter Childebert.

Have you signed the sentence?

Childebert.—I cannot. Does not my duty require that I should hear the accused before I condemn?

Gri.—Is not the crime sufficiently glaring? Is not my accusation of sufficient consequence? Must I prove the treachery of Clovis by challenging him to combat?—Duty, say you? Is it not duty, then, to obey your father, and to follow his wiser counsel?

Chi.—Tell me—am I a mere shadow or a being? Are you the king, and do I bear the empty name? Judge, then—decide—murder—on your soul rest the sentence, not on mine. Is Clovis not a Frank?—The privileges of every Frank——

Gri.—Instruct me at another time, sage legislator—at present answer me—shall Clovis die with the soothsayer?

Chi.—Punish the latter as he deserves—but Clovis is a Frank. He must be heard, and if he be guilty he shall also suffer.

Gri.—Guilty! He is guilty of high treason. Witnesses are ready to prove it. Of course, therefore, he has no further privilege as a Frank.

Chi.—Oh, I beseech you, my father, do not distress me today, the day of my marriage.

Gri.—Does Adelgunda abide by her determination?

Chi.—She does.

Gri.—(Aside.) She has not recognized him, then.—Or does she perhaps——

Chi.—But supposing she had altered her intention——

Gri.—I should not have been surprised, for circumstances are altered so materially that—but, believe me, the foundation of her conduct was artifice. She wished by opposition to enhance the value of the sacrifice. Be assured pride or self-love is the strongest passion of which a woman is susceptible. Adelgunda has been a queen, and she will do anything rather than cease to be a queen. Yet if it be true that you have an utter aversion to this alliance, why, then——

Chi.—What then, my father?

Gri.—If I have thought your union with Adelgunda absolutely necessary, it was because I wished your throne and life to be protected from the power of Clovis. In the scale of our fortune nothing was wanting—but the destruction of that man.

Chi.—Who, nevertheless, is not a villain, if I know him.

Gri.—You know him! how is that possible, when you do not know yourself. Your eye is dimmed by prejudice, and is misled by the varnish which most men draw over their characters. Age and experience will teach you the truth of my doctrine. The heart of man is the abode of vice. Virtue is but the mask which covers it. You will, therefore, never be happy and secure but by possessing power—you will never be powerful but by knowing the weaknesses of mankind. Learn the art of dissimulation. It serves to conceal your own defects, and pry into those of others. Never appear what you are—you will thereby pay measure for measure. Feel that you are a king, and act as lord over all. Endeavor to bend the nobles beneath your sceptre—they, in return, will teach the lower ranks submission, and in this protect them; for, of course, you must feel that you never can be greater than when every one else is far beneath you. In short, that I may return to our former subject—when Clovis is no more, you may choose a partner of your throne. I repeat that his blood was wanting in the scale of your fortune, and justice offers it.

Chi.—Has he really deserved death?

Gri.—Dost thou think thy father——

Chi.—You are the judge—consider that—you are the judge.

Gri.—Enough! I shall bring the sentence to your private room for signature. (Exit.)

Chi.—I'll follow you.—Oh, how do I abhor this eagerness to shed the blood of unfortunate fellow-creatures! Even now I tremble at the thought of signing the sentence.—Wretched, wretched is he who is obliged to condemn, while he himself has reason to dread the condemnation of an all-knowing judge. (Going.)

Enter Bruno.

Bruno.—My liege!

Chi.—What want you, Bruno?

Bru.—Ada sends me. She wishes to converse with you for a few moments.

Chi.—Ada!—Enough! Tell her I shall return immediately. (As he goes.) Was she alone when she sent you?

Bru.—She looked fearfully around—I thought as if afraid of being perceived by the queen.

Chi.—Was she melancholy?

Bru.—She could scarcely refrain from tears.

Chi.—(Aside.) What mean this? Again as heretofore my heart beats at the mention of her name. (To Bruno.) Tell her I shall soon be here. (Exit.)

Enter Ada.

Ada.—(Trembling.) Where is he?

Bru.—He will return in a few minutes. He did not expect you so quickly.

Ada.—I thank you, Bruno. Let me await his return, alone. (Exit Bruno.) Oh, God, who didst inspire me with these feelings, lend me thy aid. I will wrench the dagger from my mother's hand that vengeance may not overtake her.—Can such an act be wrong?—No. A voice within me declares it otherwise. Oh, Childebert, I feel that I could hazard far more. —Much as this step costs me, I could to save thee—yet, wretch that I am!—I may not declare what I feel—I may not hope.

Enter Childebert.

Childebert.—Ada already here! Is it in my power to serve you? Speak! Command.

Ada.—(Confused, and for some time in vain attempting to speak.) Oh, Heavens! (Seats herself and hides her face.)

Chi.—What means this?—I own that I have ever thought your looks dejected, but never was the sorrow of your heart so evident as now. Tell me, I beseech you, the cause of your distress.—You are silent.—Oh, recall the picture of our childhood, when friendship bound us to each other, when hand in hand we passed whole days in careless pleasures. Had Ada then a thought which was not known by Childebert—and now suspicious, reserved toward him?—Unhappy change!

Ada.—Alas!—Childebert became a king—and I—I was doomed to weep——

Chi.—And to hate me.

Ada.—(Starts.) Hate you, Childebert!—Oh, pardon me—I was dreaming of our earlier years.

Chi.—(Kneeling and with fervor.) Dream on, dream on, lovely Ada. Oh, am I the Childebert, whom formerly——

Ada.—What mean you—king? Release me—let me go to my mother.

Chi.—Pardon me.—I forgot myself—forgot the curse of Heaven which rests upon me, and makes me in Ada's eyes detestable.—But Bruno told me that you wished to see me.

Ada.—(Aside.) Oh, that I durst speak of my father! (Aloud.) My mother requests you will permit her to have a conversation with Clovis in his prison.

Chi.—(Starts, and is thoughtful for a few moments.) The queen's wishes are my laws. I will instruct an unknown but faithful man to be her guide. (Aside.) And that man shall be myself.

Ada.—Will you allow me to accompany her?

Chi.—(Embarrassed.) If—— (Aside.) What means this? Ada wishes to see Clovis.—Happy man—happy even at the brink of the grave!

Ada.—Oh, Heavens! What say you?

Chi.—I was—no—fear not, for—why are you thus alarmed?

Ada.—Childebert, if I might ask another favor——

Chi.—What?—Ask anything—everything—what I would most willingly grant is—my life.—Oh, speak!

Ada.—Do not—do not solemnize your marriage with my mother—at least do not to-day—I conjure you by the joys and friendship of our earlier years—I cannot, dare not say more. (Exit hastily.)

Chi.—Never, never, never!—Oh, that I were but allowed to see through the gloom which on every side surrounds me!—Can an innocent affection have crept into her bosom?—Oh, why—— (Laying his hand on his heart.) Why do I flatter this poor fool with hopes? Would not Adelgunda long since

extinguish every spark of affection for me, which she might observe in her bosom? I'll speak to her—my heart shall speak to her, and sure I am her heart cannot be silent. What anguish had I spared, what happiness had been my lot, if—— Oh, fool, fool that I was, to be dazzled by the arts and boundless ambition of my father?—I am now a victim incapable of breaking my chains but by plunging into an abyss of infamy. —Yes. Often have I thought that he who raises himself by artifice and villainy must support himself by the same disgraceful means, or sink lower than the rank from which he rose.

ACT IV.

SCENE.—A subterraneous dungeon. Dagobert is stretched on the earth, and rests his head upon a stone.

Dagobert.—In vain! (Rises.) The regal dreams which incessantly torment me make me the most wretched of mankind. They banish every ray of consolation from my mind. To fall from a throne to a prison is hard—harder than from a throne to the grave.—Happy is he who has never been exalted by fate, for the greatest of all misfortunes is the recollection of former prosperity. (The door opens.) Welcome, whoever thou art. Doubtless thou art the messenger of death.

Enter Clovis, conducted by Bruno.

Whom do I see? Clovis!

Clovis.—At your majesty's feet.

Dag.—(Aside.) Inconsiderate man!

Bruno.—Majesty!

Dag.—You see his senses are disordered.

Clo.—That they are not. Fear shall not urge me to deny my sovereign. (Takes Bruno's hand.) Man, if thou hast entirely sold thyself to the usurper, I will with a single word speak damnation to thy soul. Behold before thee Dagobert, king of the Franks.

Bru.—Damned be the man who would not die for him.—But on this my shoulder rested the bier which held his re-

mains. I well remember it was borne to the grave by eight knights. Every one groaned beneath the burden, for we bore to the grave the happiness and glory of a whole nation.

Dag.—A treacherous deception of Grimbald did ye bear, while Dagobert was doomed to wander an exile from his country.—I am the shadow of thy former king.—Come nearer, Bruno, son of Mirald.

Bru.—True, true! I recognize the features of my benefactor. (Sinks on his knees.) With what ecstasy does the sight of my monarch fill my heart!—But must I not be astonished at seeing you here? Must I not be alarmed when I know that you so soon must die?

Dag.—Friend, this attitude is mockery to me! Rise and embrace the unfortunate Dagobert.

Clo.—Bruno, if thou dost not feel proud of having embraced thy king, thou art not worthy that the sun should shine upon thee.

Bru.—Proud I am, and ready to sacrifice my life in his service.—But few hours are yours. Grimbald commanded me to bring you both hither. His terror and distrust made me certain some secret of consequence agitated him. He has accused you both as regicides, and orders are already given for your execution. The guard of the palace is doubled, and creatures devoted to him are stationed at the entrance of this prison. I fear the hour of Childebert's marriage will be your last.

Dag.—Marriage! Marriage!

Bru.—Did you not know that the nuptials of Childebert and Adelgunda were to be celebrated to-day?

Dag.—Were—but now?

Bru.—Adelgunda still thinks you dead. Your fate is unknown to her, for but half an hour since she spoke of this alliance, which she utterly abhors.

Dag.—And yet submits to it?

Bru.—Because she must.

Dag.—Almost do I doubt thy honesty for having said that word. Who must do that which he will not?

Clo.—Perhaps some great design has caused this sudden resolution, for during the last ten years sorrow has never left her cheek. She has lived in virtuous privacy.

Bru.—Oh, she is truly virtuous.

Dag.—Aye, my friends—had you seen how this virtuous wife to-day clasped me in her arms, pressed me to her heart, swore eternal affection, then sunk, intoxicated with delight at seeing me, senseless into my arms.

Clo.—You grow pale.

Bru.—How! Did she recognize you?

Dag.—(With terrific fury.) She did. (Falls into the arms of Clovis.)

Bru.—Then all is lost. Oh, virtue, if thou dost serve as a mask to vice and infamy, how shall we know thee!—I hasten to Gomar. I know his loyalty, and am sure he meditates your rescue. On him rest all our hopes. (Exit.)

Clo.—Your majesty is too much agitated. Repose here awhile. (Places him on the stone.)

Dag.—Repose amid this tempest of the soul.—Tell me, Clovis—is there in hell a power which does not exercise its spite against me?

Clo.—The hand of fate lies heavily on you, but Heaven never bestowed on man a firmer mind. The path of life is to you full of precipices—it is a track made by misfortune herself. None but a Dagobert could walk upon it.

Dag.—Nor can I any longer. Oh, Clovis, I am betrayed by her—by her, whose happiness I would have purchased with my blood. Friend, grant me some little consolation if thou canst. The blow has reached my very heart.

Enter an Officer.

Officer.—I give you both notice to prepare for death in half an hour. From respect toward you, Clovis, the execution will take place in this dungeon. This is the king's command. (Exit.)

Dag.—Clovis—you tremble.

Clo.—With fury. The king's command! At the nod of a traitor falls Dagobert, king of the Franks.—Oh, that my tongue

could describe what is passing in my breast! Heaven, earth, and even hell would tremble at my words.

Dag.—Why so violent?

Clo.—Did you not hear it is the king's command—King Childebert's command—that you shall die?

Dag.—I did, I did—but no more of that, Clovis. Nature herself has made us dread the sight of death. How, therefore, can we help it? I own, when our execution was just now announced, a tremor crept through my frame. Even a valiant man is alarmed when an unseen friend strikes him on the shoulder from behind. He turns and embraces him. Thus it was with me. Death is my friend.

Clo.—But the king commands your death. Who are you? —Who commands?—Who can—who dares command?

Dag.—Clovis, disturb me not with reflections like these. The few remaining moments of my life are of consequence to my soul. I stand on the brink of eternity—but a few steps from the presence of the All-just.—Oh, my soul, transport thyself thither. (Kneels and reclines his head upon the stone.)

Clo.—Oh, Providence, how wonderful and inscrutable to the mind of man are the ways in which thou leadest us to our great last destiny.—Villainy triumphs in the fall of the good.

Dag.—(Looks toward Heaven and seems much agitated.) Oh, God!

Clo.—What thus disturbs my monarch?

Dag.—But one recollection. I was thinking of my child, whom, in the blossom of her youth, I leave to the care of her perfidious mother.—Alas, Clovis—my Ada!—Could I but once more see her! What rapture should I feel were I to find her virtuous.

Clo.—Oh, by Heavens, I'll pledge my honor and my soul for the virtue of your daughter. Believe me, she is worthy of her noble father. If nature were dissatisfied and sorrowful at the imperfections of other human beings, she needed but to look at Ada, and such a masterpiece would console her for the defects of her other works. Never did external

charms promise more inborn goodness, and never did the mind accord with appearances more than the mind of Ada. All the virtues have fled from the persecution of vice to her heart, that their influence might be stronger under the protection of exalted innocence, and through the power of matchless beauty. Oh, Dagobert, were I monarch of the world, my dominions would not be worth a wish——

Dag.—Well, Clovis?—Why hesitate?—How thy cheek glows? Shall I conclude that thou hast spoken the sentiments of thy heart? Why are thine eyes cast upon the earth?

Clo.—Gracious monarch, on my knees I implore your pardon and compassion.—How could I command my heart to remain insensible at the sight of perfection?—Be not incensed at this avowal, for by sacred truth I swear it never should have proceeded from my lips, if—— But why this gloomy look?—Oh, that my tongue had denied its office ere I spoke!

Dag.—Clovis, Clovis, thou dost bind my soul again to earthly objects.—The idea, which was once transporting, is now tormenting to me. What happy prospects cheered me, when in former days I beheld the opening charms and growing virtues of my Ada.—For thee, Clovis, for thee I destined her.

Clo.—For me!—Oh, inexpressible delight?—I worthy of Ada!—Death, thou canst not rob me of this blissful thought.

Enter Adelgunda and Ada, conducted by Childebert, disguised as a sentinel, who remains unobserved at the door.

Dag.—Ha! See, see! They come to glory in our fall.—Oh, shameless creatures!

Clo.—Heavens! What means this?

Adelgunda.—(Goes hastily with Ada toward Dagobert.) Beloved husband!—He avoids me.—Is contempt the reward of my affection?—Is the wife, who has so long mourned your absence, spurned from you? Oh, impossible! (Following him.) My husband, my husband! Turn, turn, and come into my arms, that I may press you to my heart.

Dag.—Woman, I wish not to know thee. Thou art sent by hell. Hence! Leave my soul in peace.—Friend, what a dreadful hour! Help me to bear this trial. (Reclines on the stone and takes Clovis' hand.)

Adel.—Can I believe the testimony of my ears?—My husband, Adelgunda speaks to you.

Dag.—(With averted face and looking at Clovis.) Yes. Such was the name of the viper which once twined its folds around my heart. Oh, she seemed the emblem of fidelity and virtue—deceived me for whole years with assumed affection, and imposed upon me by specious tenderness, while treachery inhabited her heart. She has now gained her end. To the husband whom she has betrayed and sold, dissimulation is no longer necessary.

Adel.—Enough! I now will speak.

Dag.—Be silent and begone. Pollute not my last breath. Perfidious wretch, thou hast sold me to Grimbald, and thyself to his son.—Away from me! Inward torture will embitter the enjoyment of thy sin, and the expectation of future punishment will fill thy soul with horror.—Away!—Oh, that my prayers could save thy soul from the curse of the eternal judge!

Adel.—Oh, God! Thou seest what I am doomed to endure. —Why, why, my husband, do you allow your noble soul to be debased by anger founded on injustice? You are deaf to the vows of innocence and truth, as the furious tiger to the cries of the helpless traveller.—Oh, Ada, in vain do I try to convince him of my innocence. He will not hear me.—Would that Gomar were here!

Ada.—Father, you are cruel.—Listen to me, I beseech you.

Dag.—Ada, come nearer.—Do you love me?

Ada.—(Embracing his knees.) Oh, my father, be not so cruel toward my mother.

Dag.—Cruel!—She has betrayed me and herself.—No more, no more!—Again I ask—do you love me?

Ada.—Heaven be my witness that I do. May it deny me mercy if I ever harbored any thought respecting you which was not dictated by duty and affection.—But my poor mother——

Dag.—Would you love the man, too, who would rescue your father?

Ada.—I should love him and revere him as a saint.

Dag.—Good child!—And if this worthy man, by endeavoring to save me, were to fall with me——

Ada.—Oh, my father, then would compassion—but see—how distressed is my mother!

Dag.—Yes, that is your mother, but this is the man of whom I spoke.

Ada.—Clovis!—How shall I thank you, worthy man?

Clo.—By thinking me—by thinking me worthy of King Dagobert's friendship. Even the death which awaits me is a reward; for I know that I bear to the grave the favor of my sovereign.

Dag.—(Looks at him with a smile—after a pause.) Oh, omnipresent God, graciously look down upon us.—Ada, give me your hand, and if your father be as dear to you as you have declared, swear to me by my blood, which will soon flow upon the place where you now stand, swear to me by your soul, and all your hopes of salvation, that you will fulfill my last wish.

Ada.—Everything, my father, anything.

Dag.—Swear, then.

Ada.—I do swear.—Alas, my poor mother!

Dag.—Will you not listen to me?

Ada.—I obey.

Dag.—'Tis well. Hear, then, my heart's last wish. I have lived to see that there is not a Frank deserving of my daughter's hand, except one upright, faithful man. That only man is Clovis.—Give him your hand, and in the presence of the all-seeing judge vow to be faithful to him forever—vow never to become the wife of another, but to pass your days in holy retirement.

Ada.—My father!

Dag.—Ha! Thou dost withdraw thy trembling hand from mine.

Ada.—Oh, my mother, my mother!

Dag.—Ada, thy father is here.

Ada.—(Falls at his feet.) Pardon—be not incensed—I obey.

Childebert.—(Who has hitherto stood unseen at the entrance of the prison, and by his mien has betrayed the various emotions produced by the above conversation, approaches.) Hold!

Dag.—Who spoke that word?

Adel.—Oh, we are betrayed.

Ada.—(Sinking into her mother's arms.) Heavens! That voice——

Dag.—Who art thou? Approach.—If that monster, thy king, sent thee hither to listen, I will discover more to thee—I will discover what thy slavish tongue will not dare to repeat.

Chi.—(Takes off his helmet.) 'Tis I.

Clo.—He himself!

Adel.—He has imposed upon us.

Ada.—Oh, my mother, hide me.

Dag.—Clovis, you see they have combined with him to mock our wretchedness.—Infamous, infamous!

Clo.—Traitor, how canst thou thus boldly endure the look of Dagobert?

Chi.—(To Dagobert.) I followed the queen hither unperceived. Thanks to Heaven, which inspired me with the resolution. But I perceive this is not a proper time for the disclosure of my sentiments. I leave you.—Queen!

Adel.—Whither would you lead me?—No. I am but a weak woman, despised and hated by my husband, but nothing shall again part us. Too long has treachery robbed me of him. I find him in a dungeon. Affection and duty bind me to the place where he is. No throne is so attractive to me as this prison. Go thou to thy palace, and glory in the possession of the crown, which thou hast stolen; but woe be on thy head, if thy power cannot annihilate hell, or thy treasures bribe thy conscience.

Dag.—Friend, if these words proceeded from her heart.

Enter Grimbald and Soldiers.

Grimbald.—(Astonished at seeing the queen.) Ha!—Who has dared to enter this prison?—Queen, who brought you hither?

Chi.—(Comes forward.) I myself.—Father, look there, and be astonished. The man whom you mistook for an assassin is Dagobert.

Gri.—Thou here, too? Thou among those who have conspired against thyself and me!—Weak fool, tremble.—Dagobert! Where is he?—Does that wretch assume his name?—Admirably managed, truly! This Dagobert, then, has started from his grave to-day, in order to commit a crime, which every one knows must be punished with death.—Let me look at him. In truth, nature formed him for this deception. Such impostors have appeared in every age. But you, Adelgunda and Clovis, ought to be ashamed of endeavoring to conceal your treachery by so paltry an artifice.

Clo.—Unparalleled effrontery! Oh, that this arm were free!

Dag.—Friend, be great and noble. Confide in the justice of Heaven, and despise the villain, if you cannot pity him.

Gri.—No more of this audacious imposition. King, I came hither to witness the execution of the sentence you have signed. (To the Soldiers.) Come nearer. Those are the criminals. Do your duty.

Adel.—(To the Soldiers.) Hold, barbarians! On me fall your swords!

Ada.—(To Grimbald.) Oh, be merciful.

Dag.—(Steps forward with undaunted mien.) Here is Dagobert, your lawful king. Plunge your swords into my heart and raise them, stained with blood, toward Heaven. There will I implore pardon for you, and a blessing on my ungrateful subjects, though every drop of royal blood cry aloud for vengeance. No more delay!—See you not that your tyrant is enraged?—Here is my breast. Turn away, if you cannot bear the sight. I myself will guide the points of your swords. But spare my friend. He has not been betrayed and dethroned. Why must he die?

Clo.—Great, noble Dagobert, think me not unworthy of falling at your side.

Gri.—Damnation!—Men, obey my orders.

Adel.—Oh, rather, murder me.

Ada.—Heavens!

Chi.—Let no one dare to proceed. Back, soldiers.

Adel.—Villain, whom dost thou wish to murder? Can regicide be wanting to fill the measure of thy crimes? No. Thou hast already committed more than can be atoned for by an eternity of punishment.—And you, soldiers, who are you? Are you Franks? Can Franks sell themselves to a tyrant? Would you murder your lawful sovereign—Dagobert, whom you once revered—whom you have seen fighting and bleeding for his country? What has he done to you? Did he ever oppress you or deprive you of your rights? Oh, if your noble fathers could behold you from their graves, the perfidy of their children would destroy their repose. Never, never did a Frank stain his sword with the blood of his monarch. (The soldiers throw their swords away.)

Gri.—(Aside.) By Heaven, this woman's whining rhetoric alarms their coward hearts.—Adelgunda, I beg you will leave this place.

Adel.—Sooner will I lose my life, and renounce my hatred against thee, traitor.

Gri.—By all the powers of hell, this is too much. You have entered into a confederacy with this impostor, and your crime makes you subject to my orders. I command you to withdraw. (To the Soldiers.) Ye cowards, if your lives be dear to you—if you do not wish to be punished as confederates in this plot, drag her away. (The Soldiers again take their swords.) Queen, I beg you will not oblige me to use force. It would hurt me to deviate from the respect I feel toward you as the widow of my beloved friend and monarch.—Go to the palace.

Adel.—That thou may'st commit murder uninterrupted.

Gri.—Be at ease on that account. An impostor like this, who has attempted to deceive a whole nation, ought to die in the presence of a whole nation. The prisoners shall be publicly executed. Soldiers, attend the queen to her apartment.

Adel.—(Apart to Ada.) Let us hasten to save him.—Gomar stays too long.—Dagobert, may Heaven acknowledge thy virtues, though thou hast refused to acknowledge the

fidelity of thy wife! (To Grimbald.) Tyrant, hear me.—An impostor who has deceived a whole nation ought to die in the presence of a whole nation. Let this sentence be executed on whom it may—it is just, and, believe me, everything which is just in the eyes of our judge above—will be fulfilled. (Exeunt Adelgunda and Ada, attended by Soldiers.)

Gri.—(Aside.) Ha!—Now will she hasten to obtain assistance—but her intentions shall be frustrated. (To Childebert.) Her crimes make her unworthy of your hand. She must be tried by the council of bishops. She is a reptile which gnaws on the happiness of your majesty and the peace of the empire. Leave this impostor to my care. My office makes me his judge. (Goes to Dagobert.) Wretch, curse the moment when thou wert persuaded by thy evil genius to direct thy steps hither. Thy doom is fixed.—Come, king. (Exeunt Grimbald and Childebert.)

Dag.—Go. Thou art unworthy of my indignation.—Friend, what means this gloomy look? Why stand you thus stupefied and speechless!—Clovis, Clovis, what means this?

Clo.—Ha! Ha! Ha! Yes, dream of judges and of hell, ye fools.

Dag.—Horrible!—What say you, my son?

Clo.—Son!—Oh, torment! Did I not see her look with scorn at me—with tenderness at Childebert?

Dag.—At Childebert!

Clo.—Did you not perceive it?—Well, as you please.—She did look at Childebert.—I am cured—and know you by what means? A grim infernal monster has devoured my heart. I have no longer any heart or blood. Clovis is no more.

Dag.—How! Has Clovis no heart for his friend Dagobert? (Clovis gazes at him—and is silent.)

Enter Gomar and Bruno.

Dag.—Welcome, friends. Whom seek you?

Gomar.—Our king, and with him death.

Dag.—'Tis well. Death and Dagobert are nearly allied. Oh, rise. Be not ashamed of embracing me.

Clo.—Gomar—no rescue—no revenge?

Gom.—Die, friend, unless you would live among slaves.—On my soul, I would not save you were it in my power. The Franks are a degenerate race. The great spirit of our fathers is extinguished. It were idle folly to expect a noble act from a nation which has submitttd to the yoke of a tyrannical usurper.—It is a disgrace—oh, that I am obliged to say so—it is a disgrace to be a Frank.

Dag.—Speak not in such terms of my people, I beseech you. I love them still.

Gom.—Then let me be silent.

Dag.—No. Proceed.

Gom.—I went in search of the noblest and bravest Franks whom I knew—the valiant Osmar, the stern Ragond and their friends. To them I related your fortunes and return. They laughed at me and treated me as if I were insane. I then produced this writing of the queen, after perusing which they stood gazing at each other in mute astonishment.

Dag.—Let me see that writing.

Gom.—(Presents the parchment.) The queen some hours ago commanded me to lay it before the nobles of the realm.

Dag.—(Reads.) "Ye faithful nobles, let your hearts be open to the tears and complaints of the forsaken Adelgunda. She implores your assistance in behalf of King Dagobert. The invisible servants of the all-just God have brought him from the deserts of Ireland, to which the faithless Grimbald banished him ten years ago. In the deepest dungeon of the castle he expects immediate death from the hands of the traitor. The valiant Clovis is a witness and sharer of his wretched fate. Till now he remains unknown to his foes, and is condemned to die for having stabbed the villain Clodomir. I myself will pave the way to his release. Childebert believes he will this day obtain my hand, but at the altar and in your presence will I plunge a poniard in his breast, that Heaven may see how sacred was the vow of constancy which I pledged to Dagobert.

"ADELGUNDA."

(Kisses her name.) Good angels, bear this kiss to her.—Oh, faithful Adelgunda, forgive my suspicions.—Friend, we have

wronged her much. Deceived by appearances, I was deaf to her sincere protestations.—Well, Gomar, what said they when they had perused this?

Gom.—Awhile they stood in silent wonder, till Osmar said: "Were Dagobert alive he would have disclosed it to his friends or have come with a foreign army to oppose his enemies. Who can be sure that even the queen herself is not deceived?"

Dag.—The cowardly slave!

Gom.—Conversation of this nature occupied some time, till Bruno came, dispatched by the queen to apprise us of your immediate danger.

Dag.—And when you left the assembly?

Gom.—"Let us but see him," said they, "and he shall find that he has friends."

Dag.—Enough! They shall see him. My soul burns with eagerness. (Throws off his Pilgrim's habit.) Friends, know you this armor?—Why thus astonished?

Bru.—Oh, what Frank does not know it?

Gom.—You wore it when you vanquished Clotham.

Dag.—Aye, and I wore it on the day that I was proclaimed king of the Franks.—I wore it, too, when Grimbald's hirelings dragged me from my country. Wilfried clasped it with a blessing when I left Ireland.—Friends, let us embrace each other—perhaps for the last time. Gomar, give me thy sword and thy hand. Clovis, take thou Bruno's sword and hand. Now follow me.

Gom.—I understand you well. Take not my sword, but let me be your shield.

Dag.—Friend, if I be doomed to fall, I'll fall as the defender of my faithful subjects, the last duty which, as a king, I wish to fulfill.

Clo.—Oh, my liege, let me on my knees, perhaps for the last time——

Gom.—Do not despise my fidelity——

Bru.—Nor my tears. (All kneel.)

Dag.—My friends, my friends!—Almighty God, if thou callest me to thee, protect these worthy men, that they may be

the defenders of virtue and their native land. What a sight! (Bends toward the earth.) In God we trust.—Now come.

Bru.—Alas, you face inevitable death. A hundred sentinels guard this prison.

Clo.—Let thousands guard it. The appearance of so good and great a king will inspire each man with reverential awe.

Dag.—If slaves oppose us, be not afraid, for they have no courage—if valiant men, they must be noble, and will, therefore, be our friends. Follow me. I am still a king. (Takes Gomar's sword and exeunt.)

ACT V.

SCENE.—A saloon in the palace.

Enter Grimbald hastily, accompanied by Soldiers.

Grimbald.—Well, men, do you thoroughly understand me?

Soldiers.—We do. (They produce daggers.)

Gri.—Right. I rely on you. If you value your own fortunes, you will minutely follow my directions.—After you have done the deed, mingle with the multitude. I pledge to you my word that you shall be rewarded beyond your expectations—and what risk do you run? See, there is my son, the king, with two thousand Franks, and I shall station myself in another part of the city with a thousand steady veterans.—Unless an angel fight for them, in half an hour the accursed race shall be extinct. The woman who has dared to oppose my power shall give notice to hell of its approaching booty.—Take your stations. She comes.

Enter Adelgunda and Ada.

Adelgunda, you see the consequences of your rash conduct. Your life is in imminent danger. The people curse you, and require that you shall be sacrificed to their fury. How absurd was it by such conduct to make yourself unworthy a monarch's hand!

Adelgunda.—How has Heaven debased me by giving a Grimbald power to address me thus.

Gri.—I should address you otherwise, were I to speak as you deserve.—The people say you bribed the guards, that the escape of the traitor might make it more difficult to prove the falsehood of your infamous assertions. Indeed, by what other means could they escape?

Adel.—They have escaped, then?

Gri.—No. Their hour is come. By Heaven, their death is as certain as their crime.—Osmar, Ragond, Gomar and about four hundred more have joined the pretender. They have taken refuge in the house of Clovis from the indignation of the populace—but look—there stands King Childebert with three thousand men, and two thousand more are ready to follow me against this impostor. You may remain here and await the account of his death. I have appointed these men to protect you, since it is evident that the people thirst for your blood. Farewell. (To the Soldiers.) Keep a watchful eye upon both of them, and when you hear my command from a distance, act as I have directed.

Adel.—Stay, stay, Grimbald. Hear me. Must all the insurgents die—all?

Gri.—By Heaven, they must and shall.

Adel.—How weak am I, that I cannot execute so good a deed!—Grimbald, you are right. Every villain ought to perish. (Suddenly draws a dagger from her bosom.) Condemned of Heaven, die.

Ada.—(Holds her arm.) Oh, my mother! (Adelgunda retreats and covers her face with both hands.)

Gri.—Ha! traitress! This was thy last attempt.—Did you see this, men?—Woman, the avenger's hand is stretched forth to punish thee. I go to exterminate thy adherents. If thou would'st curse—curse Heaven for having given thee being—if thou would'st pray—pray to hell that it may swallow thee. (To the Soldiers.) Once more, remember my commands. (Exit.)

Adel.—No longer, then, does Heaven preside over the human race. Triumphant villainy has bound the judge's arm. —Why did my hand tremble? Why did my soul revolt at the idea of murder? Will Grimbald tremble, too? Alas, no. (To Ada.) Who will ward the blow aimed at thy father?

Ada.—Heaven will protect him.

Adel.—Foolish girl! What cares Heaven for the fate of man—I, too, once hoped for its aid, but that hope I now no longer cherish.—Oh, they will murder him, and thou, poor child, wilt lose at one blow a father and a mother.

Ada.—Horrible! Dear mother, that very thought would kill me, did not hope animate my heart.

Adel.—Do not deceive thyself, Ada. Rather expect the worst—then will the stroke be less severe.—Hark! What shout was that—what a tremor courses through my veins! —Oh, God, forgive me if I have murmured against thy Providence.—Yes—still do I feel consolation by relying on thy goodness.—Ha! See, the people are in motion.

Ada.—Oh, my father, surely thou wilt not condemn the affection of thy daughter, if it be the means of thy deliverance.

Adel.—See!—There goes a small band of warriors.—'Tis he, 'tis he.—'Tis Dagobert who leads them. How proudly does he march in the very armor which he wore upon the day of our marriage.—Oh, how dreadfully his sword glitters in the air.—And see, Childebert approach him.

Ada.—Heavens! Should he have imposed upon my unsuspecting heart——

Adel.—Gracious God! May I believe my eyes? Childebert falls at his feet.

Ada.—At his feet?—Oh! (Swoons.)

Adel.—Ada! Why this deadly paleness? Feels she so much for her father's foe? Can her heart—Ada, hear me. He sunk on his knee, as if he meant to entreat forgiveness.

Ada.—Forgiveness!—Oh, yes, he deserves to be forgiven.—I, too, my mother. (Kneels.) I, too, deserve to be forgiven. —His heart is devoid of guilt. He swore by his affection for me that he would save my father.

Adel.—Unhappy girl, could'st thou confide in a man sprung from the villain Grimbald?

Ada.—I confide in Heaven, in human nature and in love.

Adel.—Oh, may thy innocence find mercy in the eyes of God!—But fearful presages overpower my soul.—Do I not hear

the name of Dagobert?—Yes, yes, it is the shout of victory. Oh, I must fly to meet him. To me—to his wife belongs his first—— (As she is going, two of the soldiers detain her.)

Soldiers.—Hold!

Adel.—Slaves, dare you. (A shout of victory! victory! is heard.)

Sol.—Now, die. (A soldier stabs the queen, and while two others are rushing toward the princess, Bruno enters and intercepts their passage.)

Bruno.—Unparalleled villainy!

Adel.—Oh, Bruno—blood—blood. (Falls to the earth. The soldiers escape.)

Bru.—Help! Help! (Raises her.)

Ada.—Oh, my mother! Alas! Where shall I seek help?

Bru.—Gracious queen!

Adel.—I thank thee, Bruno; my husband and I shall now be united in death.

Bru.—No, no. Virtue is triumphant; Dagobert, king of the Franks, lives, beloved by his subjects.

Adel.—Say'st thou so?—Oh, I no longer feel my wound. Conduct me to him.

Bru.—Wait till we obtain some assistance.

Adel.—From thy words I shall be best assisted. Tell me, tell me all.

Bru.—The noble Dagobert, full of reliance on his courage and the goodness of his cause, boldly left his prison, followed by Clovis, Gomar and myself. At sight of him the sentinels fled, like the damned when an angel appears to them. Thus we reached Osmar, at whose house our monarch's friends were assembled. Grimbald summoned his followers, and the people attached themselves to him and Childebert. He threatened to burn the house unless we would instantly surrender. Clovis, incensed beyond all bounds, rushed against him, and—Grimbald fell, Our forces were four hundred men, who had to contend against as many thousands. Dagobert led us toward Childebert. Ere we approached him, several fell and exclaimed: 'Tis he. 'Tis he—and now Childebert himself sunk

on his knee. "Franks," cried he to his followers, "acknowledge your king. There is Dagobert." Instantly the air was filled with a shout of "Long live King Dagobert!"

Adel.—Oh, Bruno, how hast thou transported me! Come, come. I need no assistance. I feel no wound. Were death already creeping through every vein, it could not reach my heart, for ecstasy would bar its progress. (Exit, supported by Bruno and Ada.)

SCENE.—A spacious square. Dagobert. Gomar, Ragond, Osmar and other knights are discovered, surrounded by the populace.

Dagobert.—Yes, my friends and much-loved subjects, thus did your monarch drag on a wretched existence, condemned at home and despised abroad. But dreadful as was my fate, I knew no greater sorrow than when I thought of you—than when I reflected that you groaned beneath the yoke of tyranny, and had no protector of your honor, no defender of your rights. Oh, believe me, your fate lay heavier on my heart than my own. I murmured not against the will of Providence. I prayed not that my miseries might have an end, but that my subjects might be happy. "Oh, God," said I, in many a bitter hour, "spare, spare my people, and let thy hand be stretched forth against me alone. If ever I found favor in thy sight, listen to my prayer, and bless my subjects, whom I love more than myself."—My sufferings are now at an end —and now, too, shall this same supplication be daily addressed to the dispenser of every blessing.

Gomar.—Oh, ye nations of the earth, be no longer proud of your kings, when they sell your blood to purchase laurels. The Franks alone are happy, governed by their father Dagobert.

All.—Long live King Dagobert.

Enter Clovis.

Clovis.—(Kneeling.) Long live my king! May Heaven reward his virtues!—Then must he be the happiest of mankind.

Dag.—(Raising him.) Friend, where have you been?—You are much agitated—pale—in tears, too.

Clo.—I have witnessed a most dreadful scene.—I was conducting the herald, who proclaimed through the city the restoration of King Dagobert, when I came to the place where I slew Grimbald. He was still stretched upon the earth, and his weeping son leaned over him. I stopped—for the youth's sorrow affected me deeply—when the mob rushed forward, tore the corpse piecemeal, scattered the mangled limbs, and with frantic fury raised their bloody hands. In vain did I call to them. Their frenzy knew no bounds. Childebert sank to the earth, raised his eyes toward Heaven, then riveted them upon me. I took him in my arms, but he tore himself from my grasp and rushed toward the palace.

Dag.—Horrible, horrible! Triumph not, oh villain, in the enjoyment of thy crimes. The delay of punishment doubles its severity. But where are my wife and child? Why must my eagerness to clasp them in my arms be so long ungratified?

Gom.—I hasten to them.

Dag.—Right, Gomar. (Exit Gomar.) Alas, my friends, should such a happy day—— Hope sweetened my late sufferings, and now fear embitters my happiness. (A cry of "Oh, she is dying, she is dying," is heard.) What cry of horror is that? Who is dying?

Enter Adelgunda, supported by Ada and Bruno, followed by Gomar and a crowd.

Alas! My queen! My Adelgunda!

Adelgunda.—Dagobert! (Releases herself and rushes a few steps toward him, but sinks back into the arms of Gomar and Bruno.)

Ada.—My father! (Flies into his arms.) Oh, my mother!

Bruno.—This was Grimbald's last act of cruelty.

Dag.—Barbarian that he was!—My wife, my Adelgunda! Is this the day that I so long have wished for?—Friends, friends, I feel I shall sink under this calamity.—What is my being but the sensation of agony?—What tears have I shed at moments, when my sorrow was far less—yet now I can-

not weep.—Yet—— Oh, God, I do not complain—but—the trial is severe. (Sinks into the arms of Clovis.)

Clo.—Oh, that I could plunge my sword into the murderer's heart again!

Gom.—The queen revives.

Adel.—Dagobert!

Dag.—My love!

Ada.—Mother!

Adel.—Blest am I, that my hand will grow cold while clasped by thine—that when I am dead, a tear will trickle from thy cheek upon mine.—Banish sorrow from thy breast—you still remember me.—Dagobert, reward thy friends, reward Childebert, too. His heart is virtuous, for he loves the virtues of our daughter.—Make Ada happy—for she loves him—make her as happy as my father made me when he united me to Dagobert.

Ada.—Oh! my father, if my heart be culpable, let me know it by one angry look. Then will I fly, weep in retirement to the end of my life, and wash away my error with my tears.

Dag.—Rise, my daughter. Thy mother has said enough for thee.—But—Clovis——

Clo.—Heaven grant me strength!—My liege—you see that Ada's heart gives Childebert the strongest claim to her hand.—Accept him as your son. He is not unworthy of the honor. By the wishes of the queen I conjure you to accept him, that the world may forget his first father.

Dag.—Friend, thou art greater than thy king, for whom thou wouldst have died.—See! Her eye breaks and death quivers on her lips. (Falls on Adelgunda's bosom.)

Adel.—Where is Ada?—Thy hand, too—I feel—oh—Dagobert—Ada—fare—well. (Dies.)

Dag.—Oh, my Adelgunda!

Ada.—Beloved mother!

Gom.—What a dreadful hour!

Dag.—(Remains some time with his arms round Adelgunda, while Ada kneels at her side. He now resolutely walks forward.) 'Tis done.—She has executed the hardest task of

human nature.—Break not, my heart. Keep thy sorrows closely lodged, lest the air should dissipate them.—Come, my friends. I want your presence on another occasion of material consequence.

Enter Childebert, in an humble dress and unarmed, accompanied by two knights, one of whom bears a crown, the other a sceptre.

Childebert.—King of the Franks, dare a wretched outcast address you?

Dag.—My friend Childebert, speak.

Chi.—Hear me, ye nobles of the realm, and ye, whom I dare not call my brethren, hear me. False ambition has misled me. It has dazzled my heart, but, believe me, not corrupted it. I was guiltless of your monarch's banishment. Like you, I was deceived by assurances of his death. I was but sixteen years of age when my father hailed me king. Flatterers and slaves surrounded me—they directed my thoughts, my words, my actions, as their villainy suggested. I wavered between virtue and vice, though never undecided in my choice—but when my inclination and conviction drew me toward virtue, compulsion and the arts of those who were acquainted with my weaknesses led me again to the path of vice. The return and condemnation of Dagobert were unknown to me. As soon as I recognized him, my heart revered him.—You saw I was the first who knelt and called him king. —I am not ashamed—of appearing before you—in this slavish habit—as a criminal. My father's crimes are punished, and—— (Sinks speechless into the arms of a soldier.)

Dag.—What is this?—Friend!—Childebert!

Chi.—Oh, my sovereign—I entreat one favor—let me go—I cannot bear this scene. (Pointing to the queen and Ada.) —Oh! How agonizing!

Dag.—Friend, you have made ample amends for your late error by acting so nobly toward me. Give me your hand in the presence of this assembly.

Chi.—Oh, lead me away.—The consciousness of my error makes your kindness a most painful punishment.—There noble

blood bears testimony against my blood. Virtue teaches me to curse the deed, while nature compels me to mourn for the perpetrator of it. (Exit.)

Dag.—Daughter, follow him, console him, and if on such a day a cheerful thought can find place in your mind, speak to him of the happiness which awaits you both.—We will to the temple of that deity who ordained that we should live to see this awful day. I will return my crown into the hands of the Franks. Accumulated sorrows have made the burden too heavy for me. To-day I have drunk the last drop of the cup of misery, which will embitter my remaining days. Yet will I be a father to my people. My counsels shall be united to the monarch's power, and from this union, with Heaven's assistance, shall our native land find happiness and peace.

Babo's *Dagobert*, together with his *Otto von Wittelsbach*, both published in the latter half of the eighteenth century, belongs to the class of plays known as "Ritterdramen," into which the historic drama of the "Sturm und Drang" period degenerated in the closing years of the cycle. The "Ritterdramen" maintained a place on the German stage far into the nineteenth century, taking as their model the *Götz von Berlichingen* of Goethe. The imitation is, however, entirely superficial, having nothing in common with the original, save for the rattle of armor, the dungeon scenes and all the rough features of mediævalism, both in word or deed. "Plays of chivalry" they were called, and it is worthy of note that the first one, Klinger's *Otto*, published in 1775, has never been surpassed. Such merit as was possessed by writers of the "Ritterdramen" was more than offset by the absence of character-drawing and by other defects, not least among which was their sensa-

tionalism. In addition to Klinger and Babo, one of the most prominent authors of this school was Count J. A. von Törring, whose *Agnes Bernauerin* was brought out with great success at Munich, the home of the "Ritterdramen." This was, however, the lowest form of the drama, and cannot be judged by such favorable specimens as *Dagobert*, which is unquestionably one of the best of its class and not inferior to many of the so-called chivalric dramas of the South German school, such works, for instance, as the *Ignez de Castro* of Count F. H. J. von Soden, who was also the author of a "Volksdrama" whose theme was *Doktor Faust*.

HANNELE

(A DREAM POEM)

BY

GERHART HAUPTMANN

(*Translated by William Archer.*)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HANNELE.

GOTTWALD, a Schoolmaster.

TULPE,
HEDWIG,
PLESCHKE,
HANKE,
} *Paupers.*

SISTER MARTHA, a Sister of Mercy

SEIDEL, a Forester.

BERGER, Parish Overseer.

SCHMIDT, Parish Officer.

DR. WACHLER.

PRELUDE.

Hauptmann's *Hannele*, a dream poem, as he styles it, is a study in child-psychology, in which, through the fever fancies of a dying girl, her character is expressed with astonishing clearness. It is but a poor, shallow little soul, which takes refuge from the cruelties of her stepfather and the other hardships of her miserable life in religion. She has thrown herself into a pond, and is carried to a pauper refuge, where her delirium is marked with the nicest art. She believes that Christ will put her persecutors to shame, and she sees him in the lineaments of her old schoolmaster, her dear Herr Gottwald, these emotions, with her love for her mother and her dread of her stepfather forming her entire mental experience. The play made the round of the state theatres of Germany and Austria, and was everywhere popular, though everywhere meeting with opposition from the critics and the orthodox section of the community. Very remarkable is the contrast between naturalism and Romantic poetry, between Hannele's dreams and the stern realities of the almshouse. But Hauptmann has unduly exaggerated the Romantic side of the picture.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HANNELE.

GOTTWALD, a Schoolmaster.

TULPE,
HEDWIG,
PLESCHKE,
HANKE,
} *Paupers.*

SISTER MARTHA, a Sister of Mercy

SEIDEL, a Forester.

BERGER, Parish Overseer.

SCHMIDT, Parish Officer.

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PART I.

A room in the Pauper Refuge of a mountain village.

At the table sits Tulpe, an old, ragged beggar woman, singing from a hymn-book by the light of a tallow candle.

Tulpe.—(Sings.) Abide with us in mercy,
Lord Jesus Christ, we pray,
That henceforth we may never——

Hedwig, commonly called Hete, a disreputable-looking woman of about thirty, enters the room.

Hete.—Oh, Lord, Lord! what weather! (She lets her bundle slip down upon the table.) We haven't had such an awful night this many a year.

Tul.—What have you got there?

Hete.—Oh, mercy! oh, mercy! my toes! They [illegible] make a fool—of fire.

Tul.—(Has untied the bundle. A loaf, a packet [illegible] old man—leave a cornet of coffee and one or two pairs of stockings [illegible] aking.) Old revealed.) You'll be able to spare me a trifle out of a [illegible] f c[illegible] have stut-

(Hete now swoops like a vulture upon her p[illegible], etc[illegible]e—able to and gathers it together.) [illegible] ll th[illegible]

Hete.—Do you think I've trudged miles and miles [illegible] rope and had the marrow frozen in my bones, for you to [illegible] ou—now grab it all, hey?

Tul.—Oh, shut up, you fool! Do you think I want to [illegible] go an the blessed rubbish you've wheedled out of people?

Hete.—(Concealing her bundle under the straw pa[illegible] ste: Who's done more hard work in her life, I wonder—me [illegible] you? You've never done anything worth talking about, [illegible] let. as old as you are—every one knows that! [illegible] o

Tul.—Leastways I haven't done what you have. Haven't [illegible] I heard the pastor calling you over the coals? When I was [illegible] young, like you, I took better care of myself, I can tell you.

Hete.—Was that why they put you in prison, perhaps?

Tul.—And you may go there, too, as soon as you please. I've only to find a Shandarm—I could tell him a thing or two. Just you keep a civil tongue in your head, my girl, I warn you.

Hete.—All right! Send on your Shandarm to me, and I'll have something to tell him, too.

Tul.—You can tell what tales you like, for me.

Hete.—Who was it that stole the great-coat, hey? from the innkeeper's little boy, hey? (Tulpe makes a motion as if to spit at Hete.) Tulpe! take care! just drop that.

Tul.—Get along with you! I wouldn't have a thing of yours at a gift.

Hete.—'Cause you know you won't get anything.

(A furious gust of wind shakes the house. Pleschke and Hanke are actually hurled by the storm into the passage.)

Oh, curse the hail! curse the hail! it stings like fire. A mild shanty of a Refuge, one of these days—mass, it'll come toppling about our ears. Pleschke, blaeized with a thought at the sight of them, ters her bundle from under the pallet, rushes out

Ples.—(St[illegible]t the men, and can be heard running up a flight hey! What[illegible]f stairs.)

Gottwa[illegible]—Calling after Hete.) Why are you running—why the girl.) [illegible]unning away? We—we won't—do nothing to you.

Seid[illegible]ake, hey?

Hallo, [illegible]—(At the stove, busied with a pot of potatoes.) The

Tu[illegible]'e's out of her senses. She thinks we want to take her

S[illegible]s away from her.

G[illegible]*les.*—(Coming into the room.) Oh, Lord, Lord, good

Don't[illegible]le! Did ever—did ever you see the like! Good evenin'—[illegible]d evenin', ha! Oh, the devil, the devil! what weather!

[illegible]at weather! I was blown down, I was—all my length—

[illegible] my length—as flat as a pancake.

so fr[illegible]

Tul.—Where have you been to?

Ples.—Me? Me? Where have I been? Oh, a long—a long way off. I've just gone—I've just gone the round of Oberdorf.

Tul.—Brought anything back?

Ples.—Aye, aye, fine things—fine things. At the Precentor's—they gave me—gave me—five groschen, they did. And up at the inn—up—at the inn—I got—got a canful—aye, a canful of soup, that's what I got.

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Tul.—I'll heat it up at once. Give it here.

Ples.—I've got—I've got—the stump of a sausage, too. The butcher—Seipelt the butcher—gave—gave it me.

Tul.—How much money have you got?

Ples.—Three five-groschen pieces—aye, three five-groschen pieces—I think—I think it is.

Tul.—Out with them, too. I'll keep 'em for you.

Hete.—(Reëntering.) A nice fool, you, to give her everything.

Tul.—You mind your own business.

Hanke.—Why, he's her fancy man.

Hete.—Oh, good Lord! good Lord!

Hanke.—He must bring a bit of a prese[nt] heart. That's the proper thing.

Ples.—Do you go and make a fool—and [with] whoever you like? Leave an old man—an[d] him in peace.

Hete.—(Imitating Pleschke's manner of spe[aking] Pleschke—poor old Pleschke—he'll soon—he'll soon[—] tered himself dumb. Soon he won't be—he won't [be able] get a single word out.

Ples.—(Threatening her with his stick.) Now y[ou] you—just hold your jaw.

Hete.—Who'll make me, hey?

Ples.—Now hold your—your jaw.

Tul.—Go on! Give her one!

Ples.—Just you—hold your jaw.

Hanke.—Stop this nonsense.

Ples.—Leave me alone.

(Hete has taken refuge behind Hanke, and while he [is] busy protecting her from Pleschke, seizes the opportunity to snatch something, quick as lightning, out of his bag, and to run off with it. Tulpe, who has observed her, shakes with laughter.)

Hanke.—I don't see nothing to laugh at.

Tul.—(Still laughing.) There, now! There, now! Who could help laughing?

Ples.—Oh, Lord! Lord! just look!

Tul.—You look to your bag, my man. Perhaps you won't find it as heavy as it was.

Hanke.—(Turns and sees he has been made a fool of.) The hussy! (He rushes after Hete.) Just let me catch you!

(His footsteps are heard as he rushes upstairs, then sounds of a chase and suppressed screaming.)

Ples.—A devil of a wench! a devil of a wench!

(He laughs in all possible keys. Tulpe is also in fits of laughter. Suddenly a sound is heard as of the outer door being thrown violently open.)

Ples.—Hey? What was that?

(Violent gusts of wind hurtle against the house. Hard-frozen snow is dashed against the window panes. A moment's calm ensues. Now appears the Schoolmaster, Gottwald, a man of two-and-thirty, with a black beard, carrying in his arms Hannele Mattern, a girl of about fourteen.)

Ples.—(Staring in stupid astonishment.) Hey, hey, hey, hey! What's all this? what's all this?

Gottwald.—(Spreading coverings and his own cloak over the girl.) Heat some bricks, Seidel! Quick! quick!

Seidel.—Look alive, now, look alive! A couple of bricks! Hallo, hallo! Come, bustle about there!

Tul.—What's the matter with her?

Sei.—Oh, there's no time for questions.

(Goes quickly out with Tulpe.)

Got.—(Soothingly, to Hannele.) There, now, there, now! Don't be afraid—no one will hurt you.

Hannele.—(Her teeth chattering.) I'm so frightened! I'm so frightened!

Got.—You've nothing at all to be afraid of. No one will do anything to you.

Han.—My father! my father!——

Got.—But he's not here.

Han.—I'm so frightened for fear father should come.

Got.—But he isn't coming. Believe me, he isn't.

(Some one is heard to come rushing down the stairs.)

Hete.—(Holding up a grater.) Just look here! This is the sort of present they give Hanke.

(Hanke, who has come tearing in after her, catches her and tries to wrest the grater from her, but she throws it so that it falls in the middle of the floor.)

Han.—(Starting up in terror.) He's coming! he's coming!

Hanke.—I'll polish you with it! Just you look out!

Got.—(To Hannele.) There's nothing to fear, Hannele. (To Hanke.) What do you want?

Hanke.—(Astonished.) Me? What do I want?

Hete.—(Sticks her head in at the door and calls:) Who stole the grater? Who stole the grater?

Hanke.—(Threateningly.) Just you wait; I'll pay you out, no fear!

Got.—Please make as little noise as you can; the girl is ill.

Hanke.—(Has picked up the grater and put it in his pocket. He retreats, somewhat abashed.) What's all the trouble?

Seidel.—(Reënters, carrying two bricks.) Here's something in the meantime.

Got.—(Touching the bricks to try their warmth.) Are they hot enough already?

Sei.—They'll warm her a little, anyway.

(He places one of the bricks under the girl's feet.)

Got.—(Pointing out another place.) The other one here.

Sei.—She isn't the least bit warmer yet.

Got.—She's positively shuddering with cold.

(Tulpe has come in after Seidel, Hete and Pleschke following her. Some other paupers, doubtful-looking characters, appear at the door.)

Tulpe.—(Standing close to the bed, with her arms akimbo.) Brandy and hot water, if you have any.

Sei.—(Produces a flask, as do Pleschke and Hanke.) There's a drop left here.

Tul.—(Already at the stove.) Give it here.

Sei.—Have you hot water?

Tul.—Oh, Lord! yes, enough to boil an ox.

Got.—And put a little sugar in it, if you have any.

Hete.—How should the likes of us have sugar?

Tul.—Why, you have some. Don't speak like a fool.

Hete.—Me? Sugar? No, I haven't. (With a forced laugh.)

Tul.—I know you brought some back with you. Didn't I see it in your bundle just now? You needn't be telling lies about it.

Sei.—Come along, out with it.

Hanke.—Run, Hete, run!

Sei.—Can't you see how ill the girl is?

Hete.—(Stubbornly.) Oh, what do I care!

Pleschke.—Fetch the sugar.

Hete.—You can go to the grocer's for it. (Slinks out.)

Sei.—Yes, it's high time for you to be off, else I'd warm your ears for you. I'd give you something, so that I don't think you'd come back for more.

Ples.—That's the sort of girl she is—the sort of girl she is.

Sei.—I'd soon knock the nonsense out of her. If I were the overseer, I'd take a good stout cudgel to her, and, mark my words, she'd soon find work to do. A girl like that—a strapping young hussy!—what has she to do loafing about the Refuge?

Ples.—Here I've got—a little bit—a little bit of sugar. I've just—I've just—found it.

Hanke.—(Scenting the brandy and water.) My word, don't I wish I was ill!

Enter Schmidt, the parish officer, carrying a lantern.

Schmidt.—Make way there! Here comes the Overseer.

Enter Overseer Berger.

The Paupers.—Good evening, Mr. Overseer! Good evening, Captain!

Berger.—'Evening! Now clear out of this! Good evening, Mr. Gottwald. (Shakes hands with him.) Well, what's the matter here?

Got.—We've just got her out of the water.

Sei.—(Steps forward.) By your leave, Mr. Overseer. You see, I had some business at the smithy. I wanted to have a band round my axe-haft. And just as I came out of the smithy —I mean Jeuchner's smithy down there—you know there's a pond—you might almost call it a kind of a lake. (To Gottwald.) Yes, it's true; it's big enough for that. And, like enough, you know, Mr. Overseer, there's one spot in it that doesn't freeze; it's never been known to freeze right over. When I was quite a little boy——

Ber.—Well, well, come to the point.

Sei.—Well, as I was saying, as I came out of the smithy, just then the moon broke through the clouds a bit, and I heard a sort of moaning. First I thought it was just some one playing me a trick, but presently I saw that there was something in the pond—in the open spot, I mean. I hollered out, but it disappeared. Well, I—you may guess I tore into the smithy and got hold of a board, and I never spoke a word, but just rushed round the pond, out with the board on the ice, and then, before you could say one, two, three, there I was out upon it and had her fast by her hair.

Ber.—Come, now, that's better, Seidel. Generally, when I hear of you, it's something to do with fighting, and bloody heads and broken bones. This is a very different affair. And then you brought her straight here?

Sei.—The schoolmaster, you see——

Got.—I happened to be passing. I was coming from the teachers' meeting. First I took her home to my house, and my wife managed to find some clothes, so that she might at least have something dry on her.

Ber.—But what can have put it into her head?

Sei.—Well, you see, she's Mattern the mason's stepdaughter.

Ber.—Whose did you say? That scoundrel's!

Sei.—The mother died six weeks ago—and you can guess the rest. She scratched me and struck out at me, only because she thought I was her father.

Ber.—(Murmurs.) The hound!

Sei.—He's down at Niederkretscham at this very moment; he's been sitting soaking there ever since yesterday. The people there let him have as much as ever he likes.

Ber.—We'll make the scoundrel pay dear for this. (He stoops over the bed to speak to Hannele.) Come, my girl, speak to me. Don't moan so, and don't look at me in that scared way. I won't do anything to you. Tell me, what's your name? What do you say? I couldn't hear you. (He stands erect.) I believe the girl's a little stubborn.

Got.—She's only terrified. Hannele!

Han.—(Whispers.) Yes.

Got.—You must answer the overseer.

Han.—(Shivering.) Dear God! I'm cold!

Sei.—(Coming forward with the brandy and water.) Come, now, drink a little of this.

Han.—(As before.) Dear God! I'm hungry!

Got.—(To the overseer.) And when we offer her anything she won't eat it.

Han.—Dear God! it hurts me so!

Got.—What hurts you?

Han.—I'm so afraid.

Ber.—Who's been hurting you? Who? Come, now, speak out. I don't understand a word, my dear child. This won't do, you know. Listen, my good girl: has your stepfather been ill-using you?—I mean, has he beaten you? locked you in? turned you out of doors, or anything of that sort, eh? Why, good Heavens——

Sei.—The girl's very silent. Things have got to be very bad, indeed, before she'll say a word. You see, in a manner of speaking, she's as mute as a mackerel.

Ber.—I only want to have something definite to act upon. Perhaps I can get hold of the rascal this time.

Got.—She's beside herself with terror of the fellow.

Sei.—You see, it's nothing new, all this. Everyone, as you might say—everyone knows all about it; you can ask whoever you please. The wonder is that the girl's still alive; you wouldn't think it possible.

Ber.—What has he done to her, then?

Sei.—Well, you see, all manner of things, as you might say. He'll drive her out of the house at nine at night, even in weather like this, and he won't let her back again unless she brings at least a five-groschen piece with her—for him to go and drink it, of course. Where was the child to find five groschen? Many's the time she's been out half the night, and then, when she came home and brought no money—well, it's made people come running out from all quarters to hear how she shrieked—how she bellowed, as you might say.

Got.—Her mother was a little bit of protection to her while she lived.

Ber.—Well, in any case, I'll have the rascal arrested. His name's been for years on the list of habitual drunkards. Come, now, my child, just look at me.

Han.—(Imploringly.) Oh, no, no, no!

Sei.—You won't find it so easy to get anything out of her.

Got.—(Gently.) Hannele!

Han.—Yes.

Got.—Do you know me?

Han.—Yes.

Got.—Who am I?

Han.—The—the schoolmaster—Mr. Gottwald.

Got.—That's right. Well, now, you know I only want to be kind to you, so you can tell me all about it. You were down at the smithy pond. Why didn't you stop at home? Well, why didn't you?

Han.—I'm so frightened.

Ber.—We'll stand right back. Now, you just tell the schoolmaster all about it, quite alone.

Han.—(Shyly and mysteriously.) He called to me.

Got.—Who called?

Han.—The dear Lord Jesus.

Got.—Where did the dear Lord Jesus call to you?

Han.—Out of the water.

Got.—Where?

Han.—Down there in the water.

Ber.—(Puts on his cloak.) The first thing to be done is to send for the doctor. I dare say he's still to be found at the inn.

Got.—I sent at once to the Sisters of Mercy. The child will certainly need nursing.

Ber.—I'll go and tell the doctor. (To Schmidt.) You bring the police officer to me. I'll wait at the inn. Good-night, Mr. Gottwald. We'll have the fellow under lock and key this very night.

(He goes out with Schmidt. Hannele falls asleep.)

Sei.—(After a pause.) He'll take care not to catch him.

Got.—Why should he do that?

Sei.—He knows why. Who do you think is the child's father?

Got.—Oh, Seidel, that's all mere gossip.

Sei.—You know quite well he was the woman's lover.

Got.—Oh, people don't mind what lies they tell. You can't believe half you hear. If only the doctor would come!

Sei.—(In a low voice.) I don't believe she'll ever get up again.

Enter Doctor Wachler.

The Doctor.—Good evening.

Got.—Good evening.

Sei.—Good evening, doctor.

The Doc.—(Warming his hands at the stove.) I should like another candle. (The sound of a barrel-organ is heard from the back room.) They're surely out of their senses in there.

Sei.—(Who has opened the door of the back room.) Will you just be quiet in there, please!

The Doc.—Mr. Gottwald, I believe?

Got.—My name is Gottwald.

The Doc.—She tried to drown herself, I hear.

Got.—She must have been driven to desperation.

(A short pause.)

The Doc.—She seems to be talking in her sleep.

Han.—Millions of little stars! Why are you pulling at my arms? Oh, oh! the pain is killing me.

The Doc.—(Loosening her shirt.) Her whole body seems to be covered with scars.

Sei.—(Who has returned.) So was her mother's as she lay in her coffin.

The Doc.—Pitiful! pitiful!

Han.—I won't! I won't! I won't go home! I must go—to Mother Hollie—in the pond. Let me go, father. Ouf! what a smell! You've been drinking brandy again! Hark! how the wind roars in the wood! There was a tree blown down this morning on the hill. If only no fire breaks out—— Unless the tailor has a stone in his pocket and an iron in his hand, the storm will sweep him away right over the mountains. Hark! hark to the storm!

Enter Martha, the Sister of Mercy.

Got.—Good evening, Sister. (The Sister nods.)

Han.—Where is my mother? In Heaven? Oh, dear, so far, far away! Where—where am I?

The Doc.—(Bending over her.) Among kind people.

Han.—I'm thirsty.

The Doc.—Water. Have you any pain anywhere? No? Oh, well, then, there's not so much the matter with us!

Han.—Are you the doctor?

The Doc.—Of course, I am.

Han.—Then—then I must be ill.

The Doc.—A little; not very.

Han.—Do you want to make me well again?

The Doc.—Have you a pain here? or there? Do you feel anything here? here? here? Don't look so frightened, I'm not going to hurt you. How is it here? Have you any pain here?

Got.—Answer the doctor, Hannele!

Han.—Oh, dear Mr. Gottwald!

Got.—Now attend to what the doctor says and answer him nicely. (Hannele shakes her head.) Why won't you?

Han.—Because—because—I want so to go to mother.

Got.—There, there, now—you mustn't think of that.

(A short pause. The doctor stands erect, draws a long breath and is plunged in thought for a moment. Sister Martha has taken the second candle from the table and holds it by the bed.)

The Doc.—(Beckons to Sister Martha.) A word with you, please. (He goes with her to the table and gives her some whispered directions.) I'll come again bye-and-bye, and meantime I'll send the medicine. (To Gottwald.) I hear they've arrested him at the Sword Inn.

The Sister.—At least, so I heard them say.

The Doc.—(Putting on his fur coat. To Seidel.) Will you come with me to the druggist's?

(The Doctor, Gottwald and Seidel nod to Sister Martha as they pass out quietly.)

Got.—(Anxiously.) What do you think of her, doctor? (All three go out.)

(Sister Martha is now alone with Hannele. She pours some milk into a little bowl. As she is doing so, Hannele opens her eyes and gazes at her.)

Han.—Do you come from the Lord Jesus?

The Sis.—What do you say?

Han.—Do you come from the Lord Jesus?

The Sis.—Don't you know me, Hannele? I'm Sister Martha, you know. You used to come to us, don't you remember? We used to pray together, and sing beautiful songs. Don't you remember?

Han.—(Nods joyfully.) Oh, the beautiful songs!

The Sis.—Now I'm going to nurse you, please God, until you're quite well again.

Han.—I don't want to be well again.

The Sis.—The doctor says that you're to take some milk, so as to get strong.

Han.—(Refusing it.) I don't want to get well again.

The Sis.—You don't want to get well again? Come, now, just think a little. Wait a moment, let me tie up your hair for you.

Han.—(Crying softly.) I won't get well again.

The Sis.—Why not?

Han.—I want so much—so much—to go to heaven.

The Sis.—That's not within our power, my dear child. We must wait till God calls us. But if you repent your sins——

Han.—(Eagerly.) Oh, Sister! I do repent them.

The Sis.—And believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?

Han.—Oh, I believe so firmly in my Saviour——

The Sis.—Then you can wait in peace and full assurance. Now I'll put your pillow right for you, and you'll go to sleep.

Han.—I can't sleep.

The Sis.—Only try to.

Han.—Sister Martha!

The Sis.—Well!

Han.—Sister Martha! Are there sins—are there sins that can't be forgiven?

The Sis.—Now go to sleep, Hannele. Don't excite yourself.

Han.—Oh, tell me, please, please tell me!

The Sis.—Well, yes, there are such sins—sins against the Holy Ghost.

Han.—Oh, if I should have committed one!

The Sis.—Oh, nonsense! It's only very, very wicked people that have done that—like Judas, who betrayed the Lord Jesus.

Han.—Yet it might be—it might be!

The Sis.—Now you must sleep.

Han.—I'm so afraid.

The Sis.—You haven't the least reason to be.

Han.—What if I should have committed such a sin!

The Sis.—But you haven't done anything of the sort.

Han.—(Clinging to the Sister.) Oh, Sister, Sister!

The Sis.—There's nothing to be afraid of.

Han.—Sister!

The Sis.—What is it?

Han.—He's coming right in. Don't you hear?

The Sis.—I hear nothing at all.

Han.—That's his voice—outside. Listen!

The Sis.—Who do you mean?

Han.—My father, my father! There he is!

The Sis.—Where?

Han.—At the foot of the bed.

The Sis.—There's a cloak and hat hanging here. We'll take away the ugly things; we'll take them out to Father Pleschke. Now I'll get some water and make a cold compress for you. You'll let me leave you alone just one moment? But you must lie quiet—quite still and quiet.

Han.—Oh, how stupid I am! It was only a cloak, was it, and a hat?

The Sis.—Now quite, quite still; and I'll be back immediately. I'll place the candle out here in the passage. Now quite, quite quiet.

(She goes. It is almost entirely dark. Immediately there appears at the foot of Hannele's bed the form of Mattern, the mason. A pale light emanates from the apparition. Hannele covers her eyes with her hands in terror, groans, writhes in her bed and makes low moaning sounds.)

The Apparition.—Where are you? Where have you been, girl? What have you been doing? I'll teach you! I'll pay you out, trust me for that. What have you been saying to people? That I've beaten you and ill-used you, hey? Is that what you've told them? You're not my child. Come, now, get up out of that? I've nothing to do with you. I could turn you out into the streets. Get up and light the fire!—do you hear me? I've taken you in out of pity and charity, and now you think you're to lie there and do nothing. Well, are you going to move? I'll beat you till, till——

(Hannele, with closed eyes, has struggled out of bed and has dragged herself to the stove. She opens the stove door and sinks to the ground, fainting. At this moment Sister Martha returns with the candle and a jug of water, and the hallucination vanishes.)

The Sis.—I just went to fetch some water, and here she's

gone and got out of bed. Do, Hedwig, please, come and help me!

Hanke.—Now, Hete, you had better be careful, or you'll do her an injury.

Pleschke.—I believe—I believe there's something—something more than we think—the matter with the girl, Sister!

Tulpe.—Maybe—maybe the girl's bewitched.

Hanke.—(Loudly.) She won't last long—take my word for it.

The Sis.—Perhaps you're right, my man; but surely you can see we mustn't excite the poor child any more.

Hanke.—Well, we're not doing any harm.

Ples.—(To Hanke.) You're a blockhead—just a blockhead—you're a blockhead, let me tell you—and nothing—nothing else. Any child knows that a sick person—a sick person—mustn't be disturbed.

Hete.—(Mimicking him.) A sick person—a sick person——

The Sis.—Now do, do go. I beg you to.

Tul.—The Sister's right. You'd better get out of this.

Hanke.—We'll go without telling, just when we want to.

Hete.—I suppose we've got to sleep in the hen-house.

Ples.—There'll be room for you—room for you—you know where.

Han.—(Opens her eyes.) Has—has he gone.

The Sis.—The people have all gone. Did anything frighten you, Hannele?

Han.—(Still apprehensive.) Has father gone?

The Sis.—He was never here.

Han.—Yes, Sister, he was.

The Sis.—You must have dreamed it.

Han.—Oh, dear Lord Jesus! oh, dear Lord Jesus! Oh, good, kind, blessed Lord Jesus, take me to thee, oh, take me to thee!

"Oh! come to me, dear;
Oh! take me from here,
Away from the people—
Their glances I fear."

I'm quite sure of it, Sister.

The Sis.—What are you sure of?

Han.—He has promised me. I shall go to heaven, he has promised me.

The Sis.—H'm.

Han.—Do you know who?

The Sis.—Well!

Han.—The dear Lord—Gottwald.

The Sis.—Now you must go to sleep, Hannele—you really must.

Han.—Sister, tell me—my master, Mr. Gottwald—isn't he a handsome man? His name is Heinrich. Heinrich is a pretty name, isn't it? You dear, sweet Heinrich! Sister, shall I tell you something? We're going to be married! Yes, yes, we two—my master, Mr. Gottwald, and I:

"And when they now their troth had plight,
They laid them down together,
Beneath a snow-white feather quilt,
All in a darksome bower."

He has a lovely beard. His hair is like flowering clover. Hark! he's calling to me. Don't you hear?

The Sis.—Go to sleep, Hannele, go to sleep; no one is calling.

Han.—It was the Lord Jesus. Hark! hark! Now he's calling to me again—"Hannele!" quite loud—"Hannele!" quite quite clear. Come, come with me, Sister!

The Sis.—When God calls me, I shall be ready.

Han.—Don't you smell anything, Sister?

The Sis.—No, Hannele.

Han.—Don't you smell the lilac-flower? Oh, listen! oh, do listen! What can it be? Is it the angels? Don't you hear?

The Sis.—Yes, yes, I hear; but listen now, you must turn on your side and lie still, and sleep quietly till to-morrow morning.

Han.—Can you sing it, too?

The Sis.—What, my child?

Han.—"Sleep, baby, sleep."

The Sis.—Do you want to hear it?

Han.—Mother dear, sing it to me! Mother dear, sing 't to me!

The Sis.—"Sleep, baby, sleep,
The hills are white with sheep—
The curly little lammikin
Is nestling to its mammikin—
Sleep, baby, sleep."

(A faint light now fills the room. On one side of the bed sits a pale, ghostly figure of a woman.)

The Figure.—Hannele!

Han.—Mother, dear little mother, is that you?

The Fig.—Yes. I have washed our dear Saviour's feet with my tears and dried them with the hairs of my head!

Han.—Do you bring me good tidings?

The Fig.—Yes.

Han.—Do you come from far?

The Fig.—A hundred thousand miles through the night.

Han.—Mother, what do you look like?

The Fig.—Like the children of this world.

Han.—Your teeth are as lilies of the valley; your voice is like a peal of bells!

The Fig.—But its tones are not pure.

Han.—Mother, dear mother! how you shine in your beauty!

The Fig.—The angels in heaven are many hundred times fairer.

Han.—Why are you not as fair as they?

The Fig.—I have suffered because of your suffering.

Han.—Little mother, stay with me!

The Fig.—(Rises.) I must go.

Han.—Is it beautiful where you are?

The Fig.—Wide, wide meadows, sheltered from the wind, shielded from storm and hail by the care of God.

Han.—Do you rest when you are weary?

The Fig.—Yes.

Han.—Have you food to eat when you are hungry?

The Fig.—I still my hunger with fruits and meat. I thirst, and I drink golden wine. (She recedes.)

Han.—Are you going, mother?

The Fig.—God calls me.

Han.—Does God call loud?

The Fig.—God calls loudly for me.

Han.—My heart is burnt up within me, mother!

The Fig.—God will cool it with roses and lilies.

Han.—Will God save me?

The Fig.—Do you know the flower that I hold in my hand?

Han.—A cowslip.

The Fig.—What do the people call it?

Han.—The key of heaven.

The Fig.—(Places it in Hannele's hand.) You are to keep it as a pledge from God. Farewell!

Han.—Little mother, stay with me!

The Fig.—(Receding.) A little while and ye shall not see me; and again a little while and ye shall see me.

Han.—I am afraid.

The Fig.—As the wind scatters the white snow-dust on the mountain, so will God pursue them that persecute you.

Han.—Do not leave me.

The Fig.—The children of heaven are like the blue lightnings of the night.—Sleep!

(Once more it becomes gradually dark. Meanwhile boys' voices are heard singing the second verse of the song.)

"Sleep, baby, dear!
What guests are drawing near?

(The room is now all of a sudden filled with a gold-green radiance. Three Angels of Light appear—beautiful winged youths, with rose-wreaths on their heads—who sing the end of the song.)

The guests that come to visit thee
Are God's dear little angels three—
Sleep, baby dear!"

Han.—Angels! Angels! Angels!

(A short pause, then the angels in turn speak the following, to music:)

First Angel.—The sun shedding gold on the hillsides
To thee gave no share of its riches;
The soft-waving green of the valley,
It spread not its mantle for thee.

Second Angel.—The wealth of the gold-laden cornfields
The pangs of thy hunger appeased not;
The milk of the pasturing cattle,
It foamed not for thee in the pail.

Third Angel.—The blossoms of earth and its flowers,
All brimming with perfume and sweetness,
With purple and blue as of heaven
Aglow, never bordered thy path.

(A short pause.)

First A.—We bring thee an earliest greeting,
Through blackness of darkness we bring it;
We waft from the plumes of our pinions
An earliest breath of joy.

Second A.—We bear on the hem of our garments
An earliest fragrance of springtime;
And lo! on our lips is glowing
The earliest flush of the day.

Third A.—Behold! from our feet there shineth
The emerald light of our homeland;
The spires of the heavenly city,
They gleam in the depths of our eyes.

PART II.

Everything is as it was before the appearance of the angels. The Sister of Mercy is seated beside the bed in which Hannele is lying.

Hannele.—Sister! Angels!—Sister Martha! Angels!—Do you know who have been here?

The Sister.—H'm—are you awake again already?

Han.—Just guess! Do! (Unable to contain herself.)

Angels! Angels! Real angels! Angels from heaven, Sister Martha! Angels, you know, with long wings.

The Sis.—Well, then, if you've had such beautiful dreams——

Han.—There now! She says I dreamt it! But look at what I've got here! Just look at it!

The Sis.—What is it?

Han.—Just look at it!

The Sis.—H'm.

Han.—Here it is—look at it!

The Sis.—Aha!

Han.—Just smell it.

The Sis.—(Pretending to smell a flower.) H'm—lovely.

Han.—Not so close to it! You'll break the stalk.

The Sis.—Oh, I'm very sorry. What sort of flower is it?

Han.—Why, don't you know? The key of heaven.

The Sis.—Is it, really?

Han.—Why, surely you're—— Do bring the light—quick, quick!

The Sis.—(Holding up the candle.) Ah, yes, now I see it.

Han.—Isn't it lovely?

The Sis.—But you're talking a great deal too much. We must keep quite quiet now, or the doctor will scold us. And here he has sent you your medicine. We must take it, as he bids us.

Han.—Oh, Sister, you're far too much troubled about me! You don't know what has happened. Do you?—do you?—do tell me, if you know. Who gave me this? Well? The little golden key? Who? Say! What is the little golden key meant to open? Well?

The Sis.—You'll tell me all about it to-morrow morning. Then, after a good night's rest, you'll be strong and well.

Han.—But I am well. (She sits up and puts her feet to the ground.) You see, Sister, I'm quite, quite well!

The Sis.—Why, Hannele! No, you mustn't do that—you really mustn't!

Han.—(Rising and pushing the Sister away.) You must—let me. You must—let me. I must—go. (She starts in terror and gazes fixedly at a certain point.) Oh, heavenly Saviour!

(A black-robed and black-winged angel becomes visible.)

Who are you? Are you an angel? Is it to me you come? I am Hannele Mattern. Is it to me you come? Has God taken the gift of speech from your tongue? Do you come from God? Are you a friend to me? Do you come as an enemy? Have you a sword in the folds of your garment? B-r-r-r! I am cold. Piercing frost spreads from your wings; cold breathes around you. Who are you? (No answer. A sudden horror overcomes her. She turns, with a scream, as though some one stood behind her.) Mother! Little mother!

(A figure in the dress of the Sister of Mercy, but younger and more beautiful, with long white pinions, comes in.)

Han.—(Shrinking close up to the figure and seizing her hand.) Mother! Little mother! There is some one here.

The Sis.—Where?

Han.—There, there!

The Sis.—Why are you trembling so?

Han.—I'm frightened!

The Sis.—Fear nothing, I am with you.

Han.—My teeth are chattering with terror. I can't help it. He makes me shudder!

The Sis.—Do not be frightened, he is your friend.

Han.—Who is he, mother?

The Sis.—Do you not know him?

Han.—Who is he?

The Sis.—Death.

Han.—Death! Must it be, then?

The Sis.—It is the entrance, Hannele.

Han.—Must every one pass through the entrance?

The Sis.—Every one.

Han.—Will you grasp me hard, Death?—He is silent. He makes no answer, mother, to anything I say.

The Sis.—The words of God are loud within you.

Han.—I have often longed for you from the depths of my heart; but now I am afraid.

The Sis.—Make you ready.

Han.—To die?

The Sis.—Yes.

Han.—(After a pause, timidly.) Must I lie in the coffin in these rags and tatters?

The Sis.—God will clothe you.

(She produces a small silver bell and rings it. Immediately there appears a little hump-backed village tailor.)

The Tailor.—Mistress Johanna Katharina Mattern—his Serene Highness, your most gracious father, has condescended to order your bridal dress of me.

The Sis.—Come, I will put it on for you.

Han.—(In joyful excitement.) Oh, how it rustles!

The Sis.—White silk, Hannele.

Han.—Won't people be astonished to see me so beautifully dressed in my coffin?

The Tai.—Mistress Johanna Katharina Mattern, the whole village is talking of nothing but what good fortune death is bringing you, Mistress Hanna. His Serene Highness, your most gracious father, has been to the overseer——

The Sis.—(Placing a wreath on Hannele's head.) Now bend thy head, thou bride of heaven.

Han.—Do you know, Sister Martha, I'm looking forward so to death. (She looks dubiously at the Sister.) It is you, isn't it?

The Sis.—Yes.

Han.—You are really Sister Martha? Oh, no! You are my mother?

The Sis.—Yes.

Han.—Are you both?

The Sis.—The children of heaven are as one in God.

The Tai.—If I might be permitted, Princess Hannele! These are the tiniest little slippers in the land. They have all too

large feet—Hedwig, and Agnes, and Lisa, and Martha, and Minna, and Anna, and Kate, and Greta. They fit, they fit! The bride is found. Mistress Hannele has the smallest feet. If you should have any further orders—— Your servant, your servant!

Han.—I can scarcely bear to wait, little mother.

The Sis.—Now you need not take any more medicine.

Han.—No.

The Sis.—Now you'll soon be as fresh and sound as a mountain trout, Hannele!

Han.—Yes.

The Sis.—Come, now, and lay you down on your deathbed.

Han.—At last I shall know what it is to die.

The Sis.—Yes, you will, Hannele.

Han.—I have a pledge.

The Sis.—Press it close to your breast.

Han.—(Looking toward the angel.) Must it be, then?

The Sis.—It must.

Han.—Now they're playing for the burial—Meister Seyfried and the musicians. (The angel rises.) Now he stands up. (The angel moves slowly and solemnly toward Hannele.) Now he is coming to me. Oh, Sister! mother! I can't see you! Where are you? Quick, quick, thou dumb black spirit! (As though groaning under an insupportable weight.) It is crushing me, crushing me—like a—like a stone. (The angel slowly raises his great sword.) He's going to—going to—destroy me utterly. Help! help, Sister!

The Sis.—(Interposing.) He dare not! I lay my consecrated hands upon thy heart!

(The Black Angel disappears. Silence. The strains of the funeral march have continued without interruption. Presently the figure of the schoolmaster, Gottwald, appears in the middle doorway. The funeral march ceases. Gottwald is dressed in black, as though for a funeral, and carries in his hand a bunch of beautiful lilies-of-the-valley. Behind him appear his school children—boys and girls in their best clothes.)

Gottwald.—(In a low voice.) Good day, Sister Martha!

The Sis.—Mr. Gottwald, God's greeting to you!

Got.—(Looking at Hannele.) Poor little thing!

The Sis.—Why are you so sad, Mr. Gottwald?

Got.—Because she is dead.

The Sis.—We will not grieve for that; she has found peace, and for her sake I am glad.

Got.—(Sighing.) Yes, it is well with her. Now she is free from all trouble and sorrow.

The Sis.—(Sunk in contemplation.) How beautiful she looks as she lies there.

Got.—Yes, beautiful. Now that you are dead, you bloom forth in all your loveliness!

The Sis.—God has made her so beautiful because she had faith in Him.

Got.—Yes, she had faith and she was good.

The Sis.—We must not mourn. We must be still and patient.

Got.—Ah, my heart is heavy.

The Sis.—Because she is set free?

Got.—Because my two flowers are withered.

The Sis.—What flowers?

Got.—Two violets here in my book. They are the dead eyes of my dear Hannele.

The Sis.—In God's heaven they will bloom again far more sweetly.

Got.—Oh, God! how much longer will our pilgrimage last through this vale of darkness and of tears? What do you think? I thought we might begin, here in the house, by singing the hymn: "Jesus, Oh, I Trust in Thee."

The Sis.—Yes, that is a beautiful hymn; and Hannele Mattern's heart was full of faith.

Got.—And then out in the churchyard we will sing "Set Me Free." (He turns, goes to the school children and says:) Number 62, "Set Me Free."

(He intones softly, beating time:)

"Set me free, oh, set me free,
That I may my Jesus see."

(The children have joined in softly.)

Children, are you all warmly dressed? It will be very cold out in the churchyard. Come in for a moment. Look at poor little Hannele once more. Just see how beautiful death has made the poor little girl! She was huddled in rags; now she wears silken raiment. She ran about barefoot; now she has glass slippers on her feet. Soon she will dwell in a golden palace and eat roast meat every day. Here she lived on cold potatoes, and often she had not enough of them. Here you always called her the Beggar Princess; now she will soon be a princess in very deed. So if any of you have anything that you want to beg her pardon for, do it now, or she will tell the dear God all about it, and then it will go ill with you.

A Little Boy.—Dear Princess Hannele, don't be angry with me, and don't tell the dear God that I always called you the Beggar Princess.

All the Children.—We are all so very, very sorry!

Got.—So! Now poor Hannele has already forgiven you. Now go into the other room and wait for me there.

The Sis.—Come, I'll take you into the back room, and there I'll tell you what you must do if you want to become beautiful angels, as beautiful as Hannele will soon be.

Got.—(Now alone with Hannele.) Hannele, dear, here I've brought you another bunch of beautiful lilies-of-the-valley. (Kneeling by her bed, with trembling voice.) Don't quite, quite forget me in your glory! It breaks my heart to part from you.

(Voices are heard; Gottwald rises and covers Hannele with a sheet. Two old women, dressed for a funeral, with handkerchiefs and gilt-edged hymn-books in their hands, enter softly.)

First Woman.—(Looking round.) I suppose we're the first.

Second Woman.—No, the schoolmaster is here already. Good day, Mr. Gottwald.

Got.—Good day.

First W.—Ah, this'll be a sore trouble to you, Mr. Gott-

wald! She was such a good pupil to you—always industrious, always busy.

Second W.—Is it true what people are saying? Surely it can't be true? They say she took her own life?

A Third Woman.—That would be a sin against the Holy Spirit.

Second W.—A sin against the Holy Ghost.

Third W.—And the pastor says such a sin can never be forgiven.

Got.—Have you forgotten what the Saviour said?—"Suffer the little children to come unto me."

A Fourth Woman.—Oh, good people, good people, what weather! It's enough to freeze the feet off you. I only hope the pastor won't be too long about it! The snow is lying a yard deep in the churchyard.

A Fifth Woman.—The pastor is not going to bury her, good people! He's going to refuse her consecrated ground.

Pleschke.—(Also appearing.) Have you heard? have you heard? A grand gentleman has been to see the pastor—has been to see the pastor—and has told him—yes, told him—that Hannla Mattern is a blessed saint.

Hanke.—(Entering hastily.) Do you know what they're bringing?—A crystal coffin!

Several Voices.—A crystal coffin! A crystal coffin!

Hanke.—Oh, Lord! It must have cost a pretty penny!

Sev. Voi.—A crystal coffin! A crystal coffin!

Seidel.—(Who has appeared.) We're going to see fine things, that we are! An angel has passed right through the village, as tall as a poplar tree, if you'll believe me. And two others are sitting by the smithy pond; but they're small, like little children. The girl was more than a beggar-girl.

Sev. Voi.—"The girl was more than a beggar-girl." "They're bringing a crystal coffin." "An angel has passed through the village."

(Four white-robed youths carry in a crystal coffin, which they set down near Hannele's bed. The mourners whisper to each other, full of curiosity and astonishment.)

Got.—(Raising the sheet from Hannele's face.) Look at the dead child, too.

First W.—Why, her hair is like gold.

Got.—And she has silken garments and glass slippers.

Sev. Voi.—"Ah, how beautiful she is!" "Who can it be?" "Who can it be?" "Little Hannla Mattern?" "Hannla Mattern?" "No, I don't believe it!"

Ples.—The girl—the girl—is a—a saint.

Hanke.—They say she isn't to be buried at all.

First W.—Her coffin is to be set up in the church.

Second W.—I believe the girl isn't really dead. She looks as alive as ever she can be.

Ples.—Just give me—just give me—a down feather. We'll try—we'll try. (Holding a down feather to her mouth.) Yes, and we'll see—and we'll see if she still—if she's still breathing, we will. It doesn't stir. The girl is dead! She hasn't a breath of life in her!

Third W.—I'll give her my bunch of rosemary.

Fourth W.—She can take my bit of lavender with her, too.

Fifth W.—But where is Mattern?

First W.—Yes, where is Mattern?

Second W.—Oh, he—he's sitting over there in the ale-house.

First W.—Most like he doesn't know a word of what has happened.

Second W.—He cares for nothing so long as he has his dram. He knows nothing about it.

Ples.—Haven't you—haven't you told him, then—told him—that there's a death—in his house?

Third W.—He might know that without any telling.

Fourth W.—I don't say anything, heaven forbid! But everyone knows who has killed the girl.

Sei.—You're right there! The whole village, as you might say, knows that. There's a lump on her as big as my fist.

Fifth W.—No grass grows where that fellow sets his feet.

Sei.—I was there when they changed her wet clothes, and I saw it as plain as I see you. She has a lump on her as big as my fist—and that's what has killed her.

First W.—It's Mattern must answer for her, and no one else.

All.—No one else, no one else.

Second W.—He's a murderer, he is.

All.—A murderer, a murderer!

(The harsh voice of the tipsy Mattern is heard.)

Mattern's Voice.—"A con—science from all trou—ouble free.
What so—ofter pil—low can there be?"

Hannele! Hannele! You brat! Where are you hiding? I'll count up to five—and I'll wait not a moment longer. One, two —three and one are—I tell you, my girl, you'd better not make me wild. If I have to search for you and find you, you hussy, I'll pound you to a jelly, I will! (Starts as he notices the others who are present, and who remain as still as death.) What do you want here? How do you come here? Was 't the devil sent you, eh? Just clear out of this, now! Well, are you going to stop all night? Wait a minute, wait a minute—I know what it is. It's nothing but that. I have a little too much in my noddle—that's what brings 'em. (He sings.)

"A con—science from all trou—ouble free,
What so—ofter pil—low can there be?"

you still there? (Looking around for something to attack them with.) I'll take the first thing that comes handy——

(A man has entered, wearing a threadbare brown cloak. He is about thirty, has long black hair and a pale face with the features of the schoolmaster, Gottwald. He touches Mattern lightly on the arm, interrupting his speech. Mattern turns sharply round. The stranger looks him straight in the face, gravely and quietly.)

The Stranger.—(Humbly.) Mattern, God's greeting to you!

Mat.—How have you come here? What do you want?

The Str.—I have walked till my feet are bleeding—give me water to wash them. The hot sun has parched me—give me wine to drink and to refresh me. I have not broken bread since I set forth in the morning—I am hungry.

Mat.—What's that to me? What brings you tramping round here? Go and work. I have to work, too.

The Str.—I am a workman.

Mat.—You're a tramp, that's what you are. A workman need not go about begging.

The Str.—I am a workman without wages.

Mat.—You're a tramp, you are.

The Str.—I am a physician. It may be that you have need of me.

Mat.—I'm all right, I don't need any doctor.

The Str.—Mattern, bethink you! You need give me no water, and yet I will heal you. You may give me no bread to eat, and yet, God helping me, I will make you whole.

Mat.—You get out of this! Go about your business. I have sound bones in my body. I need no doctor. Do you understand?

The Str.—Mattern, bethink you! I will wash your feet for you. I will give you wine to drink. You shall eat white bread. Tread me under foot, and yet, God helping me, I will make you whole and sound.

Mat.—Now, will you go or will you not? If you won't get out of this, I tell you I'll——

The Str.—Mattern, do you know what you have in your house?

Mat.—All that belongs there. All that belongs there. You don't belong there. Just get out, now.

The Str.—Your daughter is ill.

Mat.—Her illness doesn't need any doctor. It's nothing but laziness, her illness isn't. I can knock that out of her without your help.

The Str.—Mattern, I come as a messenger to you.

Mat.—As a messenger, eh? Who from?

The Str.—I come from the Father—and I go to the Father. What have you done with His child?

Mat.—How am I to know what's become of her? What have I to do with his children? He's never troubled about her, he hasn't.

The Str.—You have death in your house

Mat.—Where have you got the beautiful clothes? Who has bought you the crystal coffin? I've never ill-used you. I've clothed you. I've fed you. What do you want with me? What have I to do with all this?

The Str.—Mattern, have you anything to say to me? Have you nothing to reproach yourself with? Have you never torn her from her bed by night? Has she never fallen as though dead under your blows?

Mat.—Strike me dead if she has—here, on the spot! Heaven's lightning blast me if I've been to blame!

(A flash of pale blue lightning and distant thunder.)

All.—"There's a thunderstorm coming!" "Right in the middle of winter!" "He's perjured himself!" "The child-murderer has perjured himself!"

The Str.—Have you still nothing to say to me, Mattern?

Mat.—Who loves his child chastens it. I've done nothing but good to the girl. I've kept her as my own child. I've a right to punish her when she does wrong.

The Women.—Murderer! Murderer! Murderer!

Mat.—She's lied to me and cheated me. She has robbed me day by day.

The Str.—Are you speaking the truth?

Mat.—God strike me——

(At this moment a cowslip—"the key of heaven"—is seen in Hannele's folded hands, emitting a yellow-green radiance. Mattern stares at it as though out of his senses, trembling all over.)

The Str.—Mattern, you are lying!

All.—(In the greatest excitement.) A miracle! a miracle!

Ples.—The girl—the girl—is a—a saint. He has—he has—sworn away—body—body and soul.

Mat.—(Shrieks.) I'll go and hang myself. (Rushes off.)

The Str.—(Goes to Hannele's coffin, and turns so as to face the others, who all draw back reverently.) Fear nothing. (He bends down and takes hold of Hannele's hand.) The maiden is not dead, but sleepeth. Johanna Mattern, arise!

(A gold-green radiance fills the room. Hannele opens her eyes and raises herself by aid of the stranger's hand, but without daring to look in his face. She steps out of the coffin and at once sinks to the ground at the feet of the awakener. Terror seizes upon all the others and they flee. The stranger and Hannele remain alone. The brown mantle has slipped from his shoulders and he stands in a golden-white robe.)

The Str.—(Tenderly.) Hannele!

Hannele.—(In an ecstasy.) He is there.

The Str.—Who am I?

Han.—Thou!

The Str.—Name my name.

Han.—(Whispers, trembling with awe.) Holy! holy!

The Str.—I know all thy sorrows and thy sufferings.

Han.—Thou dear, dear——

The Str.—Arise.

Han.—Thy robe is spotless. I am full of stains.

The Str.—(Laying his right hand on Hannele's head.) Thus do I take away all baseness from thee. (Raising her face toward him, he touches her eyes.) Behold, I bestow on thine eyes eternal light. Let them be filled with the light of countless suns; with the light of endless day, from morning-glow to evening-glow, from evening-glow to morning-glow. Let them be filled with the brightness of all that shines: blue sea, blue sky and the green plains of eternity. (He touches her ear.) Behold, I give to thine ear to hear all the rejoicing of all the millions of angels in the million heavens of God. (He touches her lips.) Behold, I set free thy stammering tongue, and lay upon it thy soul, and my soul, and the soul of God in the Highest.

(Hannele attempts to rise. She cannot do so. In a storm of sobs and tears she buries her head on the stranger's breast.)

With these tears I wash from thy soul all the dust and anguish of the world. I will exalt thy feet above the stars of God.

(To soft music, and stroking Hannele's hair with his hand, the stranger speaks as follows. As he is speaking angelic forms appear in the doorway, swinging censers and decorating the chamber with hangings and wreaths:)

The City of the Blessed is marvellously fair,
And peace and utter happiness are never-ending there.
(Harps, at first played softly, gradually ring out loud and clear.)
The houses are of marble, the roofs of gold so fine,
And down their silver channels bubble brooks of ruby wine.
The streets that shine so white, so white, are all bestrewn with flowers,
And endless peals of wedding bells ring out from all the towers.
The pinnacles, as green as May, gleam in the morning light,
Beset with flickering butterflies, with rose-wreaths decked and dight.
Twelve milk-white swans fly round them in mazy circles wide,
And preen themselves, and ruffle up their plumage in their pride;
They soar aloft so bravely through the shining heavenly air,
With fragrance all aquiver and with golden trumpet-blare;
In circle-sweeps majestical forever they are winging,
And the pulsing of their pinions is like harp-strings softly ringing.
They look abroad o'er Sion, on garden and on sea,
And green and filmy streamers behind them flutter free—
And underneath them wander, throughout the heavenly land,
The people in their feast-array, for ever hand in hand;
And then into the wide, wide sea, filled with the red, red wine,
Behold! they plunge their bodies with glory all ashine—
They plunge their shining bodies into the gleaming sea,

Till in the deep clear purple they're swallowed utterly;
And when again they leap aloft rejoicing from the flood,
Their sins have all been washed away in Jesus' blessed blood.

(The stranger now turns to the angels, who have finished their work. They form a half-circle round Hannele and the stranger.)

Come heaven's children, come with linen fine!
Dear ones, come hither! come, my turtle-doves!
Softly enwrap the fragile outworn frame
That cold has racked and fever-glow has parched,
Heedful for fear ye hurt the tender flesh;
Then sail ye forth on pulseless, sleeping wings,
Brushing the dewy meadow-grass, and bear her
Through the cool moonshine, lovingly along. . . .
Through fragrant blossom-breath of paradise,
Till in the blissful temple-shade she rests.

(A short pause.)

There, while on silken bed she slumbers, mix
In the white marble bath the hill-brook's water
With purple wine and milk of antelopes,
Pure essences to lave her back to health.
Break from the bushes heavy sprays of bloom,
Jasmine and lilac, drenched with morning dews,
And let their sparkling charge of crystal drops,
Fragrant and quickening, rain down upon her.
Then, with the softest silk, dry limb by limb,
As tenderly as they were lily-leaves.
With wine refresh her, poured in golden goblets,
Wherein is pressed the flesh of mellow fruits—
Of strawberries, from their sun-steeped bed still warm,
Of ruby-red, sweet-blooded raspberries,
Of satin peaches, golden pineapples.
Bring yellow oranges, great glossy globes,
On silver chargers flashing mirror-like.
Stilled be her hunger; let her heart embrace
All the new morning's pomp and lavishness.
Let the proud palace-halls enchant her eyes,
While flame-winged butterflies around her flitting
Are mirrored in the floor's green malachite.

On outspread satin let her glide along
Through hyacinths and tulips—at her side
Let branching palm trees wave their broad green fans,
Reflected in the sheen of crystal walls.
O'er fields of scarlet poppies let her gaze,
Where heaven's children play with golden balls
In the first radiance of the new-born light,
While round her heart sweet harmonies entwine.

The Angels Sing in Chorus.—**Bear we her tenderly, lapped in our love,**
Eia popeia, to heaven above.
Eia popeia, to heaven above.

In his *Hannele* Hauptmann produced a play differing essentially from anything he had before attempted, differing, it may be said, from anything that had hitherto been attempted on the German stage, the contrast between the Romantic dreams of the fever-stricken girl and the squalor of the almshouse jarring strongly on the spectators. But the drama showed at least that the author was too original a writer to allow himself to be circumscribed by the narrow confines of realism. His *Beaver-Fur*, brought out in the same year of 1893, is, however, entirely realistic—a piece of lighter texture, but with characters clearly drawn and a strong vein of humor. His *Florian Geyer* is an historical piece, dealing with the Peasant's war in the stormy times described in Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen*. It was, indeed, an effort to break through the prejudices which prevented the modern dramatist from treating historical themes. But the subject was too unwieldy for the light touch of Gerhart Hauptmann; the characters were too numerous, and his minuteness of

method proved inadequate for scenes where boldness of touch and clearness of outline were needed. *The Sunken Bell* has lost none of the popularity which it enjoyed on its first appearance in 1897. Hardly less successful were *Fuhrmann Henschel*, published in 1898 as a tragedy of village life, and *Schluck und Jau*, in 1900, a comedy written on original lines, but whose subject was suggested by *The Taming of the Shrew*, the vagabond who poses as hero believing himself a prince. In the same year Hauptmann wrote, as a piece descriptive of artist-life, his *Michael Kramer*, in which lack of dramatic action is hardly compensated by vivid portrayal of character.

STELLA

BY

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

(Translated by Benjamin Thompson.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MRS. SUMNER.
LUCY, her Daughter.
LANDLADY.
COUNT FERNANDO.
STELLA.
CECILIA.
SERVANTS.

PRELUDE.

Goethe's *Stella* is a strange, wild play, full of extravagant passion, a comedy fitted only for lovers, but one that, though seldom acted, furnishes, in its title rôle, a strong character for a great actress. The hero, Fernando, a weak-minded nobleman, has married two wives, one after another, who, meeting together at an inn, recognize him and cause him the utmost misery, for he loves them both and they both love him. Finally his first wife, Stella, surrenders her rights, and they agree all to live together. The conclusion is improbable, not to say unnatural, and Goethe afterward altered it by causing Fernando to shoot himself and Stella to take poison.

ACT I.

Scene: A room in a small inn. A horn is heard at a distance. Enter Landlady, in great haste.

Landlady.—Charles! Charles!

Enter Charles.

Charles.—Well! What now?

Land.—Where have you been hiding yourself again? Go to the door. The coach is coming. Show the passengers into

this room, and bring their luggage. Come—move, I say. What! are you making faces again? (Exit Charles.) I'll cure you of your idle tricks, I promise you. A lad who lives at an inn should always be brisk and active, or when he becomes a landlord he will be good for nothing. If anything could persuade me to marry again, it would be that I might have some one to keep these creatures in order. If falls too heavy on a woman alone.

Enter Charles, showing the way to Mrs. Sumner and Lucy, who are in travelling dresses.

Lucy.—(Carrying a portmanteau, to Charles.) Never mind this—it is not heavy—but take that box which my mother is carrying.

Land.—Your servants, ladies. You are come betimes. The coach very seldom arrives so soon.

Lucy.—We had a merry young coachman, with whom I should like to drive through the world. Besides, there were but two of us, and we have not much luggage.

Land.—If you mean to dine, ladies, I must beg you to wait a little, for dinner is not ready.

Mrs. Sumner.—May I request you only to let me have a little soup?

Lucy.—I am in no hurry. Be so good as to provide for my mother.

Land.—Immediately.

Lucy.—And pray let the soup be good.

Land.—The best I have. (Exit.)

Mrs. Sum.—Must you always be ordering something? I thought this journey would have taught you wisdom. We have always paid for more than we have eaten. And in our circumstances!

Lucy.—Why, dear mother, we have not yet been in distress——

Enter Coachman.

Ha! Friend, how do you do? You want to be paid, I suppose?

Coachman.—Didn't I drive an uncommon pace?

Lucy.—You mean by this, I suppose, that you have deserved an uncommon payment. Well, if I had a carriage I would hire you. There!

Coach.—I thank you, miss. You don't mean to go any farther, I suppose?

Lucy.—Not at present.

Coach.—Your servant, ladies. (Exit.)

Mrs. Sum.—I see by his countenance that you have given him too much.

Lucy.—Ought I to have sent him away dissatisfied? I am sure he was very civil to us. You always say that I am too fond of my own opinion. At all events, I am not too fond of my money.

Mrs. Sum.—Do not, dear Lucy, misconstrue what I say. I like your good spirits and generosity; but they should be kept within proper bounds.

Lucy.—I really admire this little place, mother. The house above probably belongs to the lady whose companion I am to be.

Mrs. Sum.—I am glad you like the place at which you are destined to reside.

Lucy.—It seems quiet, to be sure—but in that respect it will only be like Sunday in a town. The lady has a pleasant garden, I understand, and is a good woman. I shall be very comfortable, I dare say. What are you looking at, dear mother?

Mrs. Sum.—Do not ask me, happy girl, whom no painful recollection tortures! Alas! At that time it was otherwise. Nothing is more distressing to me than to enter an inn.

Lucy.—Where is the place in which you would not be uneasy?

Mrs. Sum.—And where the place in which I should not find cause to be so? Oh, Lucy, how different were my sensations when I travelled with your father—when we enjoyed the happiest period of our lives, the first years of our union! At that time everything had to me the charms of novelty. At his side I passed a thousand objects, the minutest of which became interesting to me through his genius and affection.

Lucy.—I should like to travel, too.

Mrs. Sum.—And when, after sultry weather, or a cold frosty day, we found ourselves at eve in many a meaner place than this, how did we enjoy the humble accommodation, while sitting on a wooden bench and eating our frugal meal! Yes. Then it was otherwise!

Lucy.—Surely it is now time to forget him.

Mrs. Sum.—Do you know what it is to forget? Dear Lucy, you have (God be thanked!) sustained no loss which is irreparable. Since the moment that I was convinced he had forsaken me, life had no longer any charms. Despair took possession of my soul, and scarcely can I remember my situation.

Lucy.—I can only remember that I sat upon your bed and wept because you wept. It was in the green chamber, and I was more sorry to part with that chamber than any other, when we were obliged to sell the house.

Mrs. Sum.—You were only seven years old, and could not feel what you lost.

Enter Ann, with the soup, Landlady and Charles.

Ann.—Here is the soup, ma'am.

Mrs. Sum.—I thank you, my dear. Is this your daughter?

Land.—My step-daughter, ma'am; but as she is honest and industrious, I don't lament that I have no children of my own.

Mrs. Sum.—You are in mourning?

Land.—Yes, for my husband. I lost him about three months ago. We had not been married quite three years.

Mrs. Sum.—You seem to bear the loss very well.

Land.—To be sure I do, ma'am. I have very little time for weeping and lamentation. Charles, bring the lady a napkin.

Lucy.—Whose house is that on the hill?

Land.—It belongs to her ladyship—a very worthy, charming woman.

Mrs. Sum.—I rejoice to hear a neighbor confirm what has been reported to us at the distance of many miles. My daughter will in future reside here with her.

Land.—I wish you joy, young lady.

Lucy.—I wish she may please me.

Land.—You must have an odd taste if she does not.

Lucy.—I am glad to hear it, for when I try to accommodate myself to the disposition of another, I must feel a real regard for the person, or I shall never succeed.

Land.—Well! Well! We shall meet again, and you can then tell me whether I have spoken the truth. Every one who belongs to her ladyship's family is happy. When my daughter is a little older I intend her to spend a few years in her ladyship's service. It will be of use to the girl as long as she lives.

Ann.—Oh, when you see her, how you will like her! You don't know how anxiously she expects you. She is very kind to me, too. If you wish to go to the house, I'll show you the way.

Lucy.—Before I do that, I must change my dress and have something to eat.

Ann.—Suppose, then, mother, I run up and tell her ladyship that miss is arrived?

Land.—Very right.

Mrs. Sum.—And say that we will wait upon her immediately after dinner. (Exit Ann.)

Land.—My daughter is very fond of her ladyship, and she deserves everybody's love, for she is the best soul in the world. She lets the villagers' daughters wait upon her till they understand the business of a servant, and then she finds them good places. This is the way in which she has passed her time since my lord has been away. It is amazing that, though she is so unhappy, she should be so good and kind.

Mrs. Sum.—Is she not a widow?

Land.—That God knows. His lordship went away about three years ago, and has never been heard of since—and she loved him beyond everything. My husband could never finish when he began to talk of them—and I say, into the bargain, that there never was such a kind-hearted soul in the world. Every year, on the day that she saw him for the last time, she shuts herself in her room, and won't admit anybody—nay, whenever she speaks of him, it makes one quite melancholy.

Mrs. Sum.—Unfortunate woman!

Land.—There's much to be said about it.

Mrs. Sum.—What mean you?

Land.—One does not wish to mention it.

Mrs. Sum.—I beseech you——

Land.—If you will not betray me, I'll tell you the whole history. About eight years since they came to this place and bought the estate. Nobody knew who they were. He was called my lord, and she my lady. It was said that he was an officer who had gained a fortune in foreign service, and chose now to live in a retired way. She was then very young—not above sixteen years old—and beautiful as an angel.

Lucy.—By this account she is now only four-and-twenty.

Land.—Exactly. But she has had more sorrow than commonly falls to the lot of such young people. She had a child, which died soon after it was born. She buried it in the garden, and since his lordship has been absent she has built a hermitage close to it, and fixed upon a place for her own grave. My late husband was rather in years, and not so soon moved as some folks, but he never was so happy as when he was telling us how happy my lord and lady were while they lived together.

Mrs. Sum.—My heart pants to meet her.

Land.—Hear the rest. People say that his lordship was a man of strange principles, for he never went to church—and they who have no religion have no God; consequently they never keep themselves in any order. All at once it was said that my lord was gone—and so he was, and he never returned.

Mrs. Sum.—(Aside.) An exact description of my fate!

Land.—Just at the time that I was married and came to this inn—it will be three years next Michaelmas—the story was in everybody's mouth This man knew more than that, and that more than his neighbor. In short, it was even whispered that they had never been married—but you must not betray me. It was said that he was a great man—that he had seduced her—and I know not what. To be sure, when a girl does take such a rash step, she is certain to repent it as long as she lives.

Reënter Ann.

Ann.—Her ladyship begs you will step to the house immediately. She will not detain you a moment. She only wishes to see you.

Lucy.—It is not proper in this dress.

Land.—Go—pray go. She pays no regard to dress, I promise you.

Lucy.—(To Ann.) Will you accompany me?

Ann.—With all my heart!

Mrs. Sum.—Lucy, a word. (Leads her aside.) Remember my warning. Betray not our rank or misfortunes. Conduct yourself toward her with respect.

Lucy.—Leave all to me. My father was a merchant—went to America—died there—in consequence of which our circumstances—— Leave all to me. I have learned my lesson, you know. (Aloud.) Would it not be better if you were to take a little rest? Our landlady will, I am sure, show you a bedroom.

Land.—I have a retired room that will exactly suit you, madame. (To Lucy.) I wish her ladyship may please you.

(Exeunt Ann and Lucy.)

Mrs. Sum.—My daughter has very great spirits.

Land.—Yes, ma'am—she is young. Her spirits will sink some day or other.

Mrs. Sum.—Alas! I fear you are right.

Land.—Come, ma'am. Let me show you the room.

(Exeunt.

(The arrival of a carriage is heard soon after, and Fernando enters, in uniform, followed by his Servant.)

Servant.—Shall I order another chaise, and remove the luggage, sir?

Fernando.—No—bring it in. I shall go no farther.

Serv.—No farther! You told me, sir——

Fer.—I tell you now, that I shall go no farther. Engage a bedroom for me, and take my trunk into it. (Servant goes; Fernando walks to the window.) Do I again behold thee, heavenly scene—do I again behold thee? How quiet is the house! No window open! How desolate the balcony, where we so often sat! Ha! How does this cloister-like appearance of her dwelling flatter my hopes! Thinks she of Fernando in her solitude? Has he deserved that she should think of

him? Oh, I feel as if, after the long joyless sleep of death, I was reanimated—so new, so impressive is all around me. The trees—the fountain—everything! Thus flowed the water when I (oh, how many thousand times!) gazed at it with her till both were lost in meditation. Its noise is melody to me—melody recalling past delight. And she? She will be what she was. Yes, Stella, thou art not changed—my heart assures me that thou art not. How does it pant to sympathize with thine! But I will not—I dare not. I must first collect myself—I must convince myself that I am really here—that no dream deceives me. For often, awake and on my pillow, has fancy led me from far-distant countries to this spot. Stella! Stella! Feel'st thou not that I am near—that I come to forget all my cares in thy arms? And if thou hoverest over me, dear shade of my unhappy, luckless wife, forgive me and forsake me. Thou art dead. Let me, therefore, forget thee. In the arms of an angel let me forget my loss, my sorrow, my repentance. I am so near her that in a moment—— I cannot! I cannot! I must prepare myself for the ecstatic interview—or I shall die at her feet.

Enter Landlady.

Landlady.—Do you wish for dinner, sir?

Fer.—Is there any ready?

Land.—Yes, sir. We only wait for a young lady, who is gone to see her ladyship.

Fer.—Her ladyship is well, I hope?

Land.—Do you know her, sir?

Fer.—Some years ago I used to be at the house. How fares her husband?

Land.—God knows. He is gone—no one knows where.

Fer.—Gone!

Land.—Yes. He left the good soul—God forgive him!

Fer.—She knows how to console herself, I suppose?

Land.—Console herself! You know very little of her if you think so. She lives as retired as a nun, and scarcely accepts a visit from any one in the neighborhood. She attends to her own family, instructs the children of the village, and, though everybody knows she is unhappy, she is always friendly and good-humored.

Fer.—I'll call upon her.

Land.—Do, sir. She sometimes invites the curate's wife—and the bailiff's wife—and me—and talks to us quite familiarly. To be sure, we take care not to remind her of his lordship; but once it did happen, and God knows how we felt when she began to speak of him and to praise him. Why, sir, we all cried like sucking babes.

Fer.—(Aside.) Have I deserved this? (Aloud.) Have you shown my servant a bedroom?

Land.—Yes, sir. Charles! Show the gentleman his room.

(Exit Fernando.)

Enter Lucy and Ann.

Well, what do you say now?

Lucy.—She is a charming woman, and I am sure I shall be happy with her. She would scarcely allow me to leave her, and made me promise that I would return immediately after dinner with my mother and our trunks.

Land.—I knew that would be the case. Are you ready for dinner, miss? A tall, handsome officer is arrived since you were here—if you are not afraid of him.

Lucy.—Not in the least. I like soldiers better than any other people. They are no disguise, and you know directly whether they are good or bad. Is my mother asleep?

Land.—I don't know.

Lucy.—Then I must see how she does. (Exit.)

Enter Charles.

Land.—Charles! There! You have forgotten the salt-cellars again—and look at the glasses. I ought to break them against your head, if you were worth as much as they cost.

Enter Fernando.

The young lady is returned. She will come to dinner in a moment.

Fernando.—Who is she?

Land.—I don't know. She appears to be of a good family, but poor, and will in future be her ladyship's companion.

Fer.—Is she young?

Land.—Very young—and sharp as a needle. Her mother is above, too.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy.—Your servant, sir.

Fer.—I am happy in having so fair a companion at dinner. (Lucy acknowledges the compliment.) Landlady, shall we have the pleasure of your society, too?

Land.—If I sit down one minute, sir, not a soul will stir in the house. (Exit.)

Fer.—A tête-à-tête, then, it seems.

Lucy.—With a table between us.

Fer.—You are resolved to live in future with her ladyship?

Lucy.—I must.

Fer.—I should think that you would not find it difficult to meet with a companion who would be more entertaining than her ladyship.

Lucy.—I don't wish it.

Fer.—On your honor?

Lucy.—Sir, I perceive you are like all your sex.

Fer.—What do you mean?

Lucy.—That you are very arrogant. You men think we cannot exist but with you; yet I am grown thus old without man's assistance.

Fer.—You have no father, then?

Lucy.—I scarcely remember that I had one. I was young when he left his family and embarked for America. The vessel sank, and he perished.

Fer.—And are you so indifferent——

Lucy.—Why should I be otherwise? He did very little for me. And though I may pardon him for leaving us, I wish not to be my mother, whom sorrow is hurrying to the grave.

Fer.—And you are without assistance—without protection?

Lucy.—We are—what then? Our property has daily grown smaller, but I have daily grown greater—and I am not afraid of being able to provide for my mother.

Fer.—Your fortitude astonishes me.

Lucy.—Oh, sir, that is easily gained. Those who have often been upon the brink of ruin, and yet have always been preserved, feel confident.

Fer.—Can you not inspire your mother with a portion of this confidence?

Lucy.—Alas! It is she who has sustained a loss—not I. I thank my father for having given me life, because I am happy; but she—who had rested all her happiness on him, who had sacrificed to him everything—to be now forsaken, deserted—oh, it must be horrible! I have as yet lost nothing, and cannot therefore speak properly upon the subject. You seem thoughtful, sir.

Fer.—Yes. In this life every one must expect to lose. (Rising.) Yet every one may also hope to gain. God support your fortitude! (Takes her hand.) You have astonished me. Oh! How happy—— I too have in this world—hopes—joys—and——

Lucy.—What do you mean, sir?

Fer.—Everything good. The warmest wishes for your happiness! (Exit.)

Lucy.—An odd man! But he seems to be of a kind disposition. (Exit.)

ACT II.

Scene: An apartment in Stella's house. She is discovered giving orders to a Servant.

Stella.—Yes, you will find her at the inn. Tell her I am waiting for her.

Servant.—My lady, she promised to come immediately.

Stel.—But you see she does not come. Go, and say that I expect her mother also. (Exit Servant.) The girl has gained my regard already. I can scarcely wait till she comes. What a silly love of novelty is this! I am a child. Yet why should I not love? Much, very much does it require to fill the vacuum in this heart! Alas! yes. Formerly, when he loved me, when he hung upon my neck, his looks filled my whole soul, and——

Oh, God of heaven! Inscrutable are thy decrees. Often, when he pressed his lips to mine, and with his kisses I inhaled the fire which animated him—often did I raise my tearful eyes to thee, and in the fullness of my heart beseech thee to continue the bliss which thou hadst bestowed. But such was not thy will. (Sinks for a moment into meditation, then suddenly starts and presses her hands to her heart.) No, Fernando, I meant not to reproach thee.

Enter Mrs. Sumner and Lucy.

There she is! Dear girl, you are now mine. I thank you, madame, for the confidence with which you entrust this treasure to my care. She is an open-hearted girl, I dare be sworn. I shall soon teach you freedom, Lucy.

Mrs. Sumner.—You feel what I entrust to you.

Stel.—(After a pause, in which she has surveyed Mrs. Summer.) Pardon me, madame. I am not ignorant of your history, I know that I am speaking to persons of a good family; but your appearance has surprised me. Your look inspires me with respect and confidence.

Mrs. Sum.—My lady——

Stel.—Not a word! What my heart feels I willingly avow. I hear you are not well. Be seated, I beg.

Mrs. Sum.—I am much better than I have been. The journey, the pleasant weather, the variety of objects and the pure air of spring, which have often in former days reanimated me—all these have had of late such beneficial effects that even the remembrance of past happiness is become to me a pleasing sensation, and I perceive in my soul some faint reflection of those blissful days which youth and love gave birth to.

Stel.—Love! Ah! How blissful are the first days of love! No, golden age, thou art not past. Each heart acknowledges thy presence at the moment that it feels the power of love.

Mrs. Sum.—(Taking her hand.) How nobly thought! How true!

Stel.—Your countenance glows like the countenance of an angel. The color spreads upon your cheeks.

Mrs. Sum.—Oh! And my heart! How does it beat! How does it fly toward yours!

Stel.—You, too, have loved, then. Thank heaven I have at length found a being who can understand me—who will pity me. Till now, all have beheld my sorrows with indifference. You, I am sure, will not. Is it my fault that I possess a heart susceptible and constant? What have I not done? What have I not essayed? But in vain. My heart pants for that object—and for that object only—for nothing else in this wide world. Oh! The object of affection is a world.

Mrs. Sum.—They who love bear a heaven in their bosoms.

Stel.—True! True! You remind me of him again. I see him rising, when in company, to look for me. I see him running across the fields to throw himself into my arms at the garden door. I see him drive from the door, yet fancy him at my side. How well do I remember when I sat in the arbor, and felt sure that wherever he might be, visible or invisible, he watched with tenderness my every action! I felt that the waving of my feather had more attraction to him than all the eyes which sparkled in a ball-room, and that all the music he might hear was but an accompaniment to the everlasting song of his heart: "Stella! Stella! How do I love thee!"

Lucy.—Can one person love another so much?

Stel.—Yes, Lucy. But why have I at once entered on this subject? Perhaps because it is my favorite subject, and like a child I feel happy while dwelling on it—like a child which hides itself in a corner and calls to you that you may look for it. How completely is the heart filled when we think ourselves neglected, and positively determine to renounce the traitor! With what imagined strength of mind we enter again into his presence! How do our bosoms heave with the triumphant thought, and how completely is our resolution overcome by a single look—a single pressure of the hand!

Mrs. Sum.—How happy must you be in feeling thus the sweet delights of pure affection!

Stel.—I am. The distress and misery of a thousand years are not a sufficient compensation for the bliss which the first looks of love—the trembling frame—the faltering voice—the soft approach—the yielding sigh—the fiery kiss—the embrace of ecstasy—— But, madame, you are not well.

Mrs. Sum.—Men! Men!

Stel.—They make us happy and miserable. They fill our hearts with sweet presages of delight. What new unknown sensations swell our souls when their impetuous passion first assails our nerves! How often has my frame trembled, nay, almost been convulsed, when with an ungovernable flood of tears he poured the sorrows of a world upon my bosom! I entreated him, for heaven's sake, to spare himself and me, but in vain. The flames which raged within him spread to me, and found their way even to my very marrow. Thus I became from head to foot all heart, all sensibility. Where can I go? Point out to me a place where one who suits the description I have given can breathe freely.

Mrs. Sum.—We place confidence in man. When under the influence of passion he deceives himself. Is it wonderful, then, that he deceives our sex?

Stel.—Madame, a thought darts across my mind. We will be to each other what men ought to have been to us. We will live together, and share each other's fate. Your hand. From this moment I will not allow you to leave me.

Lucy.—That can never be.

Stel.—Why not, Lucy?

Mrs. Sum.—My daughter feels——

Stel.—Not that I confer any obligation, I hope. Hear me, and then feel what an obligation you confer on me by staying. Oh, I must not be left alone. I have done everything. I have bought poultry, deer and dogs. I teach the little girls of the village to knit and sew merely that I may not be left in solitude—that I may see some living creature near me. And when on a sweet, cheerful morning some deity seems kindly to remove the load of sorrow from my heart—when I awake at ease, behold my blooming garden enlivened by the sun, and feel myself ready for the occupations of the day—then, then am I blest indeed. I walk and inhale the wholesome breeze, I give orders and directions in my household, and in the freedom of my heart I loudly thank the Almighty for the happy hours he grants me.

Mrs. Sum.—Your ladyship is right. Employment and beneficence are the only compensation to a heart which feels the pangs of luckless love.

Stel.—Compensation! No. Some comfort they may be—something instead of what is lost, but not an equivalent. Where can she find a compensation who has lost the object of her affection? Often, when I walk in my garden, and wander from one idea to another, calling to mind the happy scenes of past delight, and anticipating future joy—suddenly it occurs to me that I am alone. In vain I stretch forth my arms, in vain pour forth the plaints of love, till I think that I must almost draw the moon from heaven. Still I remain alone—no voice replies to me—and the stars smile coldly on my woe. Then suddenly I see before me—the grave of my infant.

Mrs. Sum.—You have been a mother, then?

Stel.—I have. Oh, God, didst thou allow me, too, to feel this transport only that the bitter loss might make me still more wretched? When a barefooted child meets me in my walk, kisses its hand and rivets its large eyes upon me, the sight pierces to my heart. "So tall," I think, "would my Amelia have been." With mournful affection I clasp it in my arms, kiss it a hundred times. My heart is oppressed—the tears gush down my cheeks—and I fly.

Lucy.—But you surely have escaped much trouble.

Stel.—Trouble! (Smiles, and lays her hand on Lucy's shoulder.) A mother knows not the meaning of that word. My infant died. To describe my sensation is impossible. Wonderful it is that the shock did not at once destroy me. The rose-bud was broken—it lay at my feet—I stood petrified—my bosom was marble—I felt no pain—I knew not what had happened. My maid raised the child, pressed it to her heart, and suddenly exclaimed, "It lives!" I fell upon her neck, clasped her in my arms, and shed a flood of tears upon the child; but oh! she had deceived herself. It was dead. She laid it on the earth, and I fell near it in all the horrors of despair. (Throws herself upon a sofa.)

Mrs. Sum.—Withdraw your thoughts from the sad scene.

Stel.—No. It is well for me that my heart can unburden itself, that I can disclose to a sympathizing soul what has so long oppressed me. Let me continue to speak of him who was to me everything, who—you shall see his portrait. I have always thought the features an index of the mind.

Lucy.—I am curious to see the portrait.

Stel.—(Opens her cabinet, and leads them in.) There it is!

Mrs. Sum.—(Aside.) Gracious God!

Stel.—The likeness is strong, but his countenance was far, far more expressive. This forehead, these black eyes, this brown hair—— But oh, the painter could not express that look of kindness and affection which animated all his features! My heart alone can feel it.

Lucy.—My lady, I am astonished.

Stel.—At what?

Lucy.—I dined at the inn to-day with an officer who very much resembles this picture. Oh, I'll bet my life it is himself!

Stel.—To-day! You are mistaken, you are mistaken.

Lucy.—Indeed I am not. To be sure, the officer was older—browner—more sunburnt. It is he, it is he, I am sure.

Stel.—(Rings the bell.) Lucy, my heart will break. I must away this instant.

Lucy.—That will hardly be proper, I think.

Stel.—Proper! Oh, my heart!

Enter a Servant.

William, run to the inn. You will find an officer there who must—who is—Lucy, tell him—he must come thither.

Lucy.—Did you know his lordship?

Servant.—As well as I know myself.

Lucy.—Go, then, to the inn, where you will find an officer, who very much resembles this picture. See whether I am deceived. I could swear it is himself.

Stel.—Tell him to come hither instantly. (Exit Servant.) Oh that the meeting were over! Oh that I had him in these—— But no—you are mistaken—it is impossible. Allow me to retire, dear friends, allow me to retire. (Walks into her cabinet and shuts the door.)

Lucy.—What is the matter? You are quite pale, dear mother.

Mrs. Sum.—This is the last day of my life. My heart cannot bear the shock. All, all at once!

Lucy.—Merciful heavens!

Mrs. Sum.—The husband—the portrait—the expected much-loved husband is—my husband—and your father!

Lucy.—Mother! Best of mothers!

Mrs. Sum.—And he is arrived—will clasp her in his arms ere a few minutes have elapsed. Lucy, we must be gone.

Lucy.—Wherever and whenever you please.

Mrs. Sum.—Instantly.

Lucy.—Come, then, into the garden. I'll run, in the meantime, to see whether the coach is gone. If not, while they are lost in happiness we can depart unperceived.

Mrs. Sum.—Yes, while they are folded in each other's arms. Oh that I at the same moment should be obliged to fly—to fly forever——

Enter a Servant.

Servant.—This way, my lord. Have you forgotten your cabinet? Oh, how happy will my mistress be!

(Fernando walks across without perceiving Mrs. Summer and Lucy.)

Mrs. Sum.—'Tis he! 'Tis he! I am lost.

(Rushes out, followed by Lucy.)

ACT III.

Scene: As in the last. Enter Stella and Fernando.

Stella.—He is returned. Look at him, ye walls. He is returned. (Approaches the picture of a Venus.) Look at him, goddess. How often have I paced this apartment weeping and uttering my complaints to thee! He is returned. Scarcely can I give credit to my senses. Dearest! Dearest! You have been long absent—but you are returned. (Presses him to her bosom.) Nothing will I feel—nothing will I hear—nothing will I know, but that you are returned.

Fernando.—Stella! Much-loved Stella! (Falls on her neck.) God of heaven, thou dost allow me to shed tears again.

Stel.—Thou only comfort of my soul!

Fer.—Oh, Stella, let me again inhale thy breath—that breath more sweet and more refreshing than the zephyrs of the spring.

Stel.—Dear Fernando!

Fer.—Breathe into this longing, agitated bosom new love, new bliss, new ecstasy. (Presses his lips to hers with fervor.)

Stel.—Best of men!

Fer.—Heavenly banquet! Here, where thou breath'st, every object seems delighted and delighting. What villain could reflect upon thy firm affection and fidelity—and not feel bound to this spot forever?

Stel.—Dear enthusiast!

Fer.—Thou know'st not what the dew of heaven is to the thirsty pilgrim who returns from that sad, dreary wilderness, the world, to thy embrace.

Stel.—And do you know, Fernando, what the poor shepherd feels when he again beholds his strayed, his long-lost sheep?

Fer.—(Falls at her feet.) My Stella!

Stel.—Rise, dear Fernando. I cannot see you kneel.

Fer.—Why not? Why should I not bend the knee while my heart bows before thee, thou pattern of everything amiable and good?

Stel.—You are returned. This is all I can say—all I know—all I feel.

Fer.—I feel as if the first moments of our happiness were again present. I hold thee in my arms—I inhale from thy lips the certainty of thy affection—I am lost in ecstasy, and wonder whether I am asleep or awake.

Stel.—Dear Fernando, I perceive you are not become more sedate than you used to be.

Fer.—God forbid that on this occasion I should be more sedate! But believe me, Stella, these moments of delight make me what I ought to be—they inspire me with piety. I can pray, for I am happy.

Stel.—Heaven forgive you for being thus fickle, yet thus faithful! When I hear your voice, I think again that this is my Fernando, who loves no one in the world but me.

Fer.—And when I see thy mild blue eyes—when I gaze at them even till I lose myself, I think that, during all the time I have been absent, no other object has attracted their regard.

Stel.—You are not mistaken.

Fer.—Indeed!

Stel.—Had any one attracted my regard, I would confess it. Did I not, during the first days of our attachment, confess to you all the little impressions which had been made upon my heart? And was I not on that account more dear to you?

Fer.—Thou angel!

Stel.—Why do you gaze thus at me? Sorrow, I fear, has bleached my cheeks.

Fer.—My rose! My blooming flower! Stella! Why do you shake your head?

Stel.—How strange that we can love you thus—that we feel so unwilling to charge you with the sorrows which you cause!

Fer.—(Laying his hand upon her head.) Have they made your hair gray, Stella? No. The same auburn locks that I so often have admired. (Draws the comb from her hair; it falls, and flows gracefully over her shoulders.)

Stel.—Mischievous creature!

Fer.—(Entangling his fingers in her hair.) Rinaldo in his former chains!

Enter a Servant.

Servant.—My lady!

Stel.—What do you want? Why this cold, sullen look? You know such looks are death to me when I am pleased.

Serv.—And yet, my lady—the two strangers are determined to leave the house immediately.

Stel.—Leave the house! Why?

Serv.—That heaven knows. I saw the daughter run to the inn, return, and speak to her mother. I made further inquiries, and found they had ordered a post-chaise, in consequence of the coach having proceeded. I spoke to them; they begged that I would be kind enough to convey their trunks away secretly, and wished a thousand blessings might be showered upon your ladyship.

Fer.—Is that the lady who arrived to-day with her daughter?

Stel.—It is. I wished to take the daughter into my service, and likewise to have given her mother an asylum. How unfortunate that they should just now——

Fer.—What can be their reason for departing thus suddenly?

Stel.—Heaven knows. I cannot, will not think about it. I am sorry that they leave me—though I have you—though I have you again, my dear Fernando. Speak to them, dearest—speak to them immediately, and endeavor to detain them. Go, Henry—persuade them to come hither. (Exit Servant.) Tell her she shall be at liberty to live as she pleases in every respect. I will expect you in the arbor, dear Fernando. Come soon. The nightingales sing in our garden as in former times.

Fer.—Thou sweet enchantress!

Stel.—(Hanging on him.) You will come soon?

Fer.—Immediately. (Exit Stella.) Angels of Heaven! How her presence animates and cheers me! Scarcely do I know myself. Everything which oppressed my bosom is removed. Every care, every tormenting recollection, every sad anticipation—all, all are removed. But will they no more return? Never. While I behold my Stella, never; while I see her smile, never; while I clasp her in my arms, never, never, never!

Enter Steward.

Steward.—(Joyfully.) Are you really returned, dear master? Let me kiss your hand.

Fer.—(Withdrawing.) I am returned.

Stew.—Thank heaven, thank heaven!

Fer.—Art thou happy?

Stew.—My wife is still alive—I have two children—and my master is returned. Can I be otherwise than happy?

Fer.—How hast thou managed my affairs?

Stew.—I am ready to lay my accounts before you immediately, my lord. You will be astonished when you see how much the estate is improved. May I ask how you have fared?

Fer.—Peace! Shall I tell thee all? But yes, thou dost deserve it, gray-headed accomplice of my follies and my guilt.

Stew.—Happy is it for me that you are not the captain of a band of robbers; for were you to command, there is nothing which I would not do.

Fer.—Thou shalt know all.

Stew.—Your wife? Your daughter?

Fer.—I have not been able to find them. I dared not venture into the town, but I know from certain authority that my wife some time since placed confidence in a false friend, a merchant who obtained from her the whole property which I left, by promising a larger interest than it yielded, and then absconded with the amount. Under the pretense of retiring into the country, she has disappeared, and perhaps procures a scanty subsistence by her own and her daughter's labor. Thou know'st she had fortitude enough to undertake this.

Stew.—Well! Were I not so happy at home with my wife and children, I should envy you your travels. Do you mean to remain with us now, my lord?

Fer.—I do.

Stew.—You can never be so happy elsewhere.

Fer.—Oh that I could forget those days—those days forever past——

Stew.—Which were sometimes gay—and sometimes gloomy. I well remember when your lordship first beheld my former mistress. You loved her almost to adoration—courted her society—and were eager to be rid of liberty.

Fer.—Sweet, happy days!

Stew.—I remember, too, when she was brought to bed of a daughter, that she at the same time lost a considerable portion of her cheerfulness and beauty.

Fer.—No more, I prithee.

Stew.—I remember that your lordship then began to look around you—that you found the angel who is my present mistress—that you contended against the scruples of your conscience—and at length found yourself obliged to make the one or the other miserable. How convenient it was that an opportunity of selling your estates occurred! You left your home,

your wife, your child, and flew hither with a sweet being who was ignorant of the world and suspected no deceit.

Fer.—It seems thou art as talkative a moralist as ever.

Stew.—Your lordship taught me to be so. Did you not entrust me with all the secrets of your conscience? When you wished to leave this place (I know not whether prompted by a wish to find your wife and daughter or by the hope of banishing the melancholy which hung upon your spirits), I was the person that assisted you in the plan.

Fer.—Thus far I have been patient. No more!

Stew.—Stay with us now, and all will yet be well. (Exit.)

Enter a Servant.

Servant.—Mrs. Sumner!

Fer.—Show her the way. (Exit Servant.) This woman makes me sad before I see her. No happiness is in this world complete. The daughter's fortitude has disordered me. What will the mother's lamentations do?

Enter Mrs. Sumner.

(Aside.) Oh, God! And even her features must remind me of my guilt. Heart, heart! If it be in thy power to feel thus, why hast thou not power to pardon what is past? The shadow of Cecilia's form! But alas! where do I not behold that form? Inventive fancy brings it each moment to my view. (Aloud.) Madame——

Mrs. Sumner.—What are your commands, my lord?

Fer.—I wish you to remain with my Stella. Be seated.

Mrs. Sum.—The sight of the wretched is a burden to the happy; and to the wretched the sight of the happy is a still greater burden.

Fer.—I do not understand you. Can you have mistaken Stella? She is all goodness and affection.

Mrs. Sum.—My lord, it is my wish to depart—I must depart. Believe me, I have reasons for my conduct. I beseech you let me go.

Fer.—(Aside.) That voice! That form! (Aloud.) Madame. (Turns away.) By heavens, it is my wife! (Aloud.) I beg pardon—I—— (Exit.)

Mrs. Sum.—He recognized me. I thank thee, heaven, for arming me with strength at such a moment. Am I the forsaken, ruined Cecilia—I, who can bear a shock like this with calmness and with fortitude? Eternal Providence, how kind art thou! All that thou takest from us thou keepest in store till we shall most require it.

Reënter Fernando.

Fernando.—(Aside.) She has not recognized me. (Aloud.) I beseech you, madame, I conjure you, to open your heart to me.

Mrs. Sum.—Then I should be obliged to tell the story of my woes, and how can you be prepared for sorrow on a day which restores to you all the joys of life? No, my lord. Allow me to go.

Fer.—I beseech you.

Mrs. Sum.—I would willingly spare myself as well as you; for the recollection of past happiness always enhances present grief.

Fer.—You have not always been unhappy, then?

Mrs. Sum.—No—or I should not now be so completely wretched. (After a pause, with more composure.) The days of my youth were jocund and delightful. I know not what it was in me which attracted the attention of your sex, but many were eager to obtain my affection. For some of them I felt friendship and regard; but there was not among them one with whom I thought I could pass through life. Amusements courted me on every side—one day seemed with a friendly air to greet another; and yet I felt the want of something. When I looked farther into life—when I thought of the joys and sorrows which await us mortals, I could not but wish for a husband who would accompany me through the vicissitudes of the world, who, in return for my unbounded love, would become in my age a friend and protector, a substitute for those parents whom I had left for him.

Fer.—Proceed, madame.

Mrs. Sum.—And I saw this man—I saw him on whom during the first days of our acquaintance I founded all my hopes. The liveliness of his disposition seemed to be united with such goodness of heart, that mine lay open to him. I bestowed on him my friendship, and oh! in how short a time, my love. God of heaven! When he rested his head upon my bosom, how did he seem to thank thee for the bliss which he enjoyed in his Cecilia! How often did he fly from the bustle of the world to me, and vow I was his only comfort and delight!

Fer.—What could disturb so sweet a union?

Mrs. Sum.—Nothing is durable in this world. He loved me, I am certain, as sincerely as I loved him. There was a time when he studied nothing but my happiness. Oh! The first years of our union were most blissful. If, now and then, anything disagreeable occurred, it was but transitory. I knew not what a real evil was. Alas! My husband led me on this flowery path that he might at last leave me in a dreadful desert, alone and unprotected.

Fer.—(Who gradually becomes more embarrassed.) How! Were not his sentiments what you had expected them to be?

Mrs. Sum.—Can we know what dwells in the heart of man? I observed not that he grew—what name shall I give it? Indifference it was not. He loved me still; but my affection was not a sufficient recompense. I at length discovered this. I found that I perhaps was only sharing his regard with some rival. It was not in my nature to suppress this. I reproached him with it.

Fer.—What could he urge against the accusation?

Mrs. Sum.—Nothing—but he forsook me. To describe my sensations is impossible. All my hopes at once destroyed—all, at the very moment that I thought to reap my harvest. Forsaken! Abandoned! All the supports of the human mind, affection, confidence, rank, daily increasing fortune, the prospect of a numerous, well-provided family—all fell together, and I was left to weep with the unfortunate pledge of our affection. Mournful dejection succeeded this raging agony. I could no longer shed a tear. My heart was transfixed with despair, and sank into torpid despondency. The misfortunes which swallowed the remnant of my fortune I heeded not—till I at last——

Fer.—The villain!

Mrs. Sum.—(Suppressing her tears.) No. He is not a villain. I pity the man, who is the slave of a female.

Fer.—Madame!

Mrs. Sum.—(Assuming a tone of raillery, in order to conceal her emotion.) I look upon him as a prisoner. He says "Yes" and "It is so" whenever we are pleased to make an observation. He is drawn from his own sphere into ours, with which he has nothing in common. He deceives himself for some time, and woe be to us if he ever open his eyes. I could, unfortunately, be no more than an honest housewife, who attended to all his wishes, and endeavored in every respect to please him—who devoted all her time to her child and household—and whose mind was often so much occupied by these that she could not be an entertaining companion. With his lively genius he must, of course, have found my society dull and insipid. I acquit him. He is not guilty.

Fer.—(Falls at her feet.) He is! He is!

Mrs. Sum.—(Sinks with a flood of tears into his arms.) My Fernando!

Fer.—Cecilia! My wife!

Cecilia.—(Turning away.) No. Not your wife. My heart fails me. (Again falling on his neck.) Fernando! Be thou what thou mayst—allow a wretched woman to shed these tears upon thy bosom. Support me for this single moment—then leave me forever. I am not your wife. Do not spurn me from you.

Fer.—Oh, God! Cecilia! Do I feel thy tears upon my cheek? Do I feel thy heart beat against my bosom? Spare me, spare me!

Cec.—I require no more than this one moment. Allow me to relieve my heart—I shall then be stronger, and will leave you forever.

Fer.—Sooner will I lose my life than thee.

Cec.—I shall see you again, but not in this world. You belong to another. I cannot deprive her of you. Open, open to my view, oh, heaven, that I may catch a glimpse of that which can alone console me at this dreadful moment!

Fer.—(Seizes her hand, gazes at her, and clasps her again in his arms.) I have found thee again. Nothing, nothing in the world shall part us.

Cec.—Yes. You have found what you never sought.

Fer.—Say not that, Cecilia. I have sought thee, thou forsaken angel. Even in the arms of Stella, peace was a stranger to my bosom. Everything reminded me of thee and of my daughter. Gracious heaven! What bliss awaits me! Was that lovely creature whom I saw to-day my Lucy? I have sought you in every quarter, Cecilia. Three years have I been thus employed. When I reached our former abode I found it, alas! altered, and in the possession of a stranger. The way in which you lost your property is known to me. Your departure from our former home was a dagger to my heart. Finding all search ineffectual, and being weary of my life, I entered into the service of a foreign power, and lent my aid to crush the dying freedom of the noble Corsicans. After a long and wondrous pilgrimage, I determined to come hither—and here thou seest me on thy bosom, dearest, best of wives.

Enter Lucy.

Oh, my daughter!

Lucy.—Dear, good father—if you be again my father.

Fer.—Forever!

Cec.—And Stella?

Fer.—Dispatch is necessary. Unfortunate woman! Why, Lucy, why did we not this morning recognize each other? My heart beats—you know how much I was agitated when I left you. Oh, had we known each other then, what unbounded misery had Stella escaped! But we will be gone. I'll tell her you are resolved on departure, and will not distress her by taking leave. Go to the inn, Lucy, and let a chaise be instantly prepared. The servant shall bring my portmanteau after you. Be at hand, my dear Cecilia. And you, my daughter—when you have given the necessary orders, come back and wait for me in the salon. I will escape by saying that I mean to accompany you as far as the inn, see you safely begin your journey, and pay for the chaise. Poor soul! In spite of all thy goodness, I am about to deceive thee.

Cec.—Go! Hear me, Fernando.

Fer.—No more! Do as I have directed. We will go as soon as possible. (Exeunt Cecilia and Lucy.) Go! And whither shall we go? A dagger would end this complicated agony, and plunge me into that torpor for which I now would give everything. Ha! Let me call to mind the day when with self-sufficient strength I stood before the wretch who wanted to cast off the burden of existence. How happy was I then—how miserable now! Oh, had I made this discovery but one hour sooner, I had been saved. I should never have again beheld my Stella—I should have convinced myself that in four years she had forgotten me, and mourned her loss no longer. But now! How shall I appear before her? What shall I say to her? Oh! How heavy does my guilt fall on me! Both the dear angels have I forsaken, and when I find them both again —I am forsaken by myself. Horrible! Oh, my heart, my heart!

(Exit.)

ACT IV.

Scene: A hermitage in Stella's garden. Stella is seated in it.

Stella.—Thy appearance is inviting, more inviting than usual, dear spot in which I hoped so soon to be interred. Yet to me thou no longer hast attractions. I wish to live, and shudder at the sight of thee. Alas! How often when fancy has been busy, have I buried my head and bosom in the mantle of death, and cheerfully stepped into the grave which I had prepared within thy moss-clad walls. How often have I wished that here corruption, like a darling child, might suck my overflowing tortured breast, and end my being in a happy dream. Yet now—the sun shines on me again; everything around is happy, gay and animated. And why? He is returned. At his approach, creation seems to me a world of ecstasy. I feel another being. Oh, I will drink life from his lips! Transports indescribable await me in his arms! Fernando! He comes. Hark! No. Not yet. Here shall he find me—close to my rose-tree, and before my altar. This bud I'll pluck for him—and then I'll lead him to this arbor. It was well that I made it, narrow as it is, large enough for two persons. Here my book was wont to lie—here stood my writing-desk. Away! Away!

I have no room but for Fernando. Would that he were here! Ha! my wish is gratified. He comes.

Enter Fernando.

Where have you loitered, dearest? I have been long alone. (Anxiously.) Why so grave?

Fernando.—The women have disordered me. The mother pleases me, but she will not stay, nor will she give a reason for departing. Let her go, Stella.

Stel.—If she cannot be prevailed upon, I will not attempt to detain her against her inclination. I do not now want society, for (hanging upon his neck) you are returned, Fernando—I hold you in my arms.

Fer.—Compose yourself, dear Stella.

Stel.—Let me weep. Oh that this day were over! All my limbs tremble. Such joy—such transport! So unexpected—all at once! My Fernando returned! Even yet I dare not trust my senses.

Fer.—(Aside.) Wretch that I am—to leave this angel! (Aloud.) My dearest Stella——

Stel.—That is my beloved Fernando's well-known voice. Stella! Stella! You know how much I always liked to hear you speak my name. Stella! No one can utter it like you. The very soul of love is in the tone. How lively in my mind is the recollection of the day when I first heard you call me Stella—when I first felt that all my happiness depended upon you.

Fer.—Happiness!

Stel.—Yes. Surely you would not take into account the melancholy hours which have been my lot during your absence. Think not of them, Fernando. From the moment that I first beheld you, every sensation of my soul was altered. Do you remember the afternoon that you came into my uncle's garden, as he and I were sitting under the tree behind the summer-house?

Fer.—(Aside.) She will break my heart. (Aloud.) I well remember it, my Stella.

Stel.—I know not whether you observed that you had caught my attention instantly. I, however, perceived that your eyes were in search of me. Oh, Fernando! Then my uncle proposed music. You took a violin, and while you played I gazed intently at you. I examined every feature of this face, and during an unexpected pause you raised your eyes. They met mine. How I blushed as I turned aside! You noticed it, Fernando; for from that time I felt your looks. I observed that, to my uncle's great surprise, you often made mistakes. Each of them pierced to my heart. It was the sweetest confusion which I ever felt. For all the wealth of the Indies I could not again have looked at you. To relieve my palpitating bosom I withdrew.

Fer.—Your description is exact, even to the minutest circumstance. (Aside.) Unfortunate memory!

Stel.—I myself am often astonished that my recollection of everything respecting you should be so lively and correct. I well remember when you were wandering in search of me through the serpentine walk. My friend, whom you knew before I ever saw you, leaned on your arm. She called Stella! You repeated it. Scarcely had you spoken ere I recognized your voice. You soon found me. You took me by the hand. I know not which of us was most confused. We saw into each other's hearts; and from that moment—my dear Charlotte discovered it, and told me on the very evening that I had gained the affection of Fernando. What bliss have I since felt in my Fernando's arms! Oh that Charlotte could be a witness of my ecstasy! She was a good girl, and shed many a tear when I was ill—when I was love-sick. How I wished that she might have accompanied me, when for your sake I bade adieu to everything which had been dear to me.

Fer.—Everything which had been dear to you?

Stel.—Does that expression surprise you? Is it not true? Can you imagine, when it proceeds from Stella's lips, that it is a reproach? For your sake I have done little—not enough. I can never do enough for you.

Fer.—Indeed! Was it, then, a trifle to forsake the uncle who loved you as a father loves his only child—who had so often held you in his arms—whose will had ever been your

will? Was it a trifle to renounce his fortune and estates—to quit forever the place of your nativity, the companions of——

Stel.—No more, I beseech you. What were all these compared to your affection? What enjoyment could I have derived from them if my Fernando had been absent? I own that when alone I often wondered why I might not retain the comforts to which I was accustomed without losing you. For what reason, I was wont to think, are we obliged to fly? Has my uncle refused to bestow my hand upon him? No. For what reason, then, must we fly? But I soon found excuses enough for you. For you! Oh, I could never be in want of an excuse! Suppose it were a whim, I used to say—suppose it were gratifying to him thus secretly to snatch the prize—or suppose it were his pride to possess the girl without a dowry? You may imagine that my pride was not a little interested in forming the best conclusion so you were acquitted.

Fer.—(Aside.) I can bear no more.

Enter Ann.

Ann.—I beg pardon, my lord—but I am sent in search of you. All the luggage is fastened to the chaise, and after ordering us to be as quick as possible, you make it wait.

Stel.—Go, Fernando—pay for the chaise—see them drive from the inn—and return.

Ann.—Don't you go with the ladies, my lord? Your servant brought your portmanteau.

Stel.—This is some mistake.

Fer.—Of course. Listen not to the girl.

Ann.—To be sure it seems curious that your lordship should leave my lady, to go with a person whom you never saw till to-day at dinner. But I must own your lordship squeezed her hand rather tenderly when you left her.

Stel.—(Embarrassed.) Fernando!

Fer.—Why attend to this child?

Ann.—I assure you, my lady, that all I say is true. His portmanteau is fastened to the chaise, and he means to go with the ladies. I was determined that your ladyship should know he was going.

Fer.—Going! Whither?

Stel.—Leave us, Ann. (Exit Ann.) Relieve me from this horrible uncertainty. I have no fears—yet this girl distressed me. Fernando! You are agitated. I am your Stella.

Fer.—(Turns and seizes her hand.) Thou art my Stella.

Stel.—You alarm me, Fernando. How wild are your looks!

Fer.—Stella, I am a villain—a cowardly villain. The sight of thee unmans me. I am resolved to fly. I have not sufficient resolution to plunge the steel into thy heart, but I am base enough to poison thee.

Stel.—For heaven's sake——

Fer.—(Trembling, and in a tone of desperation.) That I may not see thy agonies—that I may not hear thy groans—I will fly.

Stel.—I can no more—— (Is sinking, and leans on him.)

Fer.—Stella—my beloved Stella, whom I hold in my arms—thou who art to me everything. (With cold determination.) I will forsake thee.

Stel.—(Smiling, and almost lifeless.) Me!

Fer.—(Gnashing his teeth.) Thee—with the woman and the girl who were here.

Stel.—It grows—dark——

Fer.—And this woman is my wife. (Stella starts, gazes at him, and lets her arms sink.) And this girl is my daughter. Stella! (Perceives that she has swooned.) Stella! (Conveys her to a seat.) Help! Help!

Enter Cecilia and Lucy.

Behold—behold this angel. She is no more. Help! (They endeavor to awake her.)

Lucy.—She revives.

Fer.—(Looking keenly at them.) Through thee! Through thee! (Rushes out.)

Stel.—Who? Who? (Rising.) Where is he? (Sinks back and gazes at Cecilia and Lucy.) I thank—I thank you. Who are you?

Cecilia.—Compose yourself.

Stel.—Ha! You! Are you not gone? Heavens! Who told me—who are you? Who are you? (Seizing Cecilia's hand.) Oh! I can bear no more.

Cec.—Angel! Let me press you to my heart.

Stel.—Tell me—for deeply it lies buried in my soul—tell me—are you——

Cec.—I am—I am Fernando's wife.

Stel.—(Starts up.) And I! (Walks to and fro with a disordered mien.)

Cec.—Come to your chamber.

Stel.—My chamber! Of what do you remind me? Horrible! Horrible! Are these the trees which I planted and reared? Why is everything become at once thus strange to me? Abandoned! Lost! Lost forever! Oh, Fernando, Fernando!

Cec.—Go, Lucy, seek your father.

Stel.—For heaven's sake, no! Have compassion on me. Let him not come. Withdraw, I beg. Father! Husband!

Cec.—Dearest lady!

Stel.—Ha! Do you pity me? Can you thus clasp me in your arms? No, no, no. Leave me. Spurn me. (Falls on Cecilia's neck.) Yet grant me a single moment. I shall not long trouble you. My heart! My heart!

Lucy.—She needs repose.

Stel.—I cannot look at you. I have embittered your existence—I have robbed you of everything—I have made you most wretched, while I was most happy—in his arms, oh, how happy! (Sinks on her knees.) Can you forgive me?

Cec.—Rise! Rise! (She and Lucy endeavor to raise her.)

Stel.—No. Here will I kneel, weep and implore forgiveness of you and the All-Merciful. Forgive me—forgive me. (Springs from the ground.) Oh, forgive and console me! I am not guilty. Thou didst give him to me, holy God of heaven. I kept him as thy choicest gift. Oh, leave me! My heart will break!

Cec.—Unhappy innocent!

Stel.—I read in your eyes and on your lips the words of heaven. Support me. You forgive me—you feel how wretched I am!

Cec.—Sister, revive—revive, I do beseech you. Believe me, Stella, he who implanted in our hearts feelings which often make us wretched, can also assist us with consolation.

Stel.—Oh! let me die in your arms.

Cec.—Come with me, I beseech you.

Stel.—(After a pause, starts wildly from her.) Leave me, all of you—all of you—leave me, I say. A world of horror and confusion rushes into my soul, and fills it with unutterable pangs. It is impossible—it is impossible! Thus at once! It cannot be borne. (Stands a while with downcast eyes, then looks around, espies Cecilia and Lucy, utters a loud shriek, and rushes out of the hermitage.)

Cec.—Follow her, Lucy, and attend to her. (Exit Lucy.) Almighty God! look down upon thy children, surrounded by distress and horror. My sufferings have taught me much. Grant me strength, and if the knot cannot be loosed, do not, oh! do not tear it asunder.

ACT V.

Scene: Stella's cabinet, into which the moon shines. She is discovered with Fernando's portrait before her, and is on the point of cutting it from the frame.

Stella.—Surround me, pitchy darkness—shroud me and guide me, for I know not which way I direct my steps. I must be gone—into the wide world. But whither—alas! whither? I feel as if I were banished from creation. No more shall I wander where the silver moonbeams tip the waving summits of my pines. No more shall I wander where the awe-inspiring shade surrounds the tomb of my beloved Amelia. No: I must away, far from the place which contains all the treasures of my life—every transporting recollection. And thou, my hermitage, in which I have so often prayed, so often wept, in which I hoped my spirit after death would have enjoyed the past—from thee, too, am I banished. Banished! Thank heaven, I am become callous—my brain is seared—I cannot comprehend the dread idea, banishment—or surely I should be distracted. Alas! What dizziness is this! Farewell! Farewell! Never, never to be seen again! The sensation inspired

by this thought is as if death were creeping through my veins. Never to be seen again! Let me be gone. (Seizes the portrait.) And shall I leave thee behind me? (Takes a knife and begins to cut the picture from the frame.) Oh that I were capable of reflection—that in torpid slumber I could resign my being—but it may not be. I am doomed to feel all the horrors of an outcast. Oh, Fernando! (Turns the portrait toward the moon.) When first thou didst behold me, and my heart sprang forth to meet thee, didst thou not feel confident of thy affection and fidelity? Didst thou not feel what a sanctuary unclosed itself when my heart was opened to thee? And yet thou didst not start with horror—thou didst not fall—thou didst not fly. Thou couldst for pastime pluck those flowers, my innocence, my happiness, my life; tear them with heedless hand, and scatter them upon the earth. Oh, Fernando, Fernando, couldst thou do this? Could such rank villainy dwell in thy heart? Thou hadst a wife and daughter—I was free—my soul was pure as is the morning in the month of May. All, all my hopes were centered in Fernando. (Gazing at the portrait.) How grand, yet how complacent! That was the look which hurried me into the abyss of misery. I hate thee. Away! Villain! Seducer! This to thy heart! (She is about to push the knife through the picture.) Fernando! (Turns away.) Fernando! (The knife drops from her hand, and she sinks into a chair with a flood of tears.) Beloved of my soul! Never, never!

Enter a Servant.

Servant.—My lady, the horses are at the garden door, according to your orders. The clothes are packed, and everything is ready.

Stel.—The portrait! (Servant takes the knife, cuts the picture from the frame, and rolls it.) Here is money.

Serv.—But why?

Stel.—(Pauses a while, then looks wildly round.) Away! Away! (Exeunt.)

Scene changes to another apartment. Enter Fernando.

Fernando.—Leave me, leave me. Again these horrors overpower my weak attempts at meditation and reflection. I cannot think. Everything around me wears a cold and dreary

aspect. Ha! What want you? Am I not more wretched than you? What do you require of me? (Breathes with difficulty.) Horrors increase on every side. (Strikes his forehead.) How will this end? No hope, no consolation! The three best creatures on this earth—miserable through me—miserable without me—alas! still more miserable with me. Could I complain—could I despair—could I implore forgiveness—could I enjoy one hour of hope, lie at their feet, and taste the bliss of sympathy—— Where are they? Thou, Stella, art stretched upon the cold earth; thy eyes are raised toward heaven, and, in a feeble voice, I hear thee say: "What sin, oh, God, had I committed, that thy arm is thus stretched forth against me? How had I offended thee, that thou didst guide this villain to my arms!" Cecilia! my wife! my unhappy, much-wronged wife! My daughter, too! All, all destroyed by my base conduct. Each has a claim upon me, and I—in vain! Deep, unfathomable is the abyss. Stella, of what have I robbed thee; or rather, of what have I robbed thee not, thou angel? There's madness in the recollection! Why, then, am I thus cool? 'Tis well. (Takes a pistol from the table.) I'll be prepared for everything. (Loads it.)

Enter Cecilia.

Cecilia.—My dear husband, what have you resolved upon? (Sees the pistols.) You seem to be ready for the journey. (Fernando lays the loaded pistols again on the table.) You seem, too, more composed, Fernando. May we have a little conversation?

Fer.—What want you, my dear wife?

Cec.—Call me not by that name till you have heard me. We are all at present lost in confusion. I have suffered much, and have learned to be determined. Do you understand me, Fernando?

Fer.—I hear you.

Cec.—Mark me, then. I am but a woman—an unfortunate woman—but resolution dwells within my breast. Fernando, I am resolved. I will leave you.

Fer.—Cecilia!

Cec.—Be not surprised that I come hither to declare this. Think you that no one can take leave, when determined to forsake the object of affection?

Fer.—Cecilia!

Cec.—I make no accusation, and think not that I sacrifice too much. Hitherto I have lamented the loss of my husband — a loss which I could not repair. I have found him again: his presence reanimates me and inspires me with new vigor. Fernando, I feel that my affection for you is not selfish. It is not the passion of a lover who would sacrifice everything to gain the object of her wishes. Fernando, my heart beats for you alone—it beats with the sensation of a wife who from affection is able to sacrifice her affection.

Fer.—Never! Never!

Cec.—Why thus agitated?

Fer.—Thy words are daggers to my heart.

Cec.—You shall be happy. I have a daughter, and in you—a friend. We will separate, yet not be parted. I will live at a distance from you, and yet be a witness of your comforts. I will be your confidante, into whose bosom you shall pour all your joys and sorrows. Your letters shall be my very life, and mine shall be to you a pleasing visit. Thus shall you remain mine without being separated from Stella. We will love each other, and ever feel an interest in each other's welfare. Give me your hand on this, Fernando.

Fer.—If this be a jest, it is too cruel: if the reverse, it is inconceivable. But be it as it may, I will suppose you serious. What you say is grateful to your feelings, but you are not aware, Cecilia, that you deceive yourself when you think you can allay the torments of your heart by this dazzling fancied consolation. No, my wife, thou art mine, and mine thou shalt remain. Why say any more? Why need I state the reasons? I will be faithful to thee, or may I——

Cec.—And Stella? (Fernando starts, and walks to and fro with frantic looks.) Who deceives himself now? Who attempts to deaden his pain by fancied consolation? Yes, you men know yourselves.

Fer.—Cecilia, talk not thus. Stella is unfortunate, and is doomed to lead a wretched life far from you and me. Let her go—and spare me.

Cec.—Retirement, I must own, would well suit her heart, and it would be some consolation to her, when she reflected

that we were restored to each other; for she now reproaches herself as the cause of our separation. Were I to leave you, I know she would always think me more unhappy than I really should be; for she would judge of my sensations by her own. She never would enjoy peace while she reflected that she had robbed me of every comfort. I therefore almost agree with you that——

Fer.—Right! Let her fly to some convent.

Cec.—Yet, when I reflect, why should she be buried in a convent? What has she done that she should be doomed to waste the jocund years of youth in solitude, far from the world—far from the man whom she so ardently loves—from the man who—confess, Fernando—you love her.

Fer.—Ha! What means this? Art thou an evil spirit in the form of my Cecilia? Why rend my heart thus? Why lacerate what is already lacerated? Am I not sufficiently distracted? Begone! Leave me to my fate, and God have mercy on you! (Throws himself into a chair.)

Cec.—(Approaches him, and takes his hand.) There was once a nobleman (Fernando attempts to rise, but is prevented by her)—a count of the empire. A sensation of pious duty drove him from his wife and home to the Holy Land.

Fer.—Ha!

Cec.—He was a worthy man—he loved his wife—took leave of her—recommended his household to her care—embraced her—and departed. He traveled far, fought many a battle, and at length was made a prisoner. His master's daughter pitied the poor slave—she released him from bondage—fled with him—and accompanied him through all the succeeding dangers of war. What a sweet armor-bearer! Crowned with his well-earned laurels, the count resolved on a return to his loved wife. But the girl? He felt he was but a human being—he had confidence in human nature—he took her with him. And see—his worthy wife flies to embrace her husband—in his arms feels all her love, all her hopes, all her fidelity rewarded. Here see his knights spring with proud triumph from their steeds upon their native soil—there behold his attendants unloading the booty and laying it at her feet. Already in idea has she locked the treasure in her chests, decorated her castle, enriched her friends with it. Dear, noble woman, the greatest treasure is

not yet produced. Who is the veiled female approaching with her suite? Gently she dismounts from her horse. "Here," cried the count, taking her by the hand and leading her to his wife, "receive these treasures from this fair one's hand—receive me from her hands. She released me from slavery—contrived my escape—fought with me—served me— waited on me. What do I owe her? There! Take her and reward her." (Fernando lies sobbing with his arms stretched over the table.) The noble countess fell upon her neck, and with a thousand tears exclaimed: "Take all that I can give you. Take half of that which is entirely yours. Take him entirely—let me, too, possess him entirely. Each shall have him without robbing the other." She threw herself into his arms, sank on her knee, and cried, "We are thine." They seized his hands and hung upon his neck. God rejoiced in their affection, his vicegerent blessed them—and they were happy. One dwelling, one bed, and one grave contained them.

Fer.—Oh, God of heaven, who sendest thy angels to us in the hour of need, grant us strength to bear the supernatural appearance! My wife! (Falls into his former attitude.)

Cec.—(Opens a door and calls.) Stella!

Stella rushes in and falls into Cecilia's arms.

Stella.—Support me. Oh, heavens! (Fernando springs from his seat and attempts to rush out of the room.)

Cec.—(Holds him.) Stella, take half of that which is entirely yours. You have saved him—you have saved him from himself—you have restored him to me.

Fer.—Stella! (Turns toward her.)

Stel.—I cannot comprehend it.

Cec.—You feel it.

Stel.—(Falls into his arms.) Dare I?

Cec.—Are you not grateful to me for detaining you, dear fugitive?

Stel.—(Presses Cecilia to her heart.) Angel!

Fer.—(Embracing both.) Mine! Mine!

Stel.—(Holding his hand and hanging on his neck.) I am thine.

Cec.—(Holding the other hand and hanging on his neck.) We are thine.

QUESTIONING THE IRREVOCABLE

(DIE FRAGE AN DAS SCHICKSAL)

OF

ARTHUR SCHNITZLER.

(*Translated by W. H. H. Chambers.*)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANATOL, the Poet.
CORA, the Lady-love.
MAX, the Friend.

Questioning the Irrevocable

ARGUMENT.

The poet Anatol is deeply smitten by his lady-love, Cora, but is tormented by doubts as to her fidelity. Now, as he has, shortly before our little play opens, given his friend Max an astonishing exhibition of his power over women by means of hypnotism, Max suggests that he utilize it to resolve his doubts. Anatol receives the suggestion joyfully, and upon Cora's arrival hypnotizes her. At first he induces merely the ordinary illusions and asks her age, thereby learning that she is older than she has hitherto acknowledged. This convinces him that woman's lips can be conjured to speak the truth, and he proceeds to ask if he is loved, receiving an affirmative answer. But when it comes to asking if she has been ever faithful to him, he raises so many objections that his friend Max accuses him of fearing to learn that his sweetheart is what, according to his own ideas, all women must be, and of cherishing his illusions more than truth. Anatol assures Max that if he will leave the room, the question will be asked, and that eventually he will know its answer, since Cora will never be seen there again

if she has been faithless. Max leaves; but either Anatol's courage fails him at the critical moment, or he is wise beyond most men; at any rate, the question remains unasked. When Max reënters he finds them in each other's arms, which leads him to exclaim, in an aside, that it is clear women lie even when hypnotized. And in this lady-or-tiger-like fashion the play ends.

Max.—Truly, Anatol, I envy you——

Anatol.—(Laughs.)

Max.—Well, I must admit I was astonished. I have always, until now, regarded the whole affair purely as a fairy-tale. However, as I actually saw it—saw her go to sleep before my own eyes—saw her dance when you told her she was a ballet-girl—saw her cry when you said her lover was dead—saw her graciously pardon a criminal when you created her a queen——

Anatol.—Yes, yes.

Max.—I realized you've got something of the sorcerer in you.

Anatol.—We all have.

Max.—Uncanny!

Anatol.—I don't see it that way. Not more uncanny than life itself. Not more uncanny than many things we have first learned during the centuries. How do you think our ancestors must have felt when they suddenly learned, one fine day, that our earth went spinning round? They must have all grown dizzy.

Max.—Yes—but they were all in the same boat.

Anatol.—And how, when man newly discovered the spring-time?—He wouldn't believe in its reality in spite of green foliage, blooming flowers and love itself.

Max.—You're wandering—that's all drivel. With magnetism——

Anatol.—Hypnotism——

Max.—Oh, no; that's quite another thing. Never—at any time or place—will I permit myself to be hypnotized.

Anatol.—That's childish. What would it matter were I to command you to sleep, and you were to lie down peacefully——

Max.—Yes, and then perhaps you'd say to me: "You're a chimney-sweep," and up the chimney I'd go and cover myself with soot.

Anatol.—Well, that would be merely a good joke.—But the really important thing about the whole matter is its benefit to science.—Yet, alas! we've made all too little progress along this line.

Max.—What do you mean?

Anatol.—I mean that I, who to-day could transport that girl into a hundred different worlds, how shall I succeed in conveying myself into one other?

Max.—Isn't that possible?

Anatol.—I have, indeed, to confess the truth, tried it before now. I've stared for many minutes at a time into the brilliance of this solitaire and suggested, nay, commanded: "Anatol, go to sleep, and when you awaken, all thoughts of that woman who has bereft you of reason shall be swept from your heart."

Max.—Well, when you awakened?

Anatol.—Oh, I never slept a wink.

Max.—That woman—that woman? Then it's still the same?

Anatol.—Yes, my friend, still the same—I'm still unhappy—frantic.

Max.—Still the same—doubt?

Anatol.—No; no doubt. I know she deceives me. When she is glued to my lips—when she tenderly strokes my hair—yes, even when our love has reached its psychological moment I know she deceives me.

Max.—What folly!

Anatol.—No.

Max.—And your proof?

Anatol.—Presentiment—I feel it intuitively—that's how I know.

Max.—Strange reasoning!

Anatol.—These women are ever faithless. It's so much a part of their being that they don't, indeed, even know it.—Just as I must have two or three books to read at the same time, so must they have two or three love affairs.

Max.—Yet she loves you?

Anatol.—Immensely—but that makes no difference, she's faithless just the same.

Max.—And with whom?

Anatol.—How can I tell, perhaps with some princely fellow who has dogged her footsteps on the street, perhaps with some poet or other who has gaily smiled from the window of a suburban villa, as she passed in the early morning.

Max.—You're a fool.

Anatol.—And what grounds would she have not to be faithless to me? She is like the others, in love of life and heedlessness of consequences. When I ask her: "Do you really love me?" she answers "yes," and speaks truth, too. And when I ask: "Are you faithful to me?" again she answers "yes," and again speaks truth; simply because at that moment, at least, she hasn't the slightest recollection of the other. Besides, did ever one answer you: "My dear, I've been faithless to you?" Where, then, can certainty be found? And should she, indeed, be faithful to me——

Max.—Then?

Anatol.—'Tis due purely to chance.—By no means does she formulate: "Oh, I must be faithful to my darling Anatol."—By no means——

Max.—But if she really loves you?

Anatol.—Oh, my unsophisticated friend! Were that a reason!

Max.—Well?

Anatol.—Why, then, were I not faithful to her? I certainly love her well.

Max.—Of course—a man——

Anatol.—That old senseless phrase! Ever are we trying to delude ourselves into the belief that women are different from

us.—Well, perhaps many are—those whose mothers keep them under lock and key, or those destitute of feelings.—Otherwise, we're all quite alike. When I say to one: "I love you, and only you"—I'm not conscious of the lie even if I reposed but the previous night upon the bosom of another.

Max.—Yes—you.

Anatol.—I—yes. And not you, perhaps? And not her, my adorable Cora, perhaps?—Oh, it drives me to distraction! Were I to go down on my knees and say to her: "My precious darling, all your past is entirely forgiven—but tell me the truth"—what would it avail? She would lie as before, and I would be just as far on the road to truth. Have none, indeed, entreated me: "For Heaven's sake, tell me, are you really faithful to me? Not the slightest word of reproach if you are not—only the truth, I beg—I must know it." What, then, did I do? Lied, calmly, peacefully lied—lied with an innocent smile and an easy conscience. Why should I disturb you, I thought? And so I answered: "Yes, my angel, faithful unto death." And she believed me and was happy.

Max.—Well, then?

Anatol.—But I don't believe, and I'm not happy. Yet I would be, were there some infallible method to be found whereby I could force truth from the lips of this foolish, sweet creature, or learn the truth in any other way—but there is none, save chance.

Max.—And hypnotism?

Anatol.—What?

Max.—Hypnotism. I mean that you should put her to sleep and then command: "You must tell me the truth."

Anatol.—Ahem.

Max.—You must.—Now listen.

Anatol.—How strange!

Max.—It must work well—and then you continue: "Do you love me?"—"Any one else?"—"Where did you come from?"—"Where are you going?"—"What is the other's name?"—etc.

Anatol.—Max! Max!

Max.—Well——

Anatol.—You're right.—One can be a sorcerer. One can bewitch from a woman's mouth a word of truth——

Max.—Well, then—you're saved, I see. Cora is certainly a very susceptible mediumistic subject, and you can yet learn this very night if you are deceived——

Anatol.—Or a god!—Max, let me embrace you.—What a weight has been removed!—I feel like another being.—I have her in my power.

Max.—I'm really curious——

Anatol.—Why, do you doubt?

Max.—Ah, just so! others dare not doubt; only you——

Anatol.—Certainly.—Were a husband leaving a house in which he had just discovered his wife with a lover, and a friend were to step up and greet him with: "I believe that your wife deceives you," he would assuredly not answer: "I have just had ample proof," but rather: "You're a scoundrel"——

Max.—Yes, I had almost forgotten that the first duty of friendship is—to permit the friend to retain his illusions.

Anatol.—Hush!

Max.—What's the matter?

Anatol.—Don't you hear her? I recognize her step, even while she is still in the vestibule.

Max.—I hear none.

Anatol.—She's almost here now—in the corridor. (Opens the door.) Cora.

Cora.—(Outside.) Good evening. Oh, you're not alone.

Anatol.—Our old friend, Max.

Enter Cora.

Cora.—Good evening. What, in the dark?

Anatol.—Oh, it's yet twilight: you know, I'm very fond of twilight.

Cora.—(Stroking his hair.) My dear little poet.

Anatol.—My dearest Cora.

Cora.—But still I must light up.—You'll permit? (She lights the candles in the candelabra.)

Anatol.—(To Max.) Isn't she charming?

Max.—Oh!

Cora.—Well, how are you, dearest Anatol, and you, Max? —Been chatting long?

Anatol.—Half an hour.

Cora.—So. (She takes off her hat and cloak.) And about what?

Anatol.—Oh, about this and that.

Max.—About hypnotism.

Cora.—What, hypnotism again? That's becoming very tiresome.

Anatol.—Well——

Cora.—Say, Anatol, I wish you'd hypnotize me.

Anatol.—I—you?

Cora.—Yes, I think that would be delightful. I mean, of course, if done by you.

Anatol.—Thanks.

Cora.—By a stranger—no, no; I shouldn't like that.

Anatol.—Well, my darling, since you wish it. I'll hypnotize you.

Cora.—When?

Anatol.—Now, immediately; right on the spot.

Cora.—Really? good! What must I do?

Anatol.—Nothing, my dear, but remain quietly seated in the armchair and kindly consent to sleep.

Cora.—Oh, I'll consent to anything you ask.

Anatol.—I place myself in front of you, so; and you look right at me—now look straight into my eyes—I stroke your forehead, your eyelids, and make passes before your eyes—so——

Cora.—Yes, and then what?

Anatol.—Nothing—you must only desire to sleep.

Cora.—Say, when you stroke my eyelids that way I feel such a funny sensation——

Anatol.—Hush—don't talk—sleep. You're very tired now

Cora.—No.

Anatol.—Yes—a little tired.

Cora.—A little, yes——

Anatol.—Your eyelids are becoming heavy, very heavy. You can scarcely lift your hands.

Cora.—(Softly.) That's right.

Anatol.—(Making more passes before her eyes: in a monotonous tone.) Tired.—You're very tired.—Now, go to sleep, my dear—sleep. (He turns triumphantly to Max, who is looking at him in admiration and wonder.) Sleep.—Now your eyes are tightly closed.—You cannot open them any more——

Cora.—(Tries to open her eyes.)

Anatol.—You can't do it—you're sleeping—just go on sleeping quietly—so.

Max.—(Wishing to ask something.) You——

Anatol.—Be quiet. (To Cora.) Sleep—sound, deep sleep. (Stands awhile before Cora, who breathes regularly in sleep.) Well.—Now you can ask.

Max.—I only wished to inquire if she was really asleep.

Anatol.—Well, you can see.—We'll wait, however, a few seconds. (Stands in the same position, looking steadily at her. Silence for a time.) Cora—you're to answer me now—answer. What's your name?

Cora.—Cora.

Anatol.—Cora, we're in the woods.

Cora.—Oh—in the woods—how beautiful. The green trees —and the nightingales.

Anatol.—Cora, you're now to tell me the exact truth in everything.—What are you to do, Cora?

Cora.—I'm to tell the exact truth.

Anatol.—You're to answer every question according to the exact truth, and when you awaken you're to forget both questions and answers. Did you understand me?

Cora.—Yes.

Anatol.—Now sleep.—Sleep calmly. (To Max.) Now, then, I'll ask her——

Max.—How old is she, Anatol?

Anatol.—Nineteen.—"Cora, how old are you?"

Cora.—Twenty-one.

Max.—Ha! ha!

Anatol.—Pst! that's indeed extraordinary. You see from this——

Max.—Oh, had she known that she is such a good medium!

Anatol.—The suggestion has worked. I'll question her further.—"Cora, do you love me?—Cora, do you love me?"

Cora.—Yes.

Anatol.—(Triumphantly.) Did you hear that?

Max.—Well, now, ask the all-important question, is she faithful.

Anatol.—Cora. (Turning round.) The question is stupid.

Max.—Why so?

Anatol.—I can't ask it in that form. I must phrase it differently.

Max.—It strikes me, however, that it's precise enough.

Anatol.—No, that's just the difficulty, it isn't precise enough.

Max.—Why not?

Anatol.—Should I ask: "Are you faithful?" she may, perhaps, take the question in its broadest sense.

Max.—Well?

Anatol.—She may, perhaps, include the entire—past. It is quite possible that she might be thinking of a time when she loved another—and so would answer no.

Max.—That would be quite interesting, also.

Anatol.—No, thanks—I know that Cora met another before me.—Indeed, she once said to me: "Ah, had I but known that I should meet you, then"——

Max.—But she didn't know it.

Anatol.—No——

Max.—And what your question relates to——

Anatol.—Yes.—This question, it strikes me, is rather blunt; in the manner of its phrasing, at least.

Max.—Well, then, put it somewhat in this style: "Cora, have you been ever faithful since you have known me?"

Anatol.—Ahem.—That's a little more like—— (To Cora.) "Cora, have you been ever"—— That's absurd, also.

Max.—Absurd?

Anatol.—Beg pardon—but you have only to conceive how we learned to know each other. We little dreamed, ourselves, that we should ever fall so deeply in love. Why, toward the end of the very first day we both regarded the whole affair as something just about ended. Who knows——

Max.—Who knows——

Anatol.—Who knows if she did not only first begin to love me as she was ceasing to love another? What might have occurred to this girl on that very day before she met me, before the first word passed between us? Was it, indeed, possible that she could so abruptly and without any further consequences tear herself loose from an old association? Must she not, perhaps, for days and weeks drag after her a chain? Must, I say——

Max.—Ahem.

Anatol.—I'll even go farther; the first time was due merely to a whim on her part—as on mine. Both saw in it, each desired of the other only a sweet but fleeting happiness. Should it so happen that at that time she was guilty of a passing fancy, could I reproach her with it? No, assuredly not.

Max.—You're unusually lenient.

Anatol.—No, I'm not; but I deem it ignoble thus to meanly use the advantage given by a momentary situation.

Max.—Well, that's certainly a noble way of looking at it; but I'll help you out of your embarrassment. Just ask her: "Cora, since you have loved me, have you been ever faithful?"

Anatol.—I admit, that sounds clear.

Max.—Well?

Anatol.—But it positively isn't.

Max.—Oh!

Anatol.—Faithful! What does that mean specifically: faithful? Just think—yesterday she may have entered a rail-

way car and a gentleman sitting opposite may have gently pressed her foot with his. Now, with this almost limitless increased grasp of the intellect induced by hypnotic sleep, with this wonderfully refined perceptivity which a medium unquestionably possesses, in this peculiar condition, it is not at all unlikely that she would regard this pressure of the foot as a distinct breach of faith.

Max.—Hear! hear!

Anatol.—And the more likely, since in our talks on this subject—a topic we were wont frequently to touch upon—she had, of course, come to know my perhaps somewhat exaggerated views on the matter. I have said to her myself: "Cora, even when you merely look at another man you have become faithless to me."

Max.—And she?

Anatol.—And she laughed at me and asked how I could possibly believe that she looked at another.

Max.—And you believed her?

Anatol.—Then there are casualties.—Just think—an obtrusive fellow slips up behind her some evening and presses a kiss upon her neck.

Max.—Well—that——

Anatol.—Well, that isn't at all impossible.

Max.—Then you won't ask her.

Anatol.—Oh, surely—but——

Max.—Everything that you have mentioned as a reason is pure nonsense. Believe me, women don't misunderstand us when we inquire regarding their faithfulness. Should you now whisper to her in a tender, well-beloved tone: "Are you faithful?" you may rest assured she'll not recall the tips of any gentleman's boots nor an obtrusive kiss on the nape of her neck, but only that which is commonly understood as faithlessness. Besides, should her answer prove unsatisfactory or insufficient, you have the inestimable advantage of being able to propose further questions until everything must be made manifest.

Anatol.—Then you are still determined that I shall ask her?

Max.—I?—I thought you were determined.

Anatol.—Something else, also, has occurred to my mind.

Max.—And that is?

Anatol.—The unconscious.

Max.—The unconscious?

Anatol.—That is to say, I believe in unconscious conditions.

Max.—Indeed!

Anatol.—Such conditions may happen without our knowledge or volition, or they may be artificially produced by bewildering or intoxicating means.

Max.—Won't you kindly be more explicit?

Anatol.—Picture to yourself a crepuscular room filled with intoxicating harmonies.

Max.—Crepuscular—intoxicating harmonies—I have it pictured.

Anatol.—In this room she and someone else.

Max.—Yes, but how did she get into the room?

Anatol.—That preliminary I leave an open question.—There are subterfuges—are there not? That's sufficient. Such things may happen. Well, a couple of glasses of Rhine wine—a peculiar sultry air that hangs heavily over all—the fragrance of cigarettes, of perfumed hangings—the soft glow of shaded lamps and red curtains—solitude—silence, only the faint whispering of sweet words——

Max.—Proceed.

Anatol.—Others likewise have been laid low by such circumstances.—Others better and more calm than she.

Max.—Yet, nevertheless, I cannot somehow make her presence in that room with someone else compatible with my conception of faithfulness.

Anatol.—There are such enigmatical things——

Max.—Well, my friend, you have within your power the opportunity to solve that enigma which has caused so many, many clever men to rack their brains. You need but to speak and you may know all that you desire to know. But one query and you shall learn if you belong to the very few that are loved alone, or you may know who your rival is and where the secret of his triumph over you—yet this query does

not leave your lips.—You are free to question destiny—yet you ask it not. You have moaned and sighed whole days and nights; you would gladly have given half your life to know the truth, and now that it lies free to your hand, you will not stoop to pick it up. And why? Because it may so happen that a woman whom you love is really what, according to your ideas, all women must be—and because your illusions are a thousandfold more precious to you than truth.—The jest has gone far enough, awaken the girl and rest satisfied in the proud consciousness that you might have performed a miracle.

Anatol.—Max!

Max.—Well, am I unjust? Don't you know yourself that everything you have brought forward to this moment are mere evasions, empty phrases, with which you can neither deceive yourself nor me?

Anatol.—(Quickly.) Max—I can only reply, I will; indeed, I will ask her.

Max.—Ah!

Anatol.—But—don't be vexed—not before you.

Max.—Not before me?

Anatol.—If I must hear that frightful answer: "No, I have not been faithful to you," I would be the only one that hears it. To be unhappy is but the half of misfortune; to be pitied, the whole. I've no desire for that. You are my best friend, but 'tis precisely on this account that I do not wish your eyes to rest on mine with that pitiable expression that first makes known to the miserable the extent of his misfortune. Eventually you shall learn the truth, for you have seen that girl here for the last time if she has deceived me. But you're not to hear it with me: that is what I cannot endure. Can you appreciate——

Max.—Yes, my dear fellow. (Presses his hand.) And so I'll leave you alone with her.

Anatol.—Thanks, friend Max. (Accompanies him to the door.) In less than a minute I'll call you in. (Max leaves.)

Anatol.—(Stands before Cora and gazes at her awhile.) Cora—— (Shakes his head and walks to and fro.) Cora—— (Gets down on his knees.) Cora. My darling Cora—— (Rises briskly.) Wake up, Cora—and kiss me.

Cora.—(Gets up, rubs her eyes and throws her arms about Anatol's neck.) Anatol! Have I been asleep long? Why, where is Max?

Anatol.—(Calls.) Max.

Enter Max.

Max.—Here I am.

Anatol.—(To Cora.) Yes, you've been sleeping quite a while—and been talking in your sleep, too.

Cora.—For Heaven's sake! Nothing improper, I hope?

Max.—You've simply been answering his questions.

Cora.—Why, what did he ask?

Anatol.—Oh, many things.

Cora.—And I always replied? Every time?

Anatol.—Every time.

Cora.—And I may not know what you asked?

Anatol.—You're not to know. And to-morrow I'll hypnotize you again.

Cora.—Oh, no! Never again; that is really witchcraft, to be asked questions and, upon awakening, know nothing about the matter.—I must certainly have uttered a lot of arrant nonsense.

Anatol.—Yes—for example, that you love me——

Cora.—Truly?

Max.—She does not believe it! That's very good!

Cora.—But, see—I might, indeed, have said that awake.

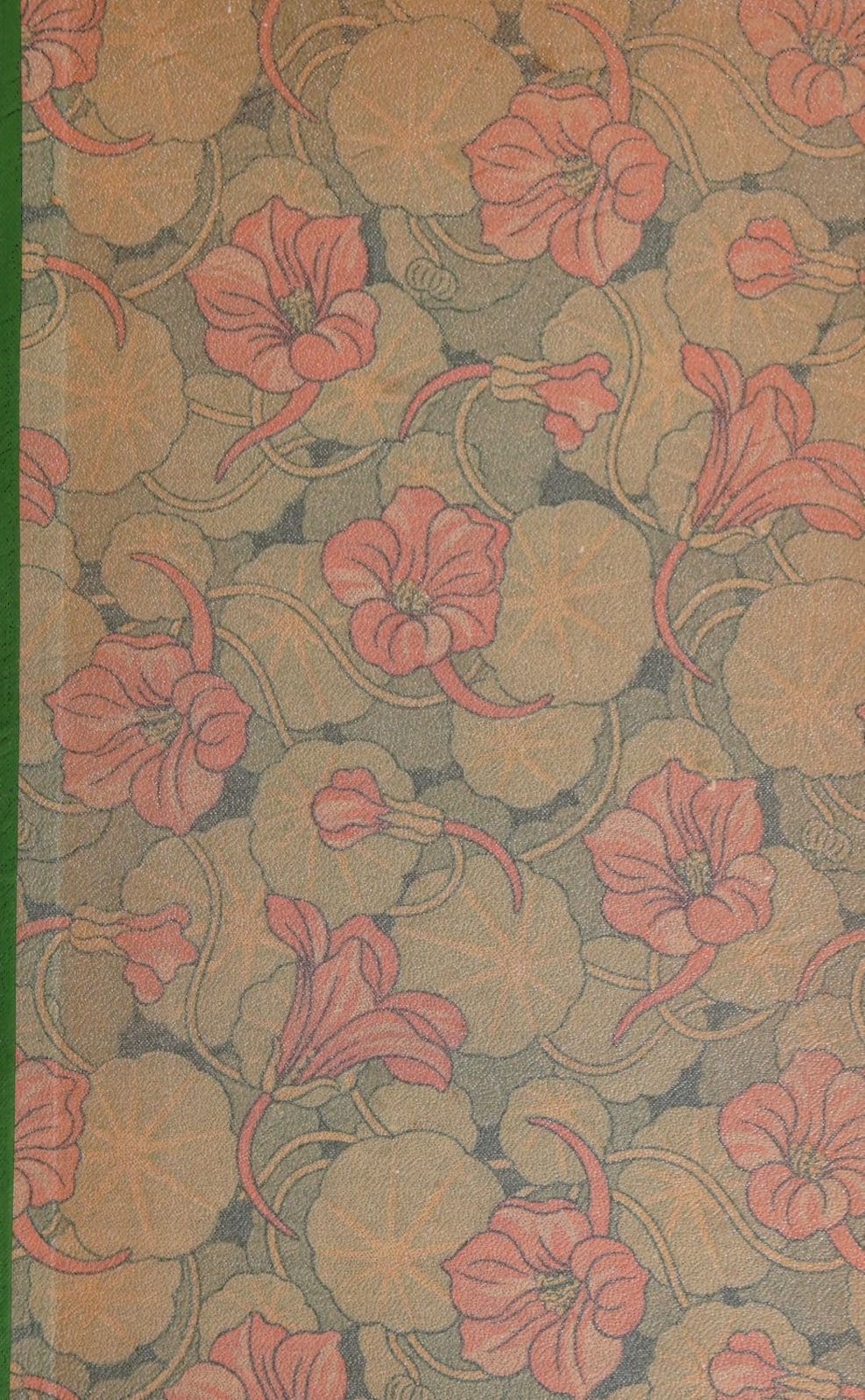
Anatol.—My angel. (They embrace.)

Max.—Well, my friends—good-bye.

Anatol.—You're going so soon?

Max.—I must.

Anatol.—Pray, don't take it in bad part if I do not accompany you——

Cora.—Till we meet again.

Max.—(To Anatol.) No, certainly not. (Aside, at the door.) One thing is clear: women even lie when they're hypnotized.—But they're both happy—and that's the main point. (Aloud.) Good-bye, friends.